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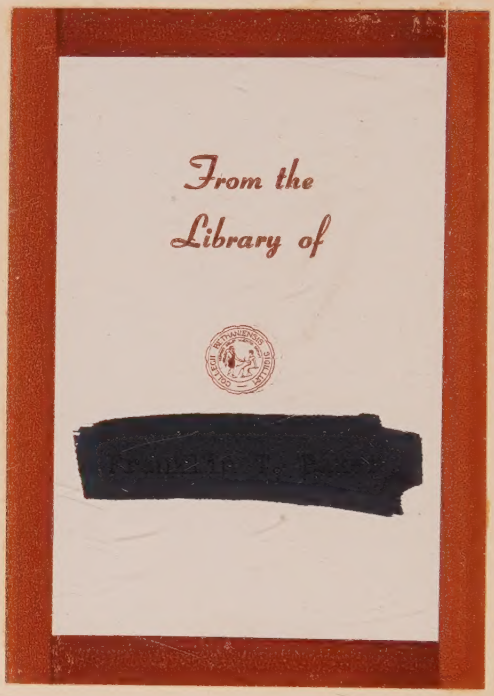

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ΛΙΒΑΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΟΘΕΣΙΣ ΤΩΝ ΝΑΠΙΩΝΑΙΗΜΟΣΘΕΝΟΙΣ

πολὺς ὑπὲρ τοῦ ἀνθυπάτων μόμπτε κατὰ τομόμηρικον ἀστρο πάτον παιδέξιος τὰ ἑλλοτοῖς ὢν ὥρωτε τοῦ μὲν γυτὴ ῥώματι φωνῇ. καὶ τῆς παρεκαμοῦς παίδει ἀσομυλοτουμένως τὸ πρεύσεσον ἀμηρνοῦς ἀμελεῖς δὲ οὐδὲ τῆς ἑλληνικῆς, ἃ τε καὶ ἐλάστη ἀλλὰ ῥὸ τῆς φύσεως μέγεθος, ὑπὲρ ἀν δυνάμεως ἀνατρίβεθ-τοις ἀλλὰ δι' ὠκείβους καὶ πολὺ τυμτελεώτατον τῶν ἑλληνικῶν ῥητορων τὸν ἀνμοῦθε καὶ ἐν ἰαίει μᾶς ἐβουχυθῆς ταὶ ὑποθήσεις τῶν τουτκ λόγων φυαλρά γαατ ωαι ἀ ζο μυθαμὲν ἀσμεμοὶ ῥὲ προσάμα, ἴσμεν δὲ ἁ π πλείω τὴν τίμην ἡ πονον ἐχθῆς

JULIUS BIEN, LITH., N.Y.

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VOLUME 8

THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

ORATIONS OF DEMOSTHENES

The beautiful copy of the Orations of Demosthenes from which our sample is taken, is a work of Italian art executed toward the close of the fifteenth century. Exquisite volumes such as this could only be purchased by the rich, and this one seems to have been executed for one of the Farnesi, a name intimately connected with Italian art of this period, the arms of that noble family being emblazoned in the lower part of the border. After many vicissitudes it found its way to England and was purchased by the trustees of the British Museum.

The book consists of some of the orations of Demosthenes with the addition of the prologues of Libanius, a Greek author of the third century, who appears to have written these commentaries, or introductions, for the Roman proconsul Montius. The blue label at the top of the page contains the title as follows: "Libanius's Introduction to the Discourses of Demosthenes."

The portion on the page we have given may be thus nearly literally translated: "Since, O most excellent proconsul Montius, like the illustrious Homer, skilled in the powers of eloquence, you hold the first place in Roman discourse, and have beyond dispute, obtained a palm in other learning, may you not neglect Greek literature for in this you may excel by reason of the greatness of your genius; and, as you are learned in other authors, so also may you be in the work of Demosthenes, the most excellent of great Orators. And since you require me to write the introduction to this man's orations, I will willingly obey your commands, not ignorant that there is more of honor than labor in the task."

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VOLUME 8

THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

EDITORS

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

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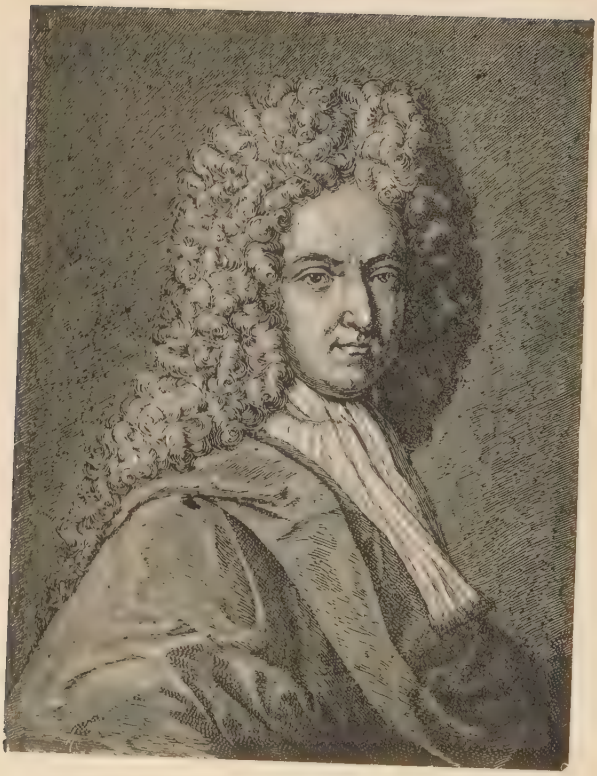

DANIEL DEFOE

DANIEL DEFOE

(1660?–1731)

BY CHARLES FREDERICK JOHNSON

DANIEL DEFOE, one of the most vigorous and voluminous writers of the last decade of the seventeenth and the first quarter of the eighteenth centuries, was born in St. Giles parish, Cripplegate, in 1660 or 1661, and died near London in 1731. His father was a butcher named Foe, and the evolution of the son's name through the various forms of D. Foe, De Foe, Defoe, to Daniel Defoe, the present accepted form, did not begin much before he reached the age of forty. He was educated at the "dissenting school" of a Mr. Martin in Newington Green, and was intended for the Presbyterian ministry. Although the training at this school was not inferior to that to be obtained at the universities,—and indeed superior in one respect, since all the exercises were in English,—the fact that he had never been "in residence" set Defoe a little apart from the literary society of the day. Swift, Pope, Addison, Arbuthnot, and the rest, considered him untrained and uncultured, and habitually spoke of him with the contempt which the regular feels for the volunteer. Swift referred to him as "an illiterate fellow whose name I forget," and Pope actually inserted his name in the 'Dunciad': —

"Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe."

This line is false in two ways, for Defoe's ears were not clipped, though he was condemned to stand in the pillory; and there can hardly be a greater incongruity conceived than there is between our idea of a dunce and the energetic, shifty, wide-awake Defoe,—though for that matter a scholar like Bentley and a wit like Colley Cibber are as much out of place in the poet's ill-natured catalogue. Defoe angrily resented the taunts of the university men and their professional assumption of superiority, and answered Swift that "he had been in his time master of five languages and had not lost them yet," and challenged John Tutchin to "translate with him any Latin, French, or Italian author, and then retranslate them crosswise, for twenty pounds each book."

Notwithstanding the great activity of Defoe's pen (over two hundred pamphlets and books, most of them of considerable length, are

known to be his; and it is more than probable that much of his work was anonymous and has perished, or could be only partly disinterred by laborious conjecture) he found time to engage twice in business, once as a factor in hosiery and once as a maker of tiles. In each venture he seems to have been unfortunate, and his business experience is alluded to here only because his practical knowledge of mercantile matters is evident in all his work. Even his pirates like Captain Bob Singleton, and adventurers like Colonel Jack, have a decided commercial flavor. They keep a weather eye on the profit-and-loss account, and retire like thrifty traders on a well-earned competency. It is worth mentioning, however, to Defoe's credit, that in one or two instances at least he paid his debts in full, after compromising with his creditors.

Defoe's writings, though all marked by his strong but limited personality, fall naturally into three classes:—

First, his political writings, in which may be included his wretched attempts at political satire, and most of his journalistic work. This is included in numberless pamphlets, broad-sheets, newspapers, and the like, and is admirable expository matter on the public questions of the day. Second, his fiction, 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Captain Singleton,' 'Colonel Jack,' 'Roxana,' and 'Moll Flanders.' Third, his miscellaneous work; innumerable biographies and papers like the 'History of the Plague,' the 'Account of the Great Storm,' 'The True Relation of the Apparition of One Mrs. Veal,' etc. Between the last two classes there is a close connection, since both were written for the market; and his fictions proper are cast in the autobiographical form and are founded on incidents in the lives of real persons, and his biographies contain a large proportion of fiction.

Some knowledge of Defoe's political work is necessary to a comprehension of the early eighteenth century. During his life the power of the people and of the House of Commons was slowly extended, and the foundations of the modern English Constitution were laid. The trading and manufacturing classes, especially in the city of London, increased in wealth and political consequence. The reading public on which a popular writer could rely, widened. With these changes — partly as cause and purely as consequence — came the establishment of «News Journals» and «Reviews.» Besides Addison's Spectator for the more cultured classes, multitudes of periodicals were founded which aimed to reach a more general public. The old method of a broad-sheet or the pamphlet, hawked in the streets or exposed for sale and cried at the book-stalls, was still in use, but the regular issue of a news-letter was taking its place. Defoe attacked the public in both ways with unwearied assiduity. His poem 'The True-Born Englishman' was sold in the streets to the astonishing

number of eighty thousand. In 1704 he established the Review, a bi-weekly. It ran to 1713, and Defoe wrote nearly all of each number. Afterwards he was for eight years main contributor and substantially manager of Mist's Journal, a Tory organ; and one of the most serious and well-founded charges against this first great journalist is, that he was deficient in journalistic honor, and remained in the pay of the Whig Ministry while attached to the Opposition organ. During this period he founded and conducted several other journals.

Defoe possessed in a large measure the journalistic sense. No one ever had a finer instinct in the subtle arts of "working the public" and of advertising. When the notorious Jack Sheppard was condemned, he visited him at Newgate, wrote his life, and had the highwayman, standing under the gallows, send for a copy and deliver it as his "last speech and dying confession." There is a certain breadth and originality in this stroke, hardly to be paralleled in modern journalism. Defoe had the knack of singling out from the mass of passing events whatever would be likely to interest the public. He brought out an account in some newspaper, and if successful, made the occurrence the subject of a longer article in pamphlet or book form. He was always on the lookout for matter, which he utilized with a pen of marvelous rapidity. The gazette or embryonic newspaper was at first confined to a rehearsal of news. Defoe invented the leading article or "news-letter" of weekly comment, and the society column of Mercure Scandaleuse.

The list of Defoe's political pamphlets is a large one, but they are of more interest to the historian than to the general reader. While they are far inferior in construction and victorious good sense to Sydney Smith's magazine articles on kindred topics, and to Swift's 'Drapier's Letters' in subtle appeals to the prejudices of the ignorant, they show a remarkable command over the method of reaching the plain people,— to use President Lincoln's phrase, and taking it to mean that great body of quiet persons who desire on the whole to be fair in their judgments, but who must have their duty made quite evident before they see it. Defoe is never vituperative—that is, vituperative for a time when Pope and Swift and Dennis made their personal invective so much higher flavored than modern taste endures. He seems to have been tolerant by nature; and although this proceeds in his case from the fact that his moral enthusiasm was never very warm, and not from any innate refinement of nature, he is entitled to the credit of moderation in the use of abusive language. He is tolerant, too, of those who differ from him in politics and religion; and though it is absurd to suppose, as some of his biographers have done, that he was so far in advance of his century as to have advocated the political soundness of free trade, he

shows in his treatment of commercial questions the marks of a broad and comprehensive mind. He speaks of foreigners in a cosmopolitan spirit, with the exception of the Portuguese, for whom he seems to feel a lively dislike, founded possibly on some of his early business experiences. The reader will remember the dignified and courteous demeanor of the Spaniards in 'Robinson Crusoe'; and although the violent antipathy of the previous generation to Spanish Romanists had abated, Defoe's freedom from insular prejudice is noteworthy, the more so that a "discreet and sober bearing," such as he gives his Spaniards, seems to have been his ideal of conduct. Defoe is a great journalist, and although he is a typical hack, writing timely articles for pay, he has a touch of genius. He was always successful in gaining the ear of his public; and in the one instance where he hit upon a subject of universal interest, the life of the solitary castaway thrown absolutely on his own resources, he wrote a book, without any effort or departure from his usual style, which has been as popular with succeeding generations as it was with his own. It is a mistake to call 'Robinson Crusoe' a "great boy's book,"—unless we regard the boy nature as persistent in all men, and perhaps it is in all healthy men,—for it treats the unaided conflict with nature and circumstance, which is the essence of adult life, with unequaled simplicity and force. Crusoe is not merely an adventurer; he is the human will, courage, resolution, stripped of all the adventitious support of society. He has the elements of universal humanity, though in detail he is as distinctly English as Odysseus is Greek.

The characters of Defoe's other novels—Colonel Jack, Captain Singleton, Moll Flanders, and Roxana—are so repulsive, and so entirely unaware of their repulsiveness, that we can take little interest in them. Possibly an exception might be made in favor of Colonel Jack, who evinces at times an amusing humor. All are criminals, and the conflict of the criminal with the forces of society may be the subject of the most powerful fiction. But these books are inartistic in several regards. No criminals, even allowing them to be hypocrites, ever disclose themselves in the open-hearted manner of these autobiographers. Vice always pays to virtue the homage of a certain reticence in details. Despite all his Newgate experiences and his acquaintance with noted felons, Defoe never understood either the weakness or the strength of the criminal type. So all his harlots and thieves and outcasts are decidedly amateurish. A serious transgression of the moral law is to them a very slight matter, to be soon forgotten after a temporary fit of repentance, and a long course of evil living in no wise interferes with a comfortable and respectable old age. His pirates have none of the desperation and brutal heroism of sin. Stevenson's John Silver or Israel Hands is worth a schooner-load of

them. Neither they nor their author seem to value virtue very highly, though they are acutely sensitive to the discomfort of an evil reputation. Possibly such people may be true to a certain type of humanity, but they are exceedingly uninteresting. A writer who takes so narrow a view cannot produce a great book, even though his lack of moral scope and insight is partly compensated by a vivid presentation of life on the low plane from which he views it.

'Moll Flanders' and 'Roxana' are very coarse books, but it can hardly be said that they are harmful or corrupting. They are simply vulgar. Vice has preserved all its evil by preserving all its grossness. Passion is reduced to mere animalism, and is depicted with the brutal directness of Hogarth. This may be good morals, but it is unpleasant art. It is true that Defoe's test of a writer was that he should "please and serve his public," and in providing amusement he was not more refined nor more coarse than those whom he addressed; but a writer should look a little deeper and aim a little higher than the average morality of his day. Otherwise he may please but will not serve his generation, in any true sense of literary service.

Defoe is sometimes spoken of as the first great realist. In a limited sense this may be true. No doubt he presents the surface of a limited area of the eighteenth-century world with fidelity. With the final establishment of Protestantism, the increase of trade, and the building of physical science on the broad foundations laid down by Newton, England had become more mundane than at any other period. The intense faith and the imaginative quality of the seventeenth century were deadened. The eighteenth century kept its eyes on the earth, and though it found a great many interesting and wonderful things there, and though it laid the foundations of England's industrial greatness, it was neither a spiritual nor an artistic age. The novel was in its infancy; and as if a "true story" was more worthy of respect than an invention, it received from Defoe an air of verisimilitude and is usually based on some real events. He is careful to embellish his fictions with little bits of realism. Thus, Moll Flanders gives an inventory of the goods she took to America, and in the 'History of the Plague' Defoe adds a note to his description of a burial-ground:—"N. B. The author of this Journal lies buried in that very ground, being at his own desire, his sister having been buried there a few weeks before." This enumeration of particulars certainly gives an air of reality, but it is a trick easily caught, and it is only now and then that he hits—as in the above instance—on the characteristic circumstance which gives life and reality to the narrative. Except in 'Robinson Crusoe,' much of his detail is irrelevant and tiresome. But all the events on the lonely island are admirably harmonized and have a cumulative effect. The second

part,—after the rescue,—written to take advantage of the popularity of the first, is vastly inferior. The artistic selective power is not exercised. This same concrete imagination which sees minute details is also evident in his contemporary Swift, but with him it works at the bidding of a far more fervid and emotional spirit.

Defoe is a pioneer in novel-writing and in journalism, and in both he shows wonderful readiness in appreciating what the public would like and energy in supplying them with it. To the inventor or discoverer of a new form we cannot deny great credit. Most writers imitate, but it cannot be said that Defoe founded himself on any predecessor, while his successors are numbered by hundreds. A certain relationship could be traced between his work, and the picaresque tales of France and Spain on the one hand and the contemporary journals of actual adventure on the other; but not one close enough to detract from his claim to original power.

Some of Defoe's political work, like 'The True-Born Englishman,' 'The Shortest Way with Dissenters,' 'Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover,' are written in the ironical tone. Mr. Saintsbury seems to think that Defoe's method is not truly ironical, because it differs from Swift's; but if we remember that one writer differeth from another in irony, there is no reason to deny Defoe's mastery of this penetrating weapon, especially when we find that he imposed on both parties. The judges told him that "irony of that sort would bring him to the gallows," but the eighteenth-century law of libel was more rigid in its constructions than the canons of literary art.

Defoe made several attempts at poetical satire, which are sufficient to show that he lacked either the talent or the patience to write political verse. Compared with Dryden's or Pope's, his work is mere doggerel, enlivened by occasional vigorous couplets like—

> "Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there:
> And 'twill be found upon examination
> The latter has the largest congregation."

Or

> "No panegyric needs their praise record—
> An Englishman ne'er wants his own good word."

But an examination will confirm the impression that Defoe was not a poet, as surely as the re-reading of 'Robinson Crusoe' will strengthen our hereditary belief that he was a great writer of prose.

Charles F. Johnson

FROM 'ROBINSON CRUSOE'

Crusoe's Shipwreck

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw my breath; till that wave having driven me or rather carried me a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavored to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again; but I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea coming after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy which I had no means or strength to contend with: my business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so by swimming to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore if possible; my greatest concern now being that the wave, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body; and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore, a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so to my immediate relief I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore.

But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well-nigh been fatal to me; for the sea having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of rock, and that with such force that it left me senseless, and indeed helpless as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body, and had it returned again immediately I must have been strangled in the water; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should again be covered with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath if possible till the wave went back. Now, as the waves were not so high as the first, being nearer land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took, I got to the mainland, where to my great comfort I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore; and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved, in a case wherein there were, some minutes before, scarce any room to hope. I believe it is impossible to express, to the life, what the ecstasies and transports of the soul are when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the grave: and I did not wonder now at the custom, viz., that when a malefactor who has the halter about his neck is tied up, and just going to be turned off, and has a reprieve brought to him,—I say I do not wonder that they bring a surgeon with it, to let him blood that very moment they tell him of it; that the surprise may not drive the animal spirits from the heart and overwhelm him.

"For sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first."

I walked about the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapped up in the contemplation of my deliverance; making a thousand gestures and motions which I cannot describe; reflecting upon my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for as

for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of the hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel — when the breach and froth of the sea being so big I could hardly see it, it lay so far off — and considered, Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore?

Crusoe Makes a New Home

I soon found the place I was in was not for my settlement, particularly because it was upon a low moorish ground, near the sea, and I believed it would not be wholesome; and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it; so I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

I consulted several things in my situation which I found would be proper for me: first, air and fresh water, I just now mentioned; secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun; thirdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether men or beasts; fourthly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight, I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance, of which I was not willing to banish all my expectation yet.

I searched for a place proper for this. I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of this rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave, or way into the rock at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above a hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door; and at the end of it descended irregularly every way down into the low ground by the seaside. It was on the N. N. W. side of the hill, so that it was sheltered from the heat every day, till it came to a W. and by S. sun, or thereabouts, which in those countries is near the setting.

Before I set up my tent I drew a half-circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending.

In this half-circle I pitched two rows of long stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the

biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took the pieces of cable which I cut in the ship, and laid them in rows, one upon another, within the circle between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside, leaning against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post: and this fence was so strong that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labor, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made to be not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me; and so I was completely fenced in and fortified, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done; though as it appeared afterwards, there was no need of all this caution against the enemies that I apprehended danger from.

A Footprint

It happened one day about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked about me, but I could hear nothing or see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one: I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came hither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine; but after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and

what strange unaccountable whimseys came into my thoughts by the way. When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this) I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I had called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover or fox to earth with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

FROM 'HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON'

Superstitious Fears of the People

But I must go back again to the beginning of this surprising time; while the fears of the people were young, they were increased strangely by several odd incidents, which put altogether, it was really a wonder the whole body of the people did not rise as one man and abandon their dwellings, leaving the place as a space of ground designed by heaven for an Akeldama doomed to be destroyed from the face of the earth, and that all that would be found in it would perish with it. I shall name but a few of these things; but sure they were so many, and so many wizards and cunning people propagating them, that I have often wondered there was any (women especially) left behind.

In the first place, a blazing star or comet appeared for several months before the plague, as there did the year after, another, a little before the fire; the old women, and the phlegmatic hypochondriac part of the other sex, whom I could almost call the old women too, remarked, especially afterward, though not till both those judgments were over, that those two comets passed directly over the city, and that so very near the houses that it was plain they imported something peculiar to the city alone. That the comet before the pestilence was of a faint, dull, languid color, and its motion very heavy, solemn, and slow; but that the comet before the fire was bright and sparkling, or as others said, flaming, and its motion swift and furious; and that accordingly one foretold a heavy judgment, slow but severe, terrible, and frightful, as was the plague. But the other foretold a stroke, sudden, swift, and fiery, as was the conflagration; nay, so particular some people were, that as they looked upon that comet preceding the fire they fancied that they not only saw it

pass swiftly and fiercely, and could perceive the motion with their eye, but they even heard it,—that it made a rushing mighty noise, fierce and terrible, though at a distance and but just perceivable.

I saw both these stars, and I must confess, had had so much of the common notion of such things in my head that I was apt to look upon them as the forerunners and warnings of God's judgments; and especially when the plague had followed the first, I saw yet another of the like kind, I could not but say, God had not yet sufficiently scourged the city.

The apprehensions of the people were likewise strangely increased by the error of the times, in which I think the people, from what principle I cannot imagine, were more addicted to prophecies and astrological conjurations, dreams, and old wives' tales, than ever they were before or since: whether this unhappy temper was originally raised by the follies of some people who got money by it,—that is to say, by printing predictions and prognostications,—I know not; but certain it is, books frighted them terribly; such as 'Lily's Almanack,' 'Gadbury's Astrological Predictions,' 'Poor Robin's Almanack,' and the like; also several pretended religious books, one entitled, 'Come out of Her, my People, lest Ye be Partakers of her Plagues'; another called 'Fair Warning'; another, 'Britain's Remembrancer'; and many such, all or most part of which foretold, directly or covertly, the ruin of the city; nay, some were so enthusiastically bold as to run about the streets with their oral predictions, pretending they were sent to preach to the city; and one in particular, who like Jonah to Nineveh, cried in the streets, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed." I will not be positive whether he said forty days or yet a few days. Another ran about naked, except a pair of drawers about his waist, crying day and night, like a man that Josephus mentions, who cried, "Woe to Jerusalem!" a little before the destruction of that city; so this poor naked creature cried, "Oh! the great and the dreadful God!" and said no more, but repeated those words continually, with a voice and countenance full of horror, a swift pace; and nobody could ever find him to stop, or rest, or take any sustenance, at least that ever I could hear of. I met this poor creature several times in the streets, and would have spoken to him, but he would not enter into speech with me or any one else, but kept on his dismal cries continually.

These things terrified the people to the last degree; and especially when two or three times, as I have mentioned already, they found one or two in the hills, dead of the plague at St. Giles's.

Next to these public things were the dreams of old women; or I should say, the interpretation of old women upon other people's dreams; and these put abundance of people even out of their wits. Some heard voices warning them to be gone, for that there would be such a plague in London, so that the living would not be able to bury the dead; others saw apparitions in the air; and I must be allowed to say of both, I hope without breach of charity, that they heard voices that never spake, and saw sights that never appeared; but the imagination of the people was really turned wayward and possessed; and no wonder if they who were poring continually at the clouds saw shapes and figures, representations and appearances, which had nothing in them but air and vapor. Here they told us they saw a flaming sword held in a hand, coming out of a cloud, with a point hanging directly over the city. There they saw hearses and coffins in the air carrying to be buried. And there again, heaps of dead bodies lying unburied and the like; just as the imagination of the poor terrified people furnished them with matter to work upon.

> «So hypochondriac fancies represent
> Ships, armies, battles in the firmament;
> Till steady eyes the exhalations solve,
> And all to its first matter, cloud, resolve.»

I could fill this account with the strange relations such people give every day of what they have seen; and every one was so positive of their having seen what they pretended to see, that there was no contradicting them without breach of friendship, or being accounted rude and unmannerly on the one hand and profane and impenetrable on the other. One time before the plague was begun, otherwise than as I have said in St. Giles's,—I think it was in March,—seeing a crowd of people in the street I joined with them to satisfy my curiosity, and found them all staring up into the air to see what a woman told them appeared plain to her, which was an angel clothed in white, with a fiery sword in his hand, waving it or brandishing it over his head. She described every part of the figure to the life, showed them the

motion and the form, and the poor people came into it so eagerly and with so much readiness: "Yes! I see it all plainly," says one, "there's the sword as plain as can be;" another saw the angel; one saw his very face, and cried out what a glorious creature he was! One saw one thing, and one another. I looked as earnestly as the rest, but perhaps not with so much willingness to be imposed upon; and I said indeed that I could see nothing but a white cloud, bright on one side by the shining of the sun upon the other part. The woman endeavored to show it me, but could not make me confess that I saw it, which indeed if I had, I must have lied; but the woman turning to me looked me in the face and fancied I laughed, in which her imagination deceived her too, for I really did not laugh, but was seriously reflecting how the poor people were terrified by the force of their own imagination. However, she turned to me, called me a profane fellow and a scoffer, told me that it was a time of God's anger, and dreadful judgments were approaching, and that despisers such as I should wander and perish.

The people about her seemed disgusted as well as she, and I found there was no persuading them that I did not laugh at them, and that I should be rather mobbed by them than be able to undeceive them. So I left them, and this appearance passed for as real as the blazing star itself.

Another encounter I had in the open day also; and this was in going through a narrow passage from Petty France into Bishopsgate Churchyard, by a row of almshouses. There are two churchyards to Bishopsgate Church or parish; one we go over to pass from the place called Petty France into Bishopsgate Street, coming out just by the church door; the other is on the side of the narrow passage where the almshouses are on the left, and a dwarf wall with a palisade on it on the right hand, and the city wall on the other side more to the right.

In this narrow passage stands a man looking through the palisades into the burying-place, and as many people as the narrowness of the place would admit to stop without hindering the passage of others; and he was talking mighty eagerly to them, and pointing now to one place, then to another, and affirming that he saw a ghost walking upon such a gravestone there: he described the shape, the posture, and the movement of it so exactly, that it was the greatest amazement to him in the world that everybody did not see it as well as he. On a sudden he

would cry, "There it is! Now it comes this way!" then, "'Tis turned back!" till at length he persuaded the people into so firm a belief of it, that one fancied he saw it; and thus he came every day making a strange hubbub, considering it was so narrow a passage, till Bishopsgate clock struck eleven, and then the ghost would seem to start, and as if he were called away, disappear on a sudden.

I looked earnestly every way and at the very moment that this man directed, but could not see the least appearance of anything; but so positive was this poor man that he gave them vapors in abundance, and sent them away trembling and frightened, till at length few people that knew of it cared to go through that passage, and hardly anybody by night on any account whatever.

This ghost, as the poor man affirmed, made signs to the houses, and to the ground, and to the people, plainly intimating, or else they so understanding it, that abundance of people should come to be buried in that churchyard, as indeed happened; but that he saw such aspects, I must acknowledge I never believed, nor could I see anything of it myself, though I looked most earnestly to see it if possible.

How Quacks and Impositors Preyed on the Fears of the People

I cannot omit a subtlety of one of those quack operators, with which he gulled the poor people to crowd about him, but did nothing for them without money. He had, it seems, added to his bills which he gave out in the streets, this advertisement in capital letters; viz., "He gives advice to the poor for nothing."

Abundance of people came to him accordingly, to whom he made a great many fine speeches, examined them of the state of their health and of the constitution of their bodies, and told them many good things to do which were of no great moment; but the issue and conclusion of all was, that he had a preparation which, if they took such a quantity of every morning, he would pawn his life that they should never have the plague,—no, though they lived in the house with people that were infected. This made the people all resolve to have it; but then the price of that was so much,—I think it was half a crown. "But, sir," says one poor woman, "I am a poor almswoman, and am kept by the parish, and your bills say you give the poor your help for

nothing." "Ay, good woman," says the doctor, "so I do, as I published there; I give my advice, but not my physic!" "Alas, sir," says she, "that is a snare laid for the poor then, for you give them your advice for nothing: that is to say, you advise them gratis, to buy your physic for their money; so does every shopkeeper with his wares." Here the woman began to give him ill words, and stood at his door all that day, telling her tale to all the people that came, till the doctor, finding she turned away his customers, was obliged to call her up-stairs again and give her his box of physic for nothing, which perhaps too was good for nothing when she had it.

The People Are Quarantined in Their Houses

This shutting up of houses was at first counted a very cruel and unchristian method, and the poor people so confined made bitter lamentations; complaints of the severity of it were also daily brought to my lord mayor, of houses causelessly and some maliciously shut up; I cannot say, but upon inquiry, many that complained so loudly were found in a condition to be continued; and others again, inspection being made upon the sick person and the sickness not appearing infectious, or if uncertain, yet on his being content to be carried to the pest-house, was released.

As I went along Houndsditch one morning about eight o'clock there was a great noise; it is true indeed that there was not much crowd, because the people were not very free to gather together, or to stay together when they were there, nor did I stay long there; but the outcry was loud enough to prompt my curiosity, and I called to one who looked out of a window, and asked what was the matter.

A watchman, it seems, had been employed to keep his post at the door of a house which was infected, or said to be infected, and was shut up; he had been there all night for two nights together, as he told his story, and the day watchman had been there one day, and was now come to relieve him; all this while no noise had been heard in the house, no light had been seen, they called for nothing, sent him on no errands, which used to be the chief business of the watchman, neither had they given him any disturbance, as he said, from Monday afternoon, when he heard a great crying and screaming in the house, which as he supposed was occasioned by some of the family dying just at

that time. It seems the night before, the dead-cart, as it was called, had been stopt there, and a servant-maid had been brought down to the door dead, and the buriers or bearers, as they were called, put her into the cart, wrapped only in a green rug, and carried her away.

The watchman had knocked at the door, it seems, when he heard that noise and crying as above, and nobody answered a great while; but at last one looked out and said with an angry quick tone, and yet a kind of crying voice, or a voice of one that was crying, "What d'ye want, that you make such a knocking?" He answered, "I am the watchman; how do you do? What is the matter?" The person answered, "What is that to you? Stop the dead-cart." This, it seems, was about one o'clock; soon after, as the fellow said, he stopped the dead-cart, and then knocked again, but nobody answered; he continued knocking, and the bellman called out several times, "Bring out your dead;" but nobody answered, till the man that drove the cart, being called to other houses, would stay no longer, and drove away.

The watchman knew not what to make of all this, so he let them alone till the morning man, or day watchman, as they called him, came to relieve him. Giving him an account of the particulars, they knocked at the door a great while, but nobody answered, and they observed that the window or casement at which the person looked out who had answered before, continued open, being up two pair of stairs.

Upon this the two men, to satisfy their curiosity, got a long ladder, and one of them went up to the window and looked into the room, where he saw a woman lying dead upon the floor in a dismal manner, having no clothes on her but her shift; but though he called aloud, and putting in his long staff, knocked hard on the floor, yet nobody stirred or answered; neither could he hear any noise in the house.

He came down upon this, and acquainted his fellow, who went up also, and finding it just so, they resolved to acquaint either the lord mayor or some other magistrate of it, but did not offer to go in at the window. The magistrate, it seems, upon the information of the two men ordered the house to be broken open, a constable and other persons being appointed to be present, that nothing might be plundered; and accordingly it was so done, when nobody was found in the house but that young woman, who having been infected and past recovery, the

rest had left her to die by herself, and every one gone, having found some way to delude the watchman and to get open the door, or get out at some back door, or over the tops of the houses, so that he knew nothing of it; and as to those cries and shrieks which he heard, it was supposed they were the passionate cries of the family at this bitter parting, which to be sure it was to them all, this being the sister to the mistress of the family. The man of the house, his wife, several children and servants, being all gone and fled; whether sick or sound, that I could never learn, nor indeed did I make much inquiry after it.

Moral Effects of the Plague

Here we may observe, and I hope it will not be amiss to take notice of it, that a near view of death would soon reconcile men of good principles one to another, and that it is chiefly owing to our easy situation in life, and our putting these things far from us, that our breaches are fomented, ill blood continued, prejudices, breach of charity and of Christian union so much kept and so far carried on among us as it is: another plague year would reconcile all these differences; a close conversing with death or with diseases that threaten death would scum off the gall from our tempers, remove the animosities among us, and bring us to see with differing eyes than those which we looked on things before; as the people who had been used to join with the church were reconciled at this time with the admitting the Dissenters, who with an uncommon prejudice had broken off from the communion of the Church of England, were now content to come to their parish churches, and to conform to the worship which they did not approve of before; but as the terror of the infection abated, those things all returned again to their less desirable channel, and to the course they were in before.

I mention this but historically. I have no mind to enter into arguments to move either or both sides to a more charitable compliance one with another; I do not see that it is probable such a discourse would be either suitable or successful; the breaches seem rather to widen, and tend to a widening farther than to closing; and who am I that I should think myself able to influence either one side or the other? But this I may repeat again, that it is evident death will reconcile us all—on the other side the grave we shall be all brethren again; in heaven, whither

I hope we may come from all parties and persuasions, we shall find neither prejudice nor scruple; there we shall be of one principle and of one opinion. Why we cannot be content to go hand in hand to the place where we shall join heart and hand, without the least hesitation and with the most complete harmony and affection; I say, why we cannot do so here, I can say nothing to, neither shall I say anything more of it but that it remains to be lamented.

Terrible Scenes in the Streets

This [38,195 deaths in about a month] was a prodigious number of itself; but if I should add the reasons which I have to believe that this account was deficient, and how deficient it was, you would with me make no scruple to believe that there died above 10,000 a week for all those weeks, and a proportion for several weeks both before and after. The confusion among the people, especially within the city, at that time was inexpressible; the terror was so great at last that the courage of the people appointed to carry away the dead began to fail them; nay, several of them died, although they had the distemper before, and were recovered; and some of them dropped down when they had been carrying the bodies even at the pitside, and just ready to throw them in; and this confusion was greater in the city, because they had flattered themselves with hopes of escaping, and thought the bitterness of death was past. One cart, they told us, going up to Shoreditch, was forsaken by the drivers, or being left to one man to drive, he died in the street; and the horses, going on, overthrew the cart and left the bodies, some thrown here, some there, in a dismal manner. Another cart was, it seems, found in the great pit in Finsbury Fields, the driver being dead, or having been gone and abandoned it; and the horses running too near it, the cart fell in and drew the horses in also. It was suggested that the driver was thrown in with it and that the cart fell upon him, by reason his whip was seen to be in the pit among the bodies; but that, I suppose, could not be certain.

In our parish of Aldgate the dead-carts were several times, as I have heard, found standing at the churchyard gate, full of dead bodies; but neither bellman, nor driver, nor any one else with it. Neither in these nor in many other cases did they know what bodies they had in their cart, for sometimes they were let down with ropes out of balconies and out of windows; and some-

times the bearers brought them to the cart, sometimes other people; nor, as the men themselves said, did they trouble themselves to keep any account of the numbers.

The Plague Due to Natural Causes

I would be far from lessening the awe of the judgments of God, and the reverence to his Providence, which ought always to be on our minds on such occasions as these; doubtless the visitation itself is a stroke from heaven upon a city, or country, or nation where it falls, a messenger of his vengeance, and a loud call to that nation, or country, or city, to humiliation and repentance, according to that of the prophet Jeremiah, xviii. 7, 8: "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom to pluck up, and pull down, and destroy it; if that nation against whom I have pronounced turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them." Now to prompt due impressions of the awe of God on the minds of men on such occasions, and not to lessen them, it is that I have left those minutes upon record.

I say, therefore, I reflect upon no man for putting the reason of those things upon the immediate hand of God, and the appointment and direction of his Providence; nay, on the contrary there were many wonderful deliverances of persons when infected, which intimate singular and remarkable Providence in the particular instances to which they refer; and I esteem my own deliverance to be one next to miraculous, and do record it with thankfulness.

But when I am speaking of the plague as a distemper arising from natural causes, we must consider it as it was really propagated by natural means; nor is it at all the less a judgment for its being under the conduct of human causes and effects: for as the Divine power has formed the whole scheme of nature, and maintains nature in its course, so the same power thinks fit to let his own actings with men, whether of mercy or judgment, to go on in the ordinary course of natural causes, and he is pleased to act by those natural causes as the ordinary means; excepting and reserving to himself nevertheless a power to act in a supernatural way when he sees occasion. Now it is evident that in the case of an infection there is no apparent extraordinary occasion for supernatural operation, but the ordinary course of things

appears sufficiently armed and made capable of all the effects that heaven usually directs by a contagion. Among these causes and effects, this of the secret conveyance of infection, imperceptible and unavoidable, is more than sufficient to execute the fierceness of Divine vengeance, without putting it upon supernaturals and miracles.

This acute penetrating nature of the disease itself was such, and the infection was received so imperceptibly, that the most exact caution could not secure us while in the place; but I must be allowed to believe,—and I have so many examples fresh in my memory to convince me of it that I think none can resist their evidence,—I say, I must be allowed to believe that no one in this whole nation ever received the sickness or infection but who received it in the ordinary way of infection from somebody, or the clothes, or touch, or stench of somebody that was infected before.

Spread of the Plague through Necessities of the Poor

Before people came to right notions of the infection, and of infecting one another, people were only shy of those that were really sick; a man with a cap upon his head, or with cloths round his neck, which was the case of those that had swellings there,—such was indeed frightful. But when we saw a gentleman dressed, with his band on, and his gloves in his hand, his hat upon his head, and his hair combed, of such we had not the least apprehensions, and people conversed a great while freely, especially with their neighbors and such as they knew. But when the physicians assured us that the danger was as well from the sound,—that is, the seemingly sound,—as the sick, and that those people that thought themselves entirely free were oftentimes the most fatal; and that it came to be generally understood that people were sensible of it, and of the reason of it; then, I say, they began to be jealous of everybody, and a vast number of people locked themselves up so as not to come abroad into any company at all, nor suffer any that had been abroad in promiscuous company to come into their houses or near them; at least not so near them as to be within the reach of their breath or of any smell from them; and when they were obliged to converse at a distance with strangers, they would always have preservatives in their mouths, and about their clothes, to repel and keep off the infection.

It must be acknowledged that when people began to use these cautions, they were less exposed to danger, and the infection did not break into such houses so furiously as it did into others before; and thousands of families were preserved, speaking with due reserve to the direction of divine Providence, by that means.

But it was impossible to beat anything into the heads of the poor; they went on with the usual impetuosity of their tempers, full of outcries and lamentations when taken, but madly careless of themselves, foolhardy and obstinate, while they were well. Where they could get employment, they pushed into any kind of business, the most dangerous and the most liable to infection; and if they were spoken to, their answer would be:—"I must trust in God for that; if I am taken, then I am provided for, and there is an end of me;" and the like. Or thus:—"Why, what must I do? I cannot starve; I had as good have the plague as perish for want; I have no work, what could I do? I must do this or beg." Suppose it was burying the dead, or attending the sick, or watching infected houses, which were all terrible hazards; but their tale was generally the same. It is true, necessity was a justifiable, warrantable plea, and nothing could be better; but their way of talk was much the same where the necessities were not the same. This adventurous conduct of the poor was that which brought the plague among them in a most furious manner; and this, joined to the distress of their circumstances when taken, was the reason why they died so by heaps; for I cannot say I could observe one jot of better husbandry among them,—I mean the laboring poor,—while they were all well and getting money, than there was before, but as lavish, as extravagant, and as thoughtless for to-morrow as ever; so that when they came to be taken sick, they were immediately in the utmost distress, as well for want as for sickness, as well for lack of food as lack of health.

FROM 'COLONEL JACK'

Colonel Jack and Captain Jack Escape Arrest

We had not parleyed thus long, but though in the dead of the night, came a man to the other inn door — for as I said above, there are two inns at that place — and called for a pot of beer; but the people were all in bed, and would not rise; he asked them if they had seen two fellows come that way upon one horse. The man said he had; that they went by in the afternoon, and asked the way to Cambridge, but did not stop only to drink one mug. "Oh!" says he, "are they gone to Cambridge? Then I'll be with them quickly." I was awake in a little garret of the next inn, where we lodged; and hearing the fellow call at the door, got up and went to the window, having some uneasiness at every noise I heard; and by that means heard the whole story. Now the case is plain, our hour was not come; our fate had determined other things for us, and we were to be reserved for it. The matter was thus: — When we first came to Bournbridge we called at the first house and asked the way to Cambridge, drank a mug of beer, and went on, and they might see us turn off to go the way they directed; but night coming on, and we being very weary, we thought we should not find the way; and we came back in the dusk of the evening and went into the other house, being the first as we came back, as that where we called before was the first as we went forward.

You may be sure I was alarmed now, as indeed I had reason to be. The Captain was in bed and fast asleep, but I wakened him, and roused him with a noise that frighted him enough. "Rise, Jack," said I, "we are both ruined; they are come after us hither." Indeed, I was wrong to terrify him at that rate; for he started and jumped out of bed and ran directly to the window, not knowing where he was, and not quite awake, was just going to jump out of the window, but I laid hold of him. "What are you going to do?" says I. "I won't be taken," says he; "let me alone; where are they?"

This was all confusion; and he was so out of himself with the fright, and being overcome with sleep, that I had much to do to prevent his jumping out of the window. However, I held him fast and thoroughly wakened him, and then all was well again and he was presently composed.

Then I told him the story, and we sat together upon the bedside, considering what we should do; upon the whole, as the fellow that called was apparently gone to Cambridge, we had nothing to fear, but to be quiet till daybreak, and then to mount and be gone.

Accordingly, as soon as day peeped we were up; and having happily informed ourselves of the road at the other house, and being told that the road to Cambridge turned off on the left hand, and that the road to Newmarket lay straight forward: I say, having learnt this, the Captain told me he would walk away on foot towards Newmarket, and so when I came to go out I should appear as a single traveler; and accordingly he went out immediately, and away he walked, and he traveled so hard that when I came to follow I thought once that he had dropped me, for though I rode hard, I got no sight of him for an hour. At length, having passed the great bank called the Devil's Ditch, I found him and took him up behind me, and we rode double till we came almost to the end of Newmarket town. Just at the hither house in the town stood a horse at a door, just as it was at Puckeridge. "Now," says Jack, "if the horse was at the other end of the town I would have him, as sure as we had the other at Puckeridge;" but it would not do; so he got down, and walked through the town on the right-hand side of the way.

He had not got half through the town, but the horse, having somehow or other got loose, came trotting gently on by himself, and nobody following him. The Captain, an old soldier at such work, as soon as the horse was got a pretty way before him, and that he saw nobody followed, sets up a run after the horse, and the horse, hearing him follow, ran the faster; then the Captain calls out, "Stop the horse!" and by this time the horse was got almost to the farther end of the town; the people of the house where he stood not missing him all the while.

Upon his calling out "Stop the horse!" the poor people of the town, such as were next at hand, ran from both sides of the way and stopped the horse for him, as readily as could be, and held him for him till he came up; he very gravely comes up to the horse, hits him a blow or two, and calls him "dog" for running away; gives the man twopence that catched him for him, mounts, and away he comes after me.

This was the oddest adventure that could have happened, for the horse stole the Captain, the Captain did not steal the horse

When he came up to me, "Now, Colonel Jack," says he, "what do you say to good luck? Would you have had me refuse the horse, when he came so civilly to ask me to ride?"—"No, no," said I; "you have got this horse by your wit, not by design; and you may go on now, I think; you are in a safer condition than I am, if we are taken."

Colonel Jack Finds Captain Jack Hard to Manage

We arrived here very easy and safe, and while we were considering of what way we should travel next, we found we were got to a point, and that there was no way now left but that by the Washes into Lincolnshire, and that was represented as very dangerous; so an opportunity offering of a man that was traveling over the fens, we took him for our guide, and went with him to Spalding, and from thence to a town called Deeping, and so to Stamford in Lincolnshire.

This is a large populous town, and it was market day when we came to it; so we put in at a little house at the hither end of the town, and walked into the town. Here it was not possible to restrain my Captain from playing his feats of art, and my heart ached for him; I told him I would not go with him, for he would not promise to leave off, and I was so terribly concerned at the apprehensions of his venturous humor that I would not so much as stir out of my lodging; but it was in vain to persuade him. He went into the market and found a mountebank there, which was what he wanted. How he picked two pockets there in one quarter of an hour, and brought to our quarters a piece of new holland of eight or nine ells, a piece of stuff, and played three or four pranks more in less than two hours; and how afterwards he robbed a doctor of physic, and yet came off clear in them: all this, I say, as above, belongs to his story, not mine.

I scolded heartily at him when he came back, and told him he would certainly ruin himself and me too before he left off, and threatened in so many words that I would leave him and go back, and carry the horse to Puckeridge, where we borrowed it, and so go to London by myself.

He promised amendment, but as we resolved (now we were in the great road) to travel by night, so, it being not yet night, he gives me the slip again; and was not gone half an hour, but he comes back with a gold watch in his hand. "Come," says he,

"why ain't you ready? I am ready to go as soon as you will:" and with that he pulls out the gold watch. I was amazed at such a thing as that in a country town; but it seems there were prayers at one of the churches in the evening, and he, placing himself as the occasion directed, found the way to be so near a lady as to get it from her side, and walked off with it unperceived.

The same night we went away by moonlight, after having the satisfaction to hear the watch cried, and ten guineas offered for it again; he would have been glad of the ten guineas instead of the watch, but durst not venture to carry it home. "Well," says I, "you are afraid, and indeed you have reason; give it to me; I will venture to carry it again;" but he would not let me, but told me that when we came into Scotland we might sell anything there without danger; which was true indeed, for there they asked us no questions.

We set out, as I said, in the evening by moonlight, and traveled hard, the road being very plain and large, till we came to Grantham, by which time it was about two in the morning, and all the town as it were dead asleep; so we went on for Newark, where we reached about eight in the morning, and there we lay down and slept most of the day; and by this sleeping so continually in the daytime, I kept him from doing a great deal of mischief which he would otherwise have done.

Colonel Jack's First Wife is not Disposed to be Economical

We soon found a house proper for our dwelling, and so went to housekeeping; we had not been long together but I found that gay temper of my wife returned, and she threw off the mask of her gravity and good conduct that I had so long fancied was her mere natural disposition, and now, having no more occasion for disguises, she resolved to seem nothing but what she really was, a wild untamed colt, perfectly loose, and careless to conceal any part, no, not the worst of her conduct.

She carried on this air of levity to such an excess that I could not but be dissatisfied at the expense of it, for she kept company that I did not like, lived beyond what I could support, and sometimes lost at play more than I cared to pay; upon which one day I took occasion to mention it, but lightly, and

said to her by way of raillery that we lived merrily for as long as it would last. She turned short upon me: "What do you mean?" says she; "why, you do not pretend to be uneasy, do ye?" "No, no, madam, not I, by no means; it is no business of mine, you know," said I, "to inquire what my wife spends, or whether she spends more than I can afford, or less; I only desire the favor to know, as near as you can guess, how long you will please to take to dispatch me, for I would not be too long a-dying."

"I do not know what you talk of," says she. "You may die as leisurely or as hastily as you please, when your time comes; I ain't a-going to kill you, as I know of."

"But you are going to starve me, madam," said I; "and hunger is as leisurely a death as breaking upon the wheel."

"I starve you! why, are not you a great Virginia merchant, and did not I bring you £1500? What would you have? Sure, you can maintain a wife out of that, can't you?"

"Yes, madam," says I, "I could maintain a wife, but not a gamester, though you had brought me £1500 a year; no estate is big enough for a box and dice."

She took fire at that, and flew out in a passion, and after a great many bitter words told me in short that she saw no occasion to alter her conduct; and as for not maintaining her, when I could not maintain her longer she would find some way or other to maintain herself.

Some time after the first rattle of this kind she vouchsafed to let me know that she was pleased to be with child; I was at first glad of it, in hopes it would help to abate her madness; but it was all one, and her being with child only added to the rest, for she made such preparations for her lying-in, and other appendixes of a child's being born, that in short I found she would be downright distracted; and I took the liberty to tell her one day she would soon bring herself and me to destruction, and entreated her to consider that such figures as those were quite above us and out of our circle; and in short, that I neither could nor would allow such expenses; that at this rate two or three children would effectually ruin me, and that I desired her to consider what she was doing.

She told me with an air of disdain that it was none of her business to consider anything of that matter; that if I could not allow it she would allow it herself, and I might do my worst.

I begged her to consider things for all that, and not drive me to extremities; that I married her to love and cherish her, and use her as a good wife ought to be used, but not to be ruined and undone by her. In a word, nothing could mollify her, nor any argument persuade her to moderation; but withal she took it so heinously that I should pretend to restrain her, that she told me in so many words she would drop her burthen with me, and then if I did not like it she would take care of herself; she would not live with me an hour, for she would not be restrained, not she; and talked a long while at that rate.

I told her, as to her child, which she called her burthen, it should be no burthen to me; as to the rest she might do as she pleased; it might however do me this favor, that I should have no more lyings-in at the rate of £136 at a time, as I found she intended it should be now. She told me she could not tell that; if she had no more by me, she hoped she should by somebody else. "Say you so, madam?" said I; "then they that get them shall keep them." She did not know that neither, she said, and so turned it off jeering, and as it were laughing at me.

This last discourse nettled me, I must confess, and the more because I had a great deal of it and very often; till, in short, we began at length to enter into a friendly treaty about parting.

Nothing could be more criminal than the several discourses we had upon this subject; she demanded a separate maintenance, and in particular, at the rate of £300 a year; and I demanded security of her that she should not run me in debt; she demanding the keeping of the child, with an allowance of £100 a year for that, and I demanding that I should be secured from being charged for keeping any she might have by somebody else, as she had threatened me.

In the interval, and during these contests, she dropped her burthen (as she called it), and brought me a son, a very fine child.

She was content during her lying-in to abate a little, though it was but a very little indeed, of the great expense she had intended; and with some difficulty and persuasion was content with a suit of child-bed linen of £15 instead of one she had intended of threescore; and this she magnified as a particular testimony of her condescension, and a yielding to my avaricious temper, as she called it.

THE DEVIL DOES NOT CONCERN HIMSELF WITH PETTY MATTERS

From 'The Modern History of the Devil'

NOR will I undertake to tell you, till I have talked farther with him about it, how far the Devil is concerned to discover frauds, detect murders, reveal secrets, and especially to tell where any money is hid, and show folks where to find it; it is an odd thing that Satan should think it of consequence to come and tell us where such a miser hid a strong box, or where such an old woman buried her chamberpot full of money, the value of all which is perhaps but a trifle, when, at the same time he lets so many veins of gold, so many unexhausted mines, nay, mountains of silver (as we may depend on it are hid in the bowels of the earth, and which it would be so much to the good of whole nations to discover), lie still there, and never say one word of them to anybody. Besides, how does the Devil's doing things so foreign to himself, and so out of his way, agree with the rest of his character; namely, showing a friendly disposition to mankind, or doing beneficent things? This is so beneath Satan's quality, and looks so little, that I scarce know what to say to it; but that which is still more pungent in the case is, these things are so out of his road, and so foreign to his calling, that it shocks our faith in them, and seems to clash with all the just notions we have of him and of his business in the world. The like is to be said of those merry little turns we bring him in acting with us and upon us upon trifling and simple occasions, such as tumbling chairs and stools about house, setting pots and kettles bottom upward, tossing the glass and crockery-ware about without breaking, and suchlike mean foolish things, beneath the dignity of the Devil, who in my opinion is rather employed in setting the world with the bottom upward, tumbling kings and crowns about, and dashing the nations one against another; raising tempests and storms, whether at sea or on shore; and in a word, doing capital mischiefs, suitable to his nature and agreeable to his name Devil, and suited to that circumstance of his condition which I have fully represented in the primitive part of his exiled state.

But to bring in the Devil playing at push-pin with the world, or like Domitian, catching flies,—that is to say, doing nothing to

the purpose,—this is not only deluding ourselves, but putting a slur upon the Devil himself; and I say, I shall not dishonor Satan so much as to suppose anything in it; however, as I must have a care too how I take away the proper materials of winter-evening frippery, and leave the goodwives nothing of the Devil to frighten the children with, I shall carry the weighty point no farther. No doubt the Devil and Dr. Faustus were very intimate; I should rob you of a very significant proverb if I should so much as doubt it. No doubt the Devil showed himself in the glass to that fair lady who looked in to see where to place her patches; but then it should follow too that the Devil is an enemy to the ladies wearing patches, and that has some difficulties in it which we cannot easily reconcile; but we must tell the story, and leave out the consequences.

DEFOE ADDRESSES HIS PUBLIC

From 'An Appeal to Honor and Justice'

I HOPE the time has come at last when the voice of moderate principles may be heard. Hitherto the noise has been so great, and the prejudices and passions of men so strong, that it had been but in vain to offer at any argument, or for any man to talk of giving a reason for his actions; and this alone has been the cause why, when other men, who I think have less to say in their own defense, are appealing to the public and struggling to defend themselves, I alone have been silent under the infinite clamors and reproaches, causeless curses, unusual threatenings, and the most unjust and unjurious treatment in the world.

I hear much of people's calling out to punish the guilty, but very few are concerned to clear the innocent. I hope some will be inclined to judge impartially, and have yet reserved so much of the Christian as to believe, and at least to hope, that a rational creature cannot abandon himself so as to act without some reason, and are willing not only to have me defend myself, but to be able to answer for me where they hear me causelessly insulted by others, and therefore are willing to have such just arguments put into their mouths as the cause will bear.

As for those who are prepossessed, and according to the modern justice of parties are resolved to be so, let them go; I

am not arguing with them, but against them; they act so contrary to justice, to reason, to religion, so contrary to the rules of Christians and of good manners, that they are not to be argued with, but to be exposed or entirely neglected. I have a receipt against all the uneasiness which it may be supposed to give me, and that is, to contemn slander, and think it not worth the least concern; neither should I think it worth while to give any answer to it, if it were not on some other accounts, of which I shall speak as I go on. If any young man ask me why I am in such haste to publish this matter at this time, among many other good reasons which I could give, these are some: —

1. I think I have long enough been made Fabula Vulgi, and borne the weight of general slander; and I should be wanting to truth, to my family, and to myself, if I did not give a fair and true state of my conduct, for impartial men to judge of when I am no more in being to answer for myself.

2. By the hints of mortality, and by the infirmities of a life of sorrow and fatigue, I have reason to think I am not a great way off from, if not very near to, the great ocean of eternity, and the time may not be long ere I embark on the last voyage. Wherefore I think I should even accounts with this world before I go, that no actions [slanders] may lie against my heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, to disturb them in the peaceable possession of their father's [character] inheritance.

3. I fear — God grant I have not a second sight in it — that this lucid interval of temper and moderation which shines, though dimly too, upon us at this time, will be of but short continuance; and that some men, who know not how to use the advantage God has put into their hands with moderation, will push, in spite of the best Prince in the world, at such extravagant things, and act with such an intemperate forwardness, as will revive the heats and animosities which wise and good men were in hopes should be allayed by the happy accession of the King to the throne.

It is and ever was my opinion, that moderation is the only virtue by which the peace and tranquillity of this nation can be preserved. Even the King himself — I believe his Majesty will allow me that freedom — can only be happy in the enjoyment of the crown by a moderative administration. If his Majesty should be obliged, contrary to his known disposition, to join with intemperate councils, if it does not lessen his security I am persuaded

it will lessen his satisfaction. It cannot be pleasant or agreeable, and I think it cannot be safe, to any just prince to rule over a divided people, split into incensed and exasperated parties. Though a skillful mariner may have courage to master a tempest, and goes fearless through a storm, yet he can never be said to delight in the danger; a fresh fair gale and a quiet sea is the pleasure of his voyage, and we have a saying worth notice to them that are otherwise minded,—"Quit ama periculum, periebat in illo."

ENGAGING A MAID-SERVANT

From 'Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business'

BESIDES, the fear of spoiling their clothes makes them afraid of household work, so that in a little time we shall have none but chambermaids and nurserymaids; and of this let me give you one instance. My family is composed of myself and sister, a man and maid; and being without the last, a young wench came to hire herself. The man was gone out, and my sister above-stairs, so I opened the door myself, and this person presented herself to my view, dressed completely, more like a visitor than a servant-maid; she, not knowing me, asked for my sister. "Pray, madam," said I, "be pleased to walk into the parlor; she shall wait on you presently." Accordingly I handed madam in, who took it very cordially. After some apology I left her alone for a minute or two, while I, stupid wretch! ran up to my sister and told her there was a gentlewoman below come to visit her. "Dear brother," said she, "don't leave her alone; go down and entertain her while I dress myself." Accordingly down I went, and talked of indifferent affairs; meanwhile my sister dressed herself all over again, not being willing to be seen in an undress. At last she came down dressed as clean as her visitor; but how great was my surprise when I found my fine lady a common servant-wench.

My sister, understanding what she was, began to inquire what wages she expected. She modestly asked but eight pounds a year. The next question was, "What work she could do to deserve such wages?" to which she answered she could clean a house, or dress a common family dinner. "But cannot you wash," replied my sister, "or get up linen?" She answered in the

negative, and said she would undertake neither, nor would she go into a family that did not put out their linen to wash and hire a charwoman to scour. She desired to see the house, and having carefully surveyed it, said the work was too hard for her, nor could she undertake it. This put my sister beyond all patience, and me into the greatest admiration. "Young woman," she said, "you have made a mistake; I want a housemaid, and you are a chambermaid." "No, madam," replied she, "I am not needlewoman enough for that." "And yet you ask eight pounds a year," replied my sister. "Yes, madam," said she, "nor shall I bate a farthing." "Then get you gone for a lazy impudent baggage," said I; "you want to be a boarder, not a servant; have you a fortune or estate, that you dress at that rate?" "No, sir," said she, "but I hope I may wear what I work for without offense." "What! you work?" interrupted my sister; "why, you do not seem willing to undertake any work; you will not wash nor scour; you cannot dress a dinner for company; you are no needlewoman; and our little house of two rooms on a floor is too much for you. For God's sake, what can you do?" "Madam," replied she pertly, "I know my business, and do not fear service; there are more places than parish churches: if you wash at home, you should have a laundrymaid; if you give entertainments, you must have a cookmaid; if you have any needlework, you should have a chambermaid; and such a house as this is enough for a housemaid, in all conscience."

I was so pleased at the wit, and astonished at the impudence of the girl, so dismissed her with thanks for her instructions, assuring her that when I kept four maids she should be housemaid if she pleased.

THE DEVIL

From 'The True-Born Englishman'

WHEREVER God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
For ever since he first debauched the mind,
He made a perfect conquest of mankind.
With uniformity of service, he
Reigns with general aristocracy.

No non-conforming sects disturb his reign,
For of his yoke there's very few complain.
He knows the genius and the inclination,
And matches proper sins for every nation.
He needs no standing army government;
He always rules us by our own consent;
His laws are easy, and his gentle sway
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
The list of his vicegerents and commanders
Outdoes your Cæsars or your Alexanders.
They never fail of his infernal aid,
And he's as certain ne'er to be betrayed.
Through all the world they spread his vast command,
And death's eternal empire is maintained.
They rule so politicly and so well,
As if they were Lords Justices of hell;
Duly divided to debauch mankind,
And plant infernal dictates in his mind.

THERE IS A GOD

From 'The Storm'

For in the darkest of the black abode
There's not a devil but believes a God.
Old Lucifer has sometimes tried
To have himself deified;
But devils nor men the being of God denied,
Till men of late found out new ways to sin,
And turned the devil out to let the Atheist in.
But when the mighty element began,
And storms the weighty truth explain,
Almighty power upon the whirlwind rode,
And every blast proclaimed aloud
There is, there is, there is a God.

RICHARD DEHMEL

(1863–)

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE extraordinarily high esteem in which the poet Richard Dehmel is held by his contemporaries is not wholly due to the æsthetic power and charm of his lyrics. It is due, in an even higher degree, to the fact that these lyrics reveal, both consciously and unconsciously, the struggle and development of a type of personality supremely interesting to the German mind.

As the aim of all his struggle Dehmel sees a condition which he calls world-happiness. This he describes as the state in which the human personality would find itself in undisturbed harmony with its own self and also with the general life of man and of the world. This ideal, which is the Goethean one too, cannot of course be realized. And it is harder of realization, perhaps, by so tumultuous and subtle a soul as Dehmel's, than by some simpler and plainer one. For Dehmel will give up no portion of his large human heritage and explains his poetic activity as being identical with the «rhythmic taming» of all human passions. The whole matter can be made plain by a single illustration. The poet is, obviously, a man of powerful instincts. As a cure for this disharmony he rejects at once suppression, flight, or any ascetic method. The instincts must be disciplined by noble use and must be transmuted, through life and activity, into timeless and spiritual values. For thus only, Dehmel believes, will there come about that «steady, fundamental impulse to heighten all the creative powers» in which he sees man's will toward propagating a true humanity and not simply more meaningless life.

Such is, put in terms of critical interpretation, the spirit of Dehmel's poetry. It must not be supposed, however, that he very often expresses this spirit explicitly. In his poetry he rarely writes about his struggles and his ideals: he lives them — lives them on the concretest and therefore on the most poetical terms. The poems, to use his own words, «are not treatises, they are changes of the soul. In short, I have lived my poems.» This statement at once gives one a clue to Dehmel's strength — the remarkable «thickness» (to use William James's famous term) of the world in which he lives. And this world, it must be remembered, is that modern world in which we all live — not an idealized, not a poeticized world at all. The protagonists in his great story in verse ‹Two Souls› communicate by telephone,

they ride bicycles, they walk the ordinary city streets; the woman in one of his most tragic lyrics plays the piano and the poet hears her from the next room and the scene is an apartment in Berlin. Yet Dehmel is perhaps nothing so little as a *doctrinaire* of naturalism. It is simply his immense sincerity that forces him to embody his spiritual struggles in terms of actuality. The burning experiences came first and only later the reflection that it is wrong and stupid to brand any aspects of our modern life as «unnatural» or unfit for artistic treatment. Since our souls *are* in travail amid this complex civilization and since we do, as a matter of fact, instinctively accept it in experience as natural and necessary, it is a barren affectation to exclude that civilization from our art.

It must now be clear why Dehmel has come to seem so important a poet to his countrymen and why they regard his work as having such significant and tonic qualities. For in it he portrays, in all its moods and phases, that striving for freedom of personality which is their highest ideal, and he portrays it amid the scenes and the things which are the immediate realities of their lives. All these virtues of his would be futile, of course, were it not for the poet's art. But Dehmel is a very notable master of language and an even more notable master of the music of verse. His diction is extraordinarily concrete, but the richness and energy of his rhythms give the majority of his poems a touch of the sumptuous and splendid. He has constantly invented his own stanzaic forms and thus, through their modulations, expresses in the most intimate way the spirit of his moods and aspirations. Yet it must not be imagined that this poet, so modern, so complex, and so troubled, is wholly alienated from the traditional notes of his people's verse. In such a poem as ‹The Silent City› he has caught the haunting imagery, the grave and wondering vision, the strange simplicity of the folk-song. Nor has he ever expressed more completely all that seems to him the deepest meaning of his life and art than in the utterly plain and unadorned verses called ‹A Song of Freedom.›

«This is the way o' the world,
As all men born shall find;
The flowers blossom wild and gay,
But we build walls of mortar
Against the wind.

Thus it will ever be,
As we in death shall find;
Then blossom the flowers as of old,
While over our chill mortar
Laughs the wind.»[1]

[1] Translated by Mrs. Ludwig Lewisohn.

VIGIL

The crimson roses burn and glow,
Softly the dark leaves stir and shake,
And I am in the grass awake.
Oh, wert thou here,
For soon the mid of night will break.

Into the lake the moonbeams flow,
The garden gate hides her from view,
The moveless willows stand arow,
My burning forehead seeks the dew;
Oh, I have never loved thee so!

Oh, I have never so deeply known
As often as our close embrace
Made each the other, why thy face
Grew pallid and thy heart made moan
When all my being sought thy grace.

And now — oh, hadst thou seen how there
Two little fireflies crept alow;
I nevermore from thee will fare,
Oh, wert thou here . . .
For still the crimson roses glow. . . .

Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn.

SUDDEN HOPE

Over this our love is wound
Many-branched a weeping willow,
Night and shadow are our pillow
And our foreheads touch the ground.

We sit silent, sombre, darkling.
Once a river here rushed by,
Once we saw the starlight sparkling.

Are we stricken by a blight?
Hark — from the cathedral high
Choral bells . . . and love . . . and night.

Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn.

BEFORE THE STORM

THE sky grew darker with each minute
Outside my room, I felt within it
The clouds, disconsolate and gray.
The ash-tree yonder moved its crown
With heavy creaking up and down,
The dead leaves whirled across the way.

Then ticked, through the close room, unhurried,
(As in still vaults where men are buried
The woodworm gnaws and ticks), my watch.
And through the open door close by
Wailed the piano, thin and shy,
Beneath her touch.

Slate-like upon us weighed the heaven,
Her playing grew more sorrow-riven,
I saw her form.
Sharp gusts upon the ash-tree beat,
The air, aflame with dust and heat,
Sighed for the storm.

Pale through the walls the sounds came sobbing,
Her blind, tear-wasted hands passed throbbing
Across the keys.
Crouching she sang that song of May
That once had sung my heart away,
She panted lest the song should cease.

In the dull clouds no shadow shivered,
The aching music moaned and quivered
Like dull knives in me, stroke on stroke —
And in that song of love was blent
Two children's voices' loud lament —
Then first the lightning broke.

Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn.

EDUARD DOUWES DEKKER

(1820–1887)

TEN years after 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' there appeared in Amsterdam a book that caused as great a sensation among the Dutch coffee-traders on the Amstel, as had Harriet Beecher Stowe's wonderful story among the slaveholders at the South. This book was 'Max Havelaar,' and its author, veiled under the suggestive pen-name of "Multatuli" ("who have suffered much"), at once became famous. It frankly admitted that it was a novel with a purpose, and this purpose was to bring home to his countrymen the untold sufferings and oppression to which the natives of the Dutch East Indies were subjected, in order that the largest possible profit might flow into the coffers of the people of Holland. Multatuli, under the disguise of fiction, professed to give facts he had himself collected on the spot.

Eduard Douwes Dekker, born in 1820 in Amsterdam, went as a youth of seventeen to the Dutch colonies. There for nearly twenty years he was in the employ of the government, obtaining at last the post of Assistant Resident of Lebak, a province of Java. In this responsible position he used his influence to stem the abuses and extortions practiced by the native chiefs against the defenseless populace. But his humanitarianism clashed with the interests of his government, and sacrificing a brilliant career to a principle, he sent in his resignation and returned to Holland in 1856 a poor man. He began to put his experiences on paper, and in 1860 published the book that made him famous. 'Max Havelaar' is a bitter arraignment of the Dutch colonial system, and gives a more excruciating picture of the slavery of the natives of fair "Insulind" than ever existed in the South. For nearly three hundred years Dutch burghers on the Scheldt, the Maas, and the Amstel, have waxed fat on the labors of the Malays of the far East. In these islands of the East-Indian Archipelago the relations between the Europeans and the Dutch are peculiar, based on the policy of the government of getting the largest possible revenues out of these fertile possessions. Practically the native is a Dutch subject, and the product of his labor goes directly to Holland; nominally he is still ruled by his tribal chief, to whom he is blindly and superstitiously devoted. Playing on this feudal attachment, the Dutch, while theoretically pledging themselves to protect the defenseless populace against rapacity, have yet

so arranged the administration that the chiefs have unlimited opportunities of extortion. They are paid premiums on whatever their provinces furnish for the foreign market, and as they have practically full control over the persons and property of their subjects, they force these poor wretches to contribute whatever they may demand in unpaid labor and provisions, besides the land taxes.

And there is yet another hardship. Rice is the staple product of Java; but as that does not pay so well as coffee, sugar, indigo, or spices, the Javanese is driven away from the rice fields he loves, and famine is often the result.

«Famine? in Java, the rich and fertile, famine? Yes, reader, a few years ago whole districts were depopulated by famine; mothers offered to sell their children for food; mothers ate their own children. But then the mother country interfered. In the halls of the Dutch Parliament complaints were made, and the then reigning governor had to give orders that THE EXTENSION OF THE SO-CALLED EUROPEAN MARKET SHOULD NO LONGER BE PUSHED TO THE EXTREMITY OF FAMINE.»

The book is an eloquent plea for more humane treatment of these wretches. In glowing colors Dekker paints the condition of Java, its scenery, its inhabitants, the extortions of the native regents, and the rapacity of the European traders. The truth of these accusations has never been disputed; indeed, it has been said that he kept on this side of exaggeration. At the International Congress for the Promotion of Social Science, at Amsterdam in 1863, he challenged his critics to prove him false, but no one came forward. One high government official indeed said that he could refute 'Max Havelaar,' but that it was not in his interest to do so.

Despite the sensation the book made, affairs in the East remained pretty much the same as before. Dekker tried in vain to get some influence in Holland, but he had killed himself politically by avowing that 'Max Havelaar' was not written in the interests of either party, but was the utterance of a champion of humanity. Thoroughly disappointed in his countrymen, he exiled himself and went to live in Germany in 1866. But he did not therefore lay down a pen that had become in his hands a powerful weapon. He published a number of books on political, social, and philosophic subjects, in the form of stories, dramas, aphorisms, or polemics. Noteworthy among these are his fine parables, the novel 'La Sainte Vierge' (The Holy Virgin); the drama in blank, 'Vorstenschool' (School for Princes), containing many fine thoughts, and still one of the most popular plays of the day; and the incomplete 'Geschiedem's van Wontertje Pieterse' (Story of Wontertje Pieterse), published in 1888 by his widow, who also brought out his letters, and in 1892 a complete edition of his works.

The writings of Dekker are marked by a fiery yet careful style, Oriental richness of imagery, and originality and independence of thought. He wrote as social reformer, and attacked with unrivaled power of sarcasm all manner of cant, sham, and red-tape. His works betray the disappointment of a defeated idealist. He was a man of marked individuality, and strongly attracted or repelled others. For the last few years of his life he ceased to write, and lived in retirement in Nieder-Ingelheim on the Rhine, where he died February 19th, 1887.

MULTATULI'S LAST WORDS TO THE READER

From 'Max Havelaar'

YES, I, Multatuli, "who have suffered much,"—I take the pen. I do not make any excuses for the form of my book,—that form was thought proper to obtain my object. . . . *I will be read!* Yes, I will be read. I will be read by statesmen who are obliged to pay attention to the signs of the times; by men of letters, who must also look into the book of which so many bad things are said; by merchants, who have an interest in the coffee auctions; by lady's-maids, who read me for a few farthings; by governors-general in retirement; by ministers who have something to do; by the lackeys of these Excellencies; by mutes, who, *more majorum*, will say that I attack God Almighty, when I attack only the god which they made according to their own image; by the members of the representative chambers, who must know what happens in the extensive possessions over the sea which belong to Holland. . . .

Ay, I *shall* be read!

When I obtain this I shall be content, for I did not intend to write well. . . . I wished to write so as to be heard; and as one who cries "Stop thief!" does not care about the style of his *impromptu* address to the public, I too am indifferent to criticism of the manner in which I cried *my* "Stop thief!"

"The book is a medley; there is no order, nothing but a desire to make a sensation. The style is bad; the author is inexperienced; no talent, no method."

Good! good! . . . . all very well! . . . *but the Javanese are ill-treated.* For the merit of my book is this: that *refutation* of its main features is *impossible.* And the greater

the disapprobation of my book the better I shall be pleased, for the chance of being *heard* will be so much the greater;—and that is what I desire.

But you whom I dare to interrupt in your business or in your retirement,—ye ministers and governors-general,—do not calculate too much upon the inexperience of my pen. I could exercise it, and perhaps by dint of some exertion, attain to that skill which would make the truth heard by the people. Then I should ask of that people a place in the representative chambers, were it only to protest against the certificates which are given *vice versa* by Indian functionaries.

To protest against the endless expeditions sent, and heroic deeds performed against poor miserable creatures, whose ill treatment has driven them to revolt.

To protest against the cowardice of general orders, that brand the honor of the nation by invoking public charity on behalf of the victims of inveterate piracy.

It is true those rebels were reduced by starvation to skeletons, while those pirates could defend themselves.

And if that place were refused me, . . . if I were still disbelieved, . . . then I should translate my book into the few languages that I know, and the many that I yet can learn, to put that question to Europe which I have in vain put to Holland.

And in every capital such a refrain as this would be heard: "There is a band of robbers between Germany and the Scheldt!"

And if this were of no avail, . . . then I should translate my book into *Malay*, *Javanese*, *Soudanese*, *Alfoer*, *Boegi*, and *Battah*.

And I should sharpen *Klewangs*, the scimitars and the sabres, by rousing with warlike songs the minds of those martyrs whom I have promised to help—I, *Multatuli*, would do this!

Yes! delivery and help, *lawfully if possible;—lawfully with violence* if need be.

And that would be very pernicious to the Coffee Auctions of the Dutch Trading Company!

For I am no fly-rescuing poet, no rapt dreamer like the down-trodden Havelaar, who did his duty with the courage of a lion, and endured starvation with the patience of a marmot in winter.

This book is an introduction. . . .

I shall increase in strength and sharpness of weapons, according as it may be necessary.

Heaven grant that it may not be necessary! . . .

No, it *will* not be necessary! For it is to thee I dedicate my book: WILLIAM THE THIRD, King, Grand Duke, Prince, . . . more than Prince, Grand Duke, and King, . . . EMPEROR of the magnificent empire of INSULIND, which winds about the equator like a garland of emeralds! . . .

I ask THEE if it be thine IMPERIAL will that the Havelaars should be bespattered with the mud of Slymerings and Drystubbles; and that thy *more* than *thirty millions* of SUBJECTS far away should be *ill treated and should suffer extortion* in THY name!

IDYLL OF SAÏDJAH AND ADINDA

From 'Max Havelaar'

SAÏDJAH'S father had a buffalo, with which he plowed his field. When this buffalo was taken away from him by the district chief at Parang-Koodjang he was very dejected, and did not speak a word for many a day. For the time for plowing was come, and he had to fear that if the rice field was not worked in time, the opportunity to sow would be lost, and lastly, that there would be no paddy to cut, none to keep in the storeroom of the house. He feared that his wife would have no rice, nor Saïdjah himself, who was still a child, nor his little brothers and sisters. And the district chief too would accuse him to the Assistant Resident if he was behindhand in the payment of his land taxes, for this is punished by the law. Saïdjah's father then took a poniard which was an heirloom from his father. The poniard was not very handsome, but there were silver bands round the sheath, and at the end there was a silver plate. He sold this poniard to a Chinaman who dwelt in the capital, and came home with twenty-four guilders, for which money he bought another buffalo.

Saïdjah, who was then about seven years old, soon made friends with the new buffalo. It is not without meaning that I say "made friends," for it is indeed touching to see how the buffalo is attached to the little boy who watches over and feeds him. The large strong animal bends its heavy head to the right, to the left, or downward, just as the pressure of the child's finger, which he knows and understands, directs.

Such a friendship little Saïdjah had soon been able to make with the new-comer. The buffalo turned willingly on reaching the end of the field, and did not lose an inch of ground when plowing backwards the new furrow. Quite near were the rice fields of the father of Adinda (the child that was to marry Saïdjah); and when the little brothers of Adinda came to the limit of their fields just at the same time that the father of Saïdjah was there with his plow, then the children called out merrily to each other, and each praised the strength and the docility of his buffalo. Saïdjah was nine and Adinda six, when this buffalo was taken by the chief of the district of Parang-Koodjang. Saïdjah's father, who was very poor, thereupon sold to a Chinaman two silver curtain-hooks — heirlooms from the parents of his wife — for eighteen guilders, and bought a new buffalo.

When this buffalo had also been taken away and slaughtered — (I told you, reader, that my story is monotonous)

. . . Saïdjah's father fled out of the country, for he was much afraid of being punished for not paying his land taxes, and he had not another heirloom to sell, that he might buy a new buffalo. However, he went on for some years after the loss of his last buffalo, by working with hired animals for plowing; but that is a very ungrateful labor, and moreover sad for a person who has had buffaloes of his own.

Saïdjah's mother died of grief; and then it was that his father, in a moment of dejection, fled from Bantam in order to endeavor to get labor in the Buitenzorg districts.

But he was punished with stripes because he had left Lebak without a passport, and was brought back by the police to Badoer. But he was not long in prison, for he died soon afterwards. Saïdjah was already fifteen years of age when his father set out for Buitenzorg; and he did not accompany him hither, because he had other plans in view. He had been told that there were at Batavia many gentlemen who drove in two-wheeled carriages, and that it would be easy for him to get a post as driver. He would gain much in that way if he behaved well,— perhaps be able to save in three years enough money to buy two buffaloes. This was a smiling prospect for him. He entered Adinda's house, and communicated to her his plans.

"Think of it! when I come back, we shall be old enough to marry and shall possess two buffaloes: . . . but if I find you married?"

«Saïdjah, you know very well that I shall marry nobody but you; my father promised me to your father.»

«And you yourself?»

«I shall marry you, you may be sure of that.»

«When I come back, I will call from afar off.»

«Who shall hear it, if we are stamping rice in the village?»

«That is true, . . . but Adinda— . . . oh yes, this is better; wait for me under the oak wood, under the Retapan.»

«But Saïdjah, how can I know when I am to go to the Retapan?»

«Count the moons; I shall stay away three times twelve moons. . . . See, Adinda, at every new moon cut a notch in your rice block. When you have cut three times twelve lines, I will be under the Retapan the next day: . . . do you promise to be there?»

«Yes, Saïdjah, I will be there under the Retapan, near the oak wood, when you come back.»

. . . . . .

[Saïdjah returns with money and trinkets at the appointed time, but does not find Adinda under the Retapan.]

. . . But if she were ill or . . . dead?

Like a wounded stag Saïdjah flew along the path leading from the Retapan to the village where Adinda lived. But . . . was it hurry, his eagerness, that prevented him from finding Adinda's house? He had already rushed to the end of the road, through the village, and like one mad he returned and beat his head because he must have passed her house without seeing it. But again he was at the entrance to the village, and . . . O God, was it a dream? . . .

Again he had not found the house of Adinda. Again he flew back and suddenly stood still. . . . And the women of Badoer came out of their houses, and saw with sorrow poor Saïdjah standing there, for they knew him and understood that he was looking for the house of Adinda, and they knew that there was no house of Adinda in the village of Badoer.

For when the district chief of Parang-Koodjang had taken away Adinda's father's buffaloes . . .

(I told you, reader! that my narrative was monotonous.)

. . . Adinda's mother died of grief, and her baby sister died because she had no mother, and had no one to suckle her.

And Adinda's father, who feared to be punished for not paying his land taxes . . .

(I know, I know that my tale is monotonous.)

. . . had fled out of the country; he had taken Adinda and her brother with him. He had gone to Tjilang-Rahan, bordering on the sea. There he had concealed himself in the woods and waited for some others that had been robbed of their buffaloes by the district chief of Parang-Koodjang, and all of whom feared punishment for not paying their land taxes. Then they had at night taken possession of a fishing boat, and steered northward to the Lampoons.

[Saïdjah, following their route] arrived in the Lampoons, where the inhabitants were in insurrection against the Dutch rule. He joined a troop of Badoer men, not so much to fight as to seek Adinda; for he had a tender heart, and was more disposed to sorrow than to bitterness.

One day that the insurgents had been beaten, he wandered through a village that had just been taken by the Dutch, and was therefore in flames. Saïdjah knew that the troop that had been destroyed there consisted for the most part of Badoer men. He wandered like a ghost among the houses which were not yet burned down, and found the corpse of Adinda's father with a bayonet wound in the breast. Near him Saïdjah saw the three murdered brothers of Adinda, still only children, and a little further lay the corpse of Adinda, naked and horribly mutilated.

. . . . . .

Then Saïdjah went to meet some soldiers who were driving, at the point of the bayonet, the surviving insurgents into the fire of the burning houses; he embraced the broad bayonets, pressed forward with all his might, and still repulsed the soldiers with a last exertion, until their weapons were buried to the sockets in his breast.

THOMAS DEKKER

(1570?–1637?)

THOMAS DEKKER, the genial realist, the Dickens of Jacobean London, has left in his works the impress of a most lovable personality, but the facts with which to surround that personality are of the scantiest. He was born about 1570 in London; at least in 1637 he speaks of himself as over threescore years of age. This is the only clue we have to the date of his birth. He came probably of a tradesman's family, for he describes better than any of his fellows in art the life of the lower middle class, and enters into the thoughts and feelings of that class with a heartiness which is possible only after long and familiar association. He was not a university man, but absorbed his classical knowledge as Shakespeare did, through association with the wits of his time.

He is first mentioned in Henslowe's diary in 1597, and after that his name appears frequently. He was evidently a dramatic hack, working for that manager, adapting and making over old plays and writing new ones. He must have been popular too, for his name appears oftener than that of any of his associates. Yet his industry and popularity could not always keep him above water. Henslowe was not a generous paymaster, and the unlucky dramatist knew the inside of the debtor's prison cell; more than once the manager advanced sums to bail him out. Oldys says he was in prison from 1613 to 1616. After 1637 we find his name no more.

As a dramatist, Dekker was most active between the years 1598 and 1602. In one of those years alone he was engaged on twelve plays. Many of these have been lost; of the few that remain, two of the most characteristic belong to this period. 'The Shoemaker's Holiday,' published in 1599, shows Dekker on his genial, realistic side, with his sense of fun and his hearty sympathy with the life of the people. It bubbles over with the delight in mere living, and is full of kindly feeling toward all the world. It was sure to appeal to its audience, especially to the pit, where the tradesmen and artisans with their wives applauded, and noisiest of all, the 'prentices shouted their satisfaction: here they saw themselves and their masters brought on the stage, somewhat idealized, but still full of frolic and good-nature. It is one of the brightest and pleasantest of Elizabethan comedies. Close on its heels followed 'The Pleasant Comedy of Old Fortunatus.' Here Dekker the idealist the poet of luxurious fancy

and rich yet delicate imagination, is seen at his best. Fortunatus with his wishing-hat and wonderful purse appealed to the romantic spirit of the time, when men still sailed in search of the Hesperides, compounded the elixir of youth, and sought for the philosopher's stone. Dekker worked over an old play of the same name; the subject of both was taken from the old German *volksbuch* 'Fortunatus' of 1519. Among the collaborators of Dekker at this time was Ben Jonson. Both these men were realists, but Jonson slashed into life with bitter satire, whereas Dekker cloaked over its frailties with a tender humor. Again, Jonson was a conscientious artist, aiming at perfection; Dekker, while capable of much higher poetry, was often careless and slipshod. No wonder that the dictator scorned his somewhat irresponsible co-worker. The precise nature of their quarrel, one of the most famous among authors, is not known; it culminated in 1601, when Jonson produced 'The Poetaster,' a play in which Dekker and Marston were mercilessly ridiculed. Dekker replied shortly in 'Satiromastix, or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet,' a burlesque full of good-natured mockery of his antagonist.

Dekker wrote, in conjunction with Webster, 'Westward Ho,' Northward Ho,' and 'Sir Thomas Wyatt'; with Middleton, 'The Roaring Girl'; with Massinger, 'The Virgin Martyr'; and with Ford, 'The Sun's Darling' and 'The Witch of Edmonton.' Among the products of Dekker's old age, 'Match Me in London' is ranked among his half-dozen best plays, and 'The Wonder of a Kingdom' is fair journeyman's work.

One of the most versatile of the later Elizabethans,—prolonging their style and ideas into the new world of the Stuarts,—Dekker was also prominent as pamphleteer. He first appeared as such in 1603, with 'The Wonderfull Yeare 1603, wherein is showed the picture of London lying sicke of the Plague,' a vivid description of the pest, which undoubtedly served Defoe as model in his famous book on the same subject. The best known of his many pamphlets, however, is 'The Gul's Horne Booke,' a graphic description of the ways and manners of the gallants of the time. These various tracts are invaluable for the light they throw on the social life of Jacobean London.

Lastly, Dekker as song-writer must not be forgotten. He had the genuine lyric gift, and poured forth his bird-notes, sweet, fresh, and spontaneous, full of the singer's joy in his song. He also wrote some very beautiful prayers.

Varied and unequal as Dekker's work is, he is one of the hardest among the Elizabethans to classify. He at times rises to the very heights of poetic inspiration, soaring above most of his contemporaries, to drop all of a sudden down to a dead level of prose. But he makes up for his shortcomings by his whole-hearted, manly view

of life, his compassion for the weak, his sympathy with the lowly, his determination to make the best of everything, and to show the good hidden away under the evil.

«Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail,» —

these he knew from bitter experience, yet never allowed them to overcloud his buoyant spirits, but made them serve his artistic purposes. Joyousness is the prevailing note of his work, mingled with a pathetic undertone of patience.

FROM 'THE GUL'S HORNE BOOKE'

How a Gallant Should Behave Himself in Powles Walk*

Now for your venturing into the Walke: be circumspect and wary what piller you come in at, and take heed in any case (as you love the reputation of your honour) that you avoide the *serving-man's* dogg; but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the Church may appear to be yours; where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloake from the one shoulder, and then you must (as twere in anger) suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside (if it be taffata at the least) and so by the meanes your costly lining is betrayed, or else by the pretty advantage of complement. But one note by the way do I especially wooe you to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheape and ordinary; that you by no means be seen above fowre turnes, but in the fifth make your selfe away, either in some of the Sempsters' shops, the new Tobacco-office, or amongst the Bookesellers, where, if you cannot reade, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has writ against this divine weede, &c. For this withdrawing yourselfe a little will much benefite your suit, which else by too long walking would be stale to the whole spectators: but howsoever, if Powles Jacks be up with their elbowes, and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soone as ever the clock has parted them and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the Duke's gallery conteyne you any longer, but passe away apace in open view. In which departure, if by chance you either encounter, or aloofe off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being your familiar, salute him not

* The middle aisle of St. Paul's in London was the fashionable walk.

by his name of Sir such a one, or so, but call him *Ned* or *Jack*, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men: and if (tho there bee a dozen companies betweene you, tis the better) hee call aloud to you (for thats most gentile), to know where he shall find you at two a clock, tell him at such an Ordinary, or such; and bee sure to name those that are deerest; and whither none but your gallants resort. After dinner you may appeare againe, having translated yourselfe out of your English cloth cloak, into a light Turky-grogram (if you have that happiness of shifting) and then be seene (for a turn or two) to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gummes with a wrought handkercher: It skilles not whether you dinde or no (thats best knowne to your stomach) or in what place you dinde, though it were with cheese (of your owne mother's making, in your chamber or study). . . . Suck this humour up especially. Put off to none, unlesse his hatband be of a newer fashion than yours, and three degrees quainter; but for him that wears a trebled cipres about his hatte (though he were an Alderman's sonne), never move to him; for hees suspected to be worse than a *gull* and not worth the putting off to, that cannot observe the time of his hatband, nor know what fashioned block is most kin to his head: for in my opinion, ye braine that cannot choose his felt well (being the head ornament) must needes powre folly into all the rest of the members, and be an absolute confirmed foule in *Summâ Totali*. . . . The great dyal is your last monument; these bestow some half of the threescore minutes, to observe the sawciness of the Jaikes that are above the man in the moone there; the strangenesse of the motion will quit your labour. Besides you may heere have fit occasion to discover your watch, by taking it forth and setting the wheeles to the time of Powles, which, I assure you, goes truer by five notes then S. *Sepulchers* chimes. The benefit that will arise from hence is this, that you publish your charge in maintaining a gilded clocke; and withall the world shall know that you are a time-server. By this I imagine you have walkt your bellyful, and thereupon being weary, or (which rather I believe) being most gentlemanlike hungry, it is fit that I brought you in to the Duke; so (because he follows the fashion of great men, in keeping no house, and that therefore you must go seeke your dinner) suffer me to take you by the hand, and lead you into an Ordinary.

Sleep

Do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is; it is so inestimable a jewel that if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought; yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him; and there is good cause why we should do so; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little tumbles us into a churchyard; and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bedlam? No, no. Look upon Endymion, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen years, and was not a hair the worse for it. Can lying abed till noon then, being not the threescore and fifteenth thousand part of his nap, be hurtful?

THE PRAISE OF FORTUNE

From 'Old Fortunatus'

Fortune smiles, cry holiday!
Dimples on her cheek do dwell.
Fortune frowns, cry well-a-day!
Her love is heaven, her hate is hell.
Since heaven and hell obey her power,—
Tremble when her eyes do lower.
Since heaven and hell her power obey,
When she smiles, cry holiday!
Holiday with joy we cry,
And bend and bend, and merrily
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity,
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity.

Chorus

Let us sing merrily, merrily, merrily,
With our songs let heaven resound.
Fortune's hands our heads have crowned.
Let us sing merrily, merrily, merrily.

CONTENT

From 'Patient Grissil'

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet Content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet Content, O sweet, O sweet Content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labor bears a lovely face.
Then hey nonny, nonny; hey nonny, nonny.

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet Content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O Punishment!
Then he that patiently Want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king.
O sweet Content, O sweet, O sweet Content!

RUSTIC SONG

From 'The Sun's Darling'

HAYMAKERS, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer Queen!
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green!
Sing, dance, and play,
'Tis holiday!
The sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl.
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine.
Let us die ere away they be borne.

Bow to our Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports:
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
As those in princes' courts.

These and we
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow.
Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams
'Mongst kids shall trip it round;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds, make a lusty cry;
Spring up, you falconers, partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly!
Horses amain,
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase:
'Tis a sport to content a king.
So ho! ho! through the skies
How the proud birds flies,
And sousing, kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls; hark! how they ring.

LULLABY

From 'Patient Grissil'

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you.
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

JEAN FRANÇOIS CASIMIR DELAVIGNE

(1793–1843)

BY FREDERIC LOLIÉE

THIS French lyrical poet and dramatist, born in Havre in 1793, and brought up at Paris, was awarded a prize by the Académie Française in 1811, elected a member of that illustrious body July 7th, 1825, and died December 11th, 1843. When hardly twenty years of age he had already made his name famous by dithyrambs, the form of which, imitated from the ancients, enabled him to express in sufficiently poetic manner quite modern sentiments. Possessed of brilliant and easy imagination, moderately enthusiastic, and more sober than powerful, he hit upon a lucky vein which promptly led him to fame. He described the recent disasters of his country in fine odes entitled 'Messéniennes,' in allusion to the chants in which the defeated Messenians deplored the hardships inflicted on them by the Spartans. Those political elegies were named—'La Bataille de Waterloo' (The Battle of Waterloo); 'La Dévastation du Musée' (The Spoliation of the Museum); 'Sur le Besoin de S'unir après le Départ des Étrangers' (On the Necessity of Union after the Departure of the Foreigners). They expressed emotions agitating the mind of the country. At the same time they appealed to the heart of the "liberals" of the period by uttering their regrets for vanished power, their rancor against the victorious party, their fears for threatened liberty. The circumstances, the passions of the day, as also the awakening of young and new talent, all concurred to favor Casimir Delavigne, who almost from the very first attained high reputation. In 1819 the publication of two more Messéniennes, on the life and death of Joan of Arc,—inspired like the first with deep patriotic fervor,—was received with enthusiasm.

CASIMIR DELAVIGNE

Earlier even than the day of Lamartine and Victor Hugo, Casimir Delavigne had the glory of stirring the heart of France. He had the added merit of maintaining, after Beaumarchais and before Émile

Augier, the dignity of high comedy. Ingenious scenes of life, lively and spirited details, grace and delicacy of style, save from oblivion such pieces as 'L'École des Vieillards' (The School of Age), first performed by the great artists Mademoiselle Mars and Talma; and 'Don Juan d'Autriche' (Don John of Austria), a prose comedy. Other dramas of his — 'Marino Faliero,' 'Les Vêpres Siciliennes' (The Sicilian Vespers), 'Louis XI.,' 'Les Enfants d'Edouard' (The Children of Edward), and 'La Fille du Cid' (The Daughter of the Cid) — are still read with admiration, or acted to applauding spectators. A pure disciple of Racine at first, Delavigne deftly managed to adopt some innovations of the romanticist school. 'Marino Faliero' was the first of his productions in which, relinquishing the so-called classic rules, he endeavored, as a French critic fitly remarks, to introduce a kind of eclecticism in stage literature; a bold attempt, tempered with prudent reserve, in which he wisely combined the processes favored by the new school with current tradition. That play is indeed a happy mixture of drama and comedy. It contains familiar dialogues and noble outbursts, which however do not violate the proprieties of academic style.

Though he never displayed the genius of Lamartine or of Victor Hugo, and though some of his pictures have faded since the appearance of the dazzling productions of the great masters of romanticism, Casimir Delavigne still ranks high in the literature of his country and century, thanks to the lofty and steady qualities, to the tender and generous feeling, to the noble independence, which were the honorable characteristics of his talent and his individuality. His works, first published in Paris in 1843 in six octavo volumes, went through many subsequent editions.

Frederic Loliée

THE CONFESSION OF LOUIS XI.

[On the point of dying, Louis XI. clings desperately to life, and summons before him a holy monk, Francis de Paula, whom he implores to work a miracle in his favor and prolong his life.]

Dramatis personæ: — King Louis XI., *and* Saint Francis de Paula, *founder of the order of the Franciscan friars.*

LOUIS — We are alone now.

Francis — What do you wish of me?

Louis [*who has knelt down*] — At your knees see me trembling with hope and fear.

Francis—What can I do for you?

Louis—Everything, Father; you can do everything: you can call the dead to life again.

Francis—I!

Louis—To the dead you say, "Leave your graves!" and they leave them.

Francis—Who? I?

Louis—You bid our ailments to be cured.

Francis—I, my son?

Louis—And they are cured. When you command the skies clear, the wind suddenly blows or likewise abates; the falling thunderbolt at your command moves back to the clouds. Oh, I implore you, who in the air can keep up the beneficent dew or let it pour its welcome freshness on the withering plant, impart fresh vigor to my old limbs. See me; I am dying; revive my drooping energy; stretch ye out your arms to me, touch ye those livid features of mine, and the spell of your hands will cause my wrinkles to vanish.

Francis—What do you ask of me? You surprise me, my son. Am I equal to God? From your lips I first learn that I go abroad rendering oracles, and with my hands working miracles.

Louis—At least ten years, father! grant me ten more years to live, and upon you I shall lavish honors and presents. . . . I shall found shrines to your name, in gold and jasper shall have your relics set; but!—twenty years more life are too little a reward for so much wealth and incense. I beseech you, work a whole miracle! Do not cut so short the thread of my life. A whole miracle! give me new life and prolong my days!

Francis—To do God's work is not in his creature's power. What! when everything dies, you alone should last! King, such is not God's will. I his feeble creature cannot alter for you the course of nature. All that which grows must vanish, all that which is born must perish, man himself and his works, the tree and its fruit alike. All that produces does so only for a time; 'tis the law here below, for eternity death alone shall fructify.

Louis—You wear out my patience. Do your duty, monk! Work in my favor your marvelous power; for if you refuse, I shall compel you. Do you forget that I am a king? The holy oil anointed my forehead. Oh, pardon me! but it is your duty to do more for kings, for crowned heads, than for those obscure

and unfortunate wretches whom, but for your prayers, God in heaven would never have remembered.

Francis—Kings and their subjects are equal in the eyes of the Lord; he owes you his aid as to the rest of his children; be more just to yourself, and claim for your soul that help for which you beg.

Louis [*eagerly*]—No, not so much at a time: let us now mind the body; I shall think of the soul by-and-by.

Francis—It is your remorse, O King, 'tis that smarting wound inflicted by your crimes, which slowly drags your body to final ruin. . . .

Louis—The priests absolved me.

Francis—Vain hope! The weight of your present alarms is made up of thirty years of iniquitous life. Confess your shame, disclose your sins, and let sincere repentance wash away your defiled soul.

Louis—Should I get cured?

Francis—Perhaps.

Louis—Say yes, promise that I shall. I am going to confess all.

Francis—To me?

Louis—Such is my will. Listen.

Francis [*seating himself whilst the King stands up with clasped hands*]—Speak then, sinner, who summon me to perform this holy ministry.

Louis [*after having recited mentally the* Confiteor]—I cannot and dare not refuse.

Francis—What are your sins?

Louis—Through fear of the Dauphin, the late King died of starvation.

Francis—A son shortened his own father's old age!

Louis—I was that Dauphin.

Francis—You were!

Louis—My father's weakness was ruining France. A favorite ruled. France must have perished had not the King done so. State interests are higher than—

Francis—Confess thy sins, thou wicked son; do not excuse thy wrong-doings.

Louis—I had a brother.

Francis—What of him?

Louis—Who died . . . . poisoned.

Francis—Were you instrumental in his death?

Louis—They suspected me.

Francis—God Almighty!

Louis—If those who said so fell in my power! . . .

Francis—Is it true?

Louis—His ghost rising from the grave can alone with impunity accuse me of his death.

Francis—So you were guilty of it?

Louis—The traitor deserved it!

Francis [*rising*]—You would escape your just punishment! Tremble! I was your brother, I am now your judge. Crushed under your sin, bend low your head. Return to nothingness, empty Majesty! I no longer see the King, I hear the criminal: to your knees, fratricide!

Louis [*falling on his knees*]—I shudder.

Francis—Repent!

Louis [*crawling to the monk and catching hold of his garments*]—I own my fault, have pity on me! I beat my breast and repent another crime. I do not excuse it.

Francis [*resuming his seat*]—Is this not all?

Louis—Nemours! . . . He was a conspirator. But his death . . . His crime was proved. But under his scaffold his children's tears . . . Thrice against his lord he had taken up arms. His life-blood spattered them. Yet his death was but just.

Francis—Cruel, cruel King!

Louis—Just, but severe; I confess it: I punished . . . but no, I have committed crimes. In mid-air the fatal knot has strangled my victims; in murderous pits they have been stabbed with steel; the waters have put an end to them, the earth has acted as their jailer. Prisoners buried beneath these towers groan forgotten in their depths.

Francis—Oh! since there are wrongs which you can still repair, come!

Louis—Where to?

Francis—Let us set free those prisoners.

Louis—Statecraft forbids.

Francis [*kneeling before the King*]—Charity orders: come, and save your soul.

Louis—And risk my crown! As a king, I cannot.

Francis—As a Christian, you must.

Louis — I have repented. Let that suffice.

Francis [*rising*] — That avails nothing.

Louis — Have I not confessed my sins?

Francis — They are not condoned while you persist in them.

Louis — The Church has indulgences which a king can pay for.

Francis — God's pardon is not to be bought: we must deserve it.

Louis [*in despair*] — I claim it by right of my anguish! O Father, if you knew my sufferings, you would shed tears of pity! The intolerable bodily pain I endure constitutes but half my troubles and my least suffering. I desire the places where I cannot be. Everywhere remorse pursues me; I avoid the living; I live among the dead. I spend dreadful days and nights more terrible. The darkness assumes visible shapes; silence disturbs me, and when I pray to my Savior I hear his voice say: «What would you with me, accursed?» When asleep, a demon sits on my chest: I drive him away, and a naked sword stabs me furiously; I rise aghast; human blood inundates my couch, and my hand, seized by a hand cold as death, is plunged in that blood and feels hideous moving débris. . . .

Francis — Ah, wretched man!

Louis — You shudder. Such are my days and nights; my sleep, my life. Yet, dying, I agonize to live, and fear to drink the last drop of that bitter cup.

Francis — Come then. Forgive the wrongs others have done you, and thus abate your own tortures. A deed of mercy will buy you rest, and when you awake, some voice at least will bless your name. Come. Do not tarry.

Louis — Wait! Wait!

Francis — Will the Lord wait?

Louis — To-morrow!

Francis — But to-morrow, to-night, now, perhaps, death awaits you.

Louis — I am well protected.

Francis — The unloved are ill protected. [*Tries to drag the King along.*] Come! Come!

Louis [*pushing him aside*]—Give me time, time to make up my mind.

Francis — I leave you, murderer. I cannot forgive your crimes.

Louis [*terrified*]—What! do you condemn me?

Francis—God may forgive all! When he still hesitates, how could I condemn? Take advantage of the delay he grants you; weep, pray, obtain from his mercy the softening of your heart towards those unfortunates. Forgive, and let the light of day shine for them once more. When you seized the attribute of Divine vengeance they denounced your name from the depth of their jails in their bitter anguish, and their shrieks and moans drowned your prayers. Now end those sufferings, and God shall hear your prayers.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature.'

WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN

(1839–1917)

BY EDGAR W. BURRILL

WILLIAM DE MORGAN'S first novel was written when he was sixty-four years old, after a busy life as a manufacturer of pottery, and yet almost every year from the publication of ‹Joseph Vance› in 1906 until his death, January 15th, 1917, there came from his facile pen another story of the same astonishing length of nearly a quarter of a million words. The quality of his work has been compared more than once to that of Dickens, both in its vivid portraiture of slum life, and in its many interruptions and asides to the reader. Though he protested against the label of Early Victorianism, there is a certain leisurely-minded, gossiping attitude in all his stories which is more characteristic of author and reader of fifty years ago than of the turbulent haste of to-day. But his very first book received an immediate and widespread fame which has not been lessened by his successive performances.

William De Morgan was born in London, November 16th, 1839, at the time his father, Augustus De Morgan, was a distinguished Professor of Mathematics in University College. His mother was the daughter of William Frend, who was expelled from Cambridge University for heretical opinions. He was educated himself at University College, and married in 1888 Evelyn Pickering. Beginning his life work as an artist, after studying at the Royal Academy in 1859, he abandoned painting five years later to engage in making designs for stained glass. In 1870 he entered upon the manufacture of pottery, a pursuit to which he devoted himself for the next thirty-five years. His experiments in lustre, at that time not much known in England, attracted some attention among artists, but he received small pecuniary returns. It was while he was convalescing from an illness in 1905 that he turned to the writing of fiction as a diversion, and that first book, ‹Joseph Vance; an Ill-Written Autobiography,› is still generally regarded as his best. In this life history of a boy rescued from the gutter and educated by a kind-hearted gentleman, for whose daughter he conceives a lifelong affection that prompts him eventually to assume the guilt of her brother to spare her pain, the mellowness and charm so characteristic of the later novels is found in abundant measure and the shrewd characterization and lifelike dialogue and incidents endow it with a quiet reality which is intensified by its loose construction. Indeed the haphazard quality of the many trivial circumstances which crowd its pages adds to the impression of actuality.

Each of the stories that followed is concerned likewise in some measure, at least in the opening chapters, with the more repulsive aspects of life; but evil to De Morgan is a necessary factor in the development of the soul, and the total effect is always one of abiding beauty. It is not so much the plot, good as it is, that holds the interest, as the author's genial comments on his characters and events. One of the characters in ‹Joseph Vance› expresses the De Morgan ideal in these words: «The highest good is the growth of the Soul, and the greatest man is he who rejoices most in the great fulfilments of the will of God.» His philosophy throughout blends an intimate worldly wisdom with a radiant faith in the things which are unseen and eternal. To him, as to Browning, good is the very goal of ill.

In ‹Alice-for-Short› (1907) it is a little girl who is rescued from the slums, while ghosts and mysteries are added to the story of her development, unnecessary though they are to the character delineation. In unraveling the mystery, a daring surgical operation is made use of to restore the memory of a frail old woman past eighty, whose mind has been a blank for sixty years but who alone can furnish the key to the vanished past. The pathos of her awakening to a realization of her isolation among a generation she does not know is equalled only by the death of Janey in ‹Joseph Vance,› or by the death of poor, blind Jim, run over by an automobile and ignorant of the death of his Lizar-ann, in ‹It Never Can Happen Again.› De Morgan's ripeness of vision and breadth of tolerance are apparent in the third novel, ‹Somehow Good› (1908), where a headstrong girl on her way to India to marry her lover falls into evil hands and is betrayed. The marriage takes place, but her secret is discovered, and separation follows. Later on, the husband, having suffered a complete suspension of memory and loss of identity, finds shelter in the wife's home in London, only to be restored and reconciled in due time. This sweet and wholesome treatment of an old problem, built up though it is on coincidences and improbabilities, has the best construction of any of the novels; it follows most closely its central theme and indulges in few superfluous characters.

The remarkable descriptive power of which evidence was given in the burning of the works in ‹Joseph Vance,› or the picture of a London fog in ‹Somehow Good,› is equalled again in the scene of the departure of the convict ship in ‹When Ghost Meets Ghost› (1914). Many threads of story are here woven together, the title referring to the meeting of two old twin sisters, each of whom, over eighty, has believed the other dead for fifty years. Sunshine is still dominant here, and again «life is seen through the humorous eyes of one who loves his fellow-men and is interested chiefly in their sweeter and more conversable side.»

These selections are from ‹Joseph Vance.› Copyright by Henry Holt and Co., and reprinted by their permission.

OF JOE VANCE'S FATHER

My Father and Mother never could come to a clear understanding about what had disagreed with my Father the day he lost his situation at Fothergill's.

My Father thought it was the sausage and mashed potatoes he had for lunch at the Rose and Crown, at fourpence, and as much mustard and pepper as you liked. My Mother thought it was the beer.

There was something to be said for my Mother's view, on the score of quantity.

«Everything,» she said, «I bring to figures, and my Aunt Elizabeth Hannah taught me to it.» And sure enough figures did show that my Father, who had a shilling and threepence in his pocket when he left home at six-thirty in the morning, must have spent eightpence on beer, or lost some of it. Because, if we allow a penny for the 'bus, and twopence for a 'arf an ounce of barker which he bought (I do not like to give his exact words) at a tobacconist's with a hæmorrhage on his way home, there's the price of two quarts of four ale left, put it how you may. «And your Father always had a weak head,» said my Mother in after years, in the many times over she told me the story.

Anyhow, something must have disagreed with him, or he wouldn't have called Mr. Wotherspoon, the head clerk at Fothergill's, an old herring-gut when he told him to put his trolley somewhere else, and not leave it stood in the orfice door.

«Of course it wasn't a civil remark, in the manner of speaking,» said my Mother, «but your Father, my dear, was that simple and honorable himself he never had a suspicion of guile. And well did Mr. Wotherspoon deserve the epithet if my belief is true (and I shall hold it to my dying day) that the old man only simulated deafness all those years to one day catch your Father out. For I need 'ardly say to you, my dear, that the remark was a outside remark, as the sayin' is, and not intended to reach its audience.»

If my recollection of my Father's conversation isn't colored by subsequent experience of hoarse men in taprooms, resembling his personal friends at this date in their accent and the bias of their philosophy, Mr. Wotherspoon must have taken a good deal of unnecessary trouble to procure a conviction. Indeed, I remember my

Mother saying once that the strength of language was proverbial, and that Vance was no exception to the rule, and not to be expected. My Mother's way of putting things may have been inconsequent, but then, one never had the slightest doubt of what she meant.

Anyhow, my Father's outside remarks frequently reached their audience, and laid him open to martyrdom in the cause of free speech many times before the incident recorded — my Mother's version of which was probably authentic; although she must have had some of it on hearsay.

«I decline to repeat his language,» said Mr. Wotherspoon to Mr. Fothergill, «but it was not respectful, and I should say he deserved the sack.»

«Give him his screw and put on another warehouseman,» said Mr. Fothergill. So my Father had to accept the sack on the Saturday following.

I was a small boy of seven at this time, but I must have been observant, from the vividness of my recollection of the events of that Saturday afternoon. My young mind, catching its impressions from my Mother's way of looking at the situation, and supported by the cheerfulness (which may have been partly artificial) with which my Father accepted the sack, drew the inference that my Father had dismissed Fothergill's, and was now open to all kinds of preferment which his late employer's malice had hitherto prevented reaching him. This colored our conversation as we walked along the main road towards London after the family dinner. I accompanied him on the pretext that I was competent and willing to prevent his taking more than a pint at the Roebuck.

«Could you lick three men?» I said, breaking silence disconnectedly.

«Could I lick free men?» repeated my Father after me. «In course I could! Who's to prevent me, young 'un, hay?»

I was silent and counted sixteen paving stones before I returned to the charge. I couldn't count seventeen as it was a sudden introduction of a new metre, so to speak, into the counting. So I resumed my enquiries.

«Could you lick three men if two of 'em was policemen?»

«That's accordin' to who the other might be,» said my Father after reflection, which convinced my simplicity that he was replying in good faith.

«Could you lick three men if one of them was Mr. Fothergill and two of 'em was p'licemen?» This was a home-thrust, and my

Father's prompt counter-stroke showed that he appreciated the connection with the recent conversation at dinner.

«If one of 'em was Mr. Fothergill I could lick six, and if two of 'em was Mr. Fothergill and Mr. Wotherspoon I could lick twelve.»

I accepted this as meaning that the intense insignificance of the two would act as a drawback on the effectiveness of the police force; and I believe now that my Father intended this, and did not refer to any stimulus to his prowess which the sight of his recent employers might occasion. But I felt explanation was necessary, and sought for it in my Father's remarks at dinner.

«Is that because you expected a beggar to be an angel?» was my next question. For my Father had stopped my Mother in some too lenient view of Mr. Wotherspoon's conduct with «An old herring-gut like that has no call to expect a poor beggar to be an angel,» and this had been a little beyond my comprehension.

«What's the young nipper a-driving at?» said my parent. «I tell you what, young man, if young beginners are going to ask questions as if they was blooming grandmothers, we shall never get to this here public house.»

«This one ain't the Roebuck,» said I, as my Father pushed me through a swing door into a sound of bad men and a smell of worse beer.

«No, it ain't, and I ain't a-going to it. If I goes to the Roebuck I ain't at liberty, accordin' to my ideas of honor, to take more than a pint. I want p'r'aps a pint and a 'arf, and I comes in here. Quart o'four ale, Miss!»

The equivocation did not seem wrong to my infant mind; in fact, it impressed me as doing my Father credit, and made me resolve to try to be equally honorable. But the ordering of the quart brought a doubt into my face, to which my father yielded an explanation.

«'Arf a pint for the young nipper, and three 'arf-pints for daddy — that's the 'rithmetic! What the nipper don't drink of his 'arf-pint, I drinks for his sake — so he mayn't get drunk, which at seven is vice.»

The nipper didn't drink much of the half-pint, fortunately for him, and his Father performed the act of altruism imposed on him. Having done so, his attention appeared to be attracted by something inside the pewter.

«Strike me blind,» said he, «if there ain't a bloody[1] little hinseck at the bottom of the pot!»

[1] I am sorry my father made use of this offensive adjective; but as he did so, and I distinctly recollect it, I feel bound to record it.

There was, apparently, and he fell out with a heeltap of beer on the metal counter, out of my sight.

«Pick me up, Daddy,» said I. «For to see the hinseck,» I added by way of explanation. I can remember now exactly how my Father's hand felt as he grasped me by the trousers and lifted me up, and the sound of his question. «What do young sucking bantams want with insects?»

«He'll be for crockin' him,» said a Sweep with inflamed eyelids. «Crock him, yoong 'un, with your finger nail.»

But my Father, who was getting towards the quarrelsome stage of beer, interposed upon the suggestion, not from any humanitarian motives, but in order to contradict the Sweep.

«This here hinseck,» he said, «come out of my beer, wot I paid for square. Consequent this here hinseck I account as *my* hinseck — and this here son of mine has been too well educated, though young, to presoom to crock this here hinseck unless I give leave. — Hay, young 'un? Or for that matter,» added my parent with a sudden aggressive enlargement of his claim — «anyone else.»

«Anyone else, wot?» said the Sweep.

My Father, instead of answering, addressed himself over the bar to the young lady thereof, as an umpire, secure from intimidation behind a fortress of brass and pewter.

«I ask you, Miss,» said he, «have I said or have I not said clear and plain, that I regard this here hinseck as belonging? And have I said or have I not said, equally clear and plain, that if any man (or for that matter any other) was to presoom to crock this hinseck on this here counter, I would fetch him a smack over the mouth?»

The young woman was filling one pot alternately at two taps and had taken too little from tap number one. So she had to exercise great discretion in stopping tap number two at the right moment. When she had done this, she referred again to number one, and it being an easy task to merely fill up to the brim, she took the opportunity to reply to my Father.

«Can't say I heard any such expression. Fourpence,» the last word referring to the transaction in hand.

«Anyhow you put it,» said the Sweep, «I'd crock him myself for a farden.»

And without waiting for any security of payment, he did it straightway, over my shoulder.

I glanced around to see the effect of the smack. It had followed the provocation so quickly that the Sweep's hand was not back in time to stop it.

«All outside. Nothing in here. Nor yet in the street.» Thus far the lady of the beer-handles — I was close to her; so I heard her voice above the tumult of awakened partisanship which filled the bar the moment after the smack. I heard that, and I noted with some disappointment that the smack had *not* been over the Sweep's mouth. It was the first time I had ever had a doubt of my Father's infallibility.

«Right you are, Miss.» «Git 'em outside.» «Git 'em round the Rents and down the lane.» «Git 'em round the bark o' Chepstow's, and across.» «Git 'em along the Gas-gardens — land to let on building lease — that'll do, shove along — land to let on building lease. If a copper don't spot you, you'll 'ave it quiet enough for 'arf an hour. Git your man out; we'll git ours.»

«Don't let the child go after them,» said the bar lady. — But the child had slipped down off the bar, and the only person left to stop him was too drunk to take instructions — had he not been so, he would have been sober enough to follow the rabble. The child was outside the swing door just in time to see the tail of the crowd turn a corner and disappear. But he could have followed even guided only by the scattered pursuing units that came from far behind him, endowed with a mysterious knowledge (acquired Heaven knows how) that there was a fight, and that it would be to be found (if not too late) acrost the Gas-gardens on some land with a board up — and that you were on no account to turn round by the eel shop, but follow on. This came hoarsely from one swift of foot as he passed a man with a wooden leg, who said sadly, «T'other side Chepstow's. It'll be done afore I ever gets there.» He added that he was by nature unfortunate, and was always a-missing of everything.

«So I just gives in, I does,» said he. «What's the young beggar roaring about? (It's moy Father! — It's moy Father!) *What's* your Father?»

«It's his Father what's a-goin' to fight,» struck in another runner, speaking rapidly. «He's a-goin' for to fight Mr. Gunn, the buttin' Sweep, down the Rents and beyont the Piannerforty works, and you better look sharp if you want for to see anythink.»

How on earth these particulars had been acquired I cannot imagine, but they revived the failing energies of the wooden leg in a miraculous way. The owner forgot my howls in his intensified interest, and resolving to «try it on anyhow,» stumped away.

I followed on as fast as my small legs would carry me, but concealing my despair — for a laundress had shown a disposition to-

wards commiseration and I didn't want to be stopped by benevolence or any other motive. The stragglers got fewer and farther between till they were revived by the new event of a police-constable, to whom particulars appeared to be needless, as he merely said, «Shut up, all on yer!» in reply to volunteer information. This last group vanished round a corner, and I panted after it. But I was getting frightened of what I might see when I arrived. I believe that had my Father really «landed» on the Sweep's mouth I should have gone on confident. But my faith had been shaken, and I went slower, wiping my eyes and recovering my breath.

I saw nothing of the fight. I was only in time to see, across the canal as I stood near the wooden foot-bridge, a returning crowd and a group it left behind. The crowd was returning as a cortège of certain Policemen, who had come mysteriously from the four quarters of heaven, and were conducting a black object, which I could see from the raised platform of the bridge was the Sweep who had crocked the insect. I looked for my Father in vain. Then my eyes went across to the group across the water, and in the middle of it distinguished a motionless figure on the ground, and I knew it was my Father.

I had before me a plain issue of Duty, to be done or left undone; and I should be glad to think that in after life I had always shown the resolution that I, a midget between seven and eight, showed on this occasion. I never hesitated a moment. The Sweep had killed my Father, and I could hear his bellowings of triumph as he came along, the centre of an admiring audience conducted by two Policemen. I cannot repeat them in full, but they recorded his conviction that the method he had employed (I heard what it was later) was the correct way to do the dags of such a one as his late opponent. The terms he applied to him could only be reported if it were certain that their meaning to my readers would be as obscure as they then were to me. They did not seem to me to make the fact that he had killed my Father (as I thought) any the worse. All that was left was to look for a missile. I saw one with a fragment of «Bass's Bitter» label left on it, lying against a dead cat by the pathway, a horrible jagged piece of glass. And in the middle of my recollection of that unwholesome dream, I see that jagged piece of glass and that cat's head, and the string tight round his throat that had strangled it, as clear as I saw it then. There was a round side to it to hold it by, so I was able to close my hand well on it. On came the Sweep and the Policemen's hats (they wore hats in those days), and the

admiring throng. On they came to the bridge, and the tramp on the mud changed resonantly to tramp on the planks.

«I could larn you two bloody orficers a lesson sim'lar to that other . . . if I chose to, but ——»

But no one ever knew the reason of Mr. Gunn's forbearance; for his last word merged into a hideous yell as the jagged bottle-end pierced his eye. It was by the merest chance that I hit him. Of course I had aimed, but what is the aim of a child of seven? Anyhow, it went to the right place — and the howls and curses of its human target bore witness to its arrival.

I had been concealed behind a scrap of fence at the bridge end when I made my shot. But so had two other boys — barefooted street Arabs of the sort the Board-Schools have cleared away. And these boys seeing instantly that my crime would be ascribed to *them* as universal culprits, scapegoats of humanity, exclaimed to each other in the same breath, «Make yer 'ooks, Matey!» — and bolted one to the left and one to the right, but keeping within whistling and yelling distance. An amiable young Policeman followed at a walk, on a line of pursuit bisecting the angles of the two lines of flight. He caught neither of the fugitives of course, but he rejoined the procession at the nearest doctor's shop, having slipped round by another road to avoid humiliation; and Mr. Gunn was taken in for provisional treatment at the expense of the authorities.

I was convinced my Father was killed, and too terrified to wait and see the second procession that I knew must cross the bridge later on; besides, there was Mother! So I left the crowd gazing blankly at two bottles of «show color,» and one leech, in the shop window; and set out for home, too heartbroken and scared even to feel the satisfaction of revenge.

Halfway I met two Policemen bearing a stretcher. I knew what was coming back on that stretcher. I had no need of the information volunteered by another boy, rather older than I.

«Don't you know what that is, you little hass?» said he, seeing my gaze fixed on it. «That there's the stretcher fur to put the beggar on what's dead. Straight out flat! Then he'll have a funeral, he will — corpses, 'carses, plooms, mutes!» — And he began a sort of pantomime of solemn obsequies; but as perhaps he felt the cast was insufficient, gave it up and danced.

The whole thing was getting more and more of a nightmare and I was consciously becoming incapable of finding my way home. I began calling aloud for my Father to come and help me even while

I knew what had happened, and that he could not. Then I heard a stumping on the pavement behind me, and recognized it as the wooden leg of an hour ago. I felt that its owner was almost an old friend, especially when he too recognized me.

«Who's this here little chap a-hollering for his Father? He's number two, this is — No — he ain't, — by gum! It's the very same over again,» and then his voice changed as he added: «Look here, old man, I'll give you a lift. Wipe your eyes. Where do you want to go to?»

«Stallwood's Cottages, No. 13. It's the only house, please, that hasn't no name on the door, and it's next door to the laundry.»

«There ain't no such place,» struck in the boy who had called me a little ass, and who I really believe was a fiend in human form. «Don't you believe him. He's a-kidding of yer.»

But the wooden-legged man seemed to be endowed with insight into character; for, merely remarking that he would half murder the speaker if he ever laid hands upon him, he swung me on his shoulder and stumped on. The fiend, however, having acquired a sort of footing in the affair, didn't mean to be left behind, and pursued us as close as he dared.

«'Arf murder me if yer like — I give leave! You may 'ole murder me too if yer like, if yer ever find such a s'elp-me-Goard place ——»

And more to the same effect. But even the attempt to throw the statement into the form of an affidavit did not influence the wooden leg, which went steadily on, growing less and less perceptible to my failing senses, until at last it became a mere rhythmic accompaniment to a dream that I forgot as I woke to find myself deposited on the pavement, and the voice of my bearer saying: «Right you are, old chap! No name on the door, and next door to the laundry. You git along in sharp and go to bed.»

And then in answer to my unspoken question (for the words wouldn't come), he added: «Never you fret your kidneys about your Father! *He* ain't dead! Trust *him!* — he'll live to be concerned in many quarts yet. Good-bye!»

And he whistled ‹Lucy Neal› and stumped off.

I did not share his confidence about my Father, but he had cheered me up. Had he been altogether fallible, he would have fallen a victim to the misstatements of the funeral boy. And him he had simply flouted! So I collected my courage, and jumped up to the bell-handle, — which was a pull-down one, or I couldn't have rung it, — I heard voices inside, and my Mother came to the door.

«Bless my soul, it's Joe without his Father again! Joseph, you let your Father go to the Roebuck! Where is he now?»

I was far more afraid of telling the awful truth to my Mother than I had been of anything else on that dreadful afternoon, so I resolved to give details later on. I had just enough voice in me for my Mother, stooping down to my level, to hear me exonerate the Roebuck, which I could do truthfully.

«Then if your Father didn't go to the Roebuck what for are you crying? Where did you leave him?»

I affirmed, truthfully, that I saw him last a-going away with several men towards the canal. I added, untruthfully, that I had losted my way, and the boys told me wrong. I thought my Mother was going to slap me. It would have made my mind happier if she had. But she only said, «Dearie me, whoever would be a woman! You come along and get to bed and go to sleep at once, and no nonsense.» I was very soon wiping my eyes on a small dirty nightshirt, and contributing an occasional sob to the conversation that went on in the next room. I had declined supper, not so much because I did not want it, as to get out of sight and cry in the dark. I should now wonder more at myself for this, if I had not behaved in the same way fifty times since; indeed, the sorrow's crown of sorrows has always been to me not what the poet sings, but the communication of bad news to happy unsuspicion. I always feel as I then felt; as if it was my fault and *I* was responsible!

«What's the matter with the child?» Thus the conversation ran on between my Mother and her neighbor, Mrs. Packles, from Packles's laundry next door, who had come in to tea and gossip.

«It's to be hoped nothing's the matter ser'ous, Mrs. Vance.»

«Law, Mrs. Packles, Ma'am,» said my Mother, «if I was to worrit every time Vance comes home late, there'd never be an end. Your petticoat is a-scorching.»

«It ain't my best. If you was to spare me the toasting fork, now your piece is browned, I wouldn't spoil the knife-end in the fire over mine. Being likewise the butter knife.»

«I was looking for it.» And my Mother began to butter her piece (as I could hear by the scraping), but she stopped uneasily and came into the bedroom and looked at me. I pretended to be asleep. She kissed me, making matters ten times worse; and I suffered pangs of conscience, but kept my counsel. She returned to the toast, and resumed the conversation.

«It's your *dress* scorching now, Mrs. Packles — do'ee double it back like I do mine.»

I heard Mrs. P. accept the suggestion.

«Vance is that particular about bloaters that I was thinking we might wait till he comes? Tea-time, — he said. One bloater kept back to be done later, has a feeling of discomfort when you come in and other folks has finished. Don't you think so, Ma'am?»

There was the slightest shade of asperity in the question, and I read in it that Mrs. Packles had looked unsympathetic. She also said something, but I failed to catch it, owing to Mrs. P. having a defect in her speech. Like Timour, she had only one tooth above and one below; but then they didn't extend all along the gum, like his. However, she had the reputation of being a Tartar, and Mr. Packles used to confirm this report in public — perhaps I should say in publics. What Mrs. Packles had said evidently reflected on my Father.

«No, Ma'am,» said my Mother. «On the contrary, Vance is by nature a sober man — not like neighbors of his I could name whose habits are proverbial, as the sayin' is. In some cases, as you know, Ma'am, the smell of beer is transparent, and in such, credit is given undeserved. In others, secrecy throws a veil, even I am told in high places, and none suspect. But Vance was ever that open nature! However, we will put the bloaters on the trivet if you say the word.»

Mrs. Packles couldn't say the word for the reason I have mentioned, nor any word distinctly. But I understood that she waived defense of Packles against my Mother's insinuation, in consideration of the bloaters. Also that, to avoid the quicksands the conversation had so narrowly escaped, she passed in review the condiments or accompaniments to bloaters sanctioned by judges. I heard my Mother's answer: —

«Accordin' to me, Mrs. Packles, and I am not sing'lar, gin on no account! Coffee also, though no objection can be raised, if popular in quarters, is, to my thinking, contrary to bloaters. Now to 'ot tea and buttered toast, there can be no exception.»

I felt that I was an exception. And how I repented my rash renunciation of supper while under excitement! I was getting very hungry, and there was no prospect of relief till breakfast, unless I cut into the conversation and risked further catechism about my afternoon. So I lay still and sucked my nightgown, of which I can distinctly recollect the flavor to this day. I only wish *it* had

been an accompaniment of bloaters and hot tea and toast. Taken alone, nightgown juice is not nutritious.

Mrs. Packles murmured assent, and was about to enlarge on the gratifying topic when she was interrupted by a footstep outside.

«It's at your house,» said my Mother; «somebody is ringing the laundry bell.» And Mrs. P. went out to investigate. A distant colloquy followed, between a man's voice and Mrs. Packles's substitute for one; but nothing audible to me, until my Mother's sudden — «Well, now!» — following on something she heard and I did not. The teacup she put down suddenly spilled and clicked on the saucer, but she disregarded it and went straight out after Mrs. Packles. Before the door had time to slam, I caught the words — «Are you Mrs. Vance?» — and recognized the step of a Policeman on the garden path. Then followed narrative of an unexcited sort from the Policeman, sobs and exclamations from my Mother, and sympathy from Mrs. Packles, who I felt sure was endeavoring to claim a fulfillment of prophecy recently and clearly made by herself.

«Oh, Joey, Joey, Joey!» cried my Mother, «go to bed again this minute. Your Father's in the Hospital, and I must go to him.»

I had got out of bed and was standing in the doorway of the bedroom. As I find that I have in memory a picture of a small boy crying, with a very rough head, as well as of a large Policeman dripping (for it was raining hard) and my Mother pulling a hurried shawl on, and Mrs. Packles exhibiting sympathy, with the slightest flavor of triumph, I am inclined to think that the fifty-odd years that have passed since then have made me mix what I actually do recollect with what my Mother told me many times later. Otherwise how do I seem to myself to see, from the front room, that small boy standing in the doorway rubbing his grubby little face with his nightgown?

Perhaps I went back to bed; perhaps I didn't! Anyhow, my next clear memory is of sitting by the fire with Mrs. Packles, and of great satisfaction from fresh hot toast, which Mrs. Packles (who remained behind by request) intentionally made the vehicle of much less butter than she took herself.

I don't think she suspected me of having any story to tell beyond what she had already heard — or she would certainly have pumped me for it, instead of making the conversation turn on the moral improvement of little boys. I was much too frightened to tell anything, even if I had not been too sleepy and greedy at the same moment. I wasn't hypocrite enough at that early age to pretend

I wanted to know what the Policeman had said. Or possibly I mistrusted my powers of playing out the part, if I embarked on enquiry from Mrs. Packles. Besides — it didn't matter! I knew what the Policeman had said a great deal better than I knew what Mrs. Packles was saying about (1) the necessity for the young to curb their inherent vices, or there was no knowing, (2) the accumulation of misfortunes all but herself were free from, but that she had to put up with, (3) her patience and fortitude under disaster, and (4) her power of anticipating events and no attention paid, not if she talked herself 'oarse!

Perhaps if I could have kept awake I should have known what it was to hear Mrs. Packles under a further drawback from hoarseness. But sleep overcame me, and I remember no more.

OF THE GREAT FIRE

My Father might have gone to the bad, had he lived long enough. For when I look back on his relations to the whiskey-bottle I am able to divide their history into three distinct chapters. The first begins at my Mother's death. The second at Lossie Thorpe's wedding. The third at my own. This last is a short chapter, but is a record of a steady *dégringolade*. The fact is that Pheener, left alone, was not strong enough for the position. And I could see at once when I came back from my visit to Normandy that Pheener's expression «good and manageable» was a tribute to my Father's moral nature, rather than an affirmation of her success.

It was not, however, fair to expect Pheener to combat her husband's unhappy propensity, and check it except when he was well within range. Had he been always under her eye, I believe matters might have gone better. But unfortunately, the growth of the business involved constant additions of premises, and one of these, a City Office of a most convincing nature, redolent of polished mahogany compartments, and classification and solvency, demanded my Father's almost daily presence. I don't exactly know what he did there, but then I don't exactly know what anyone did. For even Mr. Hickman, now a most august functionary, and understood to be liable to break out into a partnership at any moment, as Vesuvius into an eruption, never seemed to be doing anything. Some work must have been done sometime, or it would have been impossible to be referred by folio 387 to folio 2, and by folio 2 to folio 763 P. L.,

whatever that meant, with any result but discomfiture and despair. Certainly my Father didn't do it. It would have been contrary to his great principle of never doing anything with his own hands. But it appeared to be necessary to the business that he should spend half the day in the very luxurious inner sanctum he had provided for himself. And there was nothing in the world to hinder the secretion of whiskey in any of the responsible safes and cupboards that made such a parade of candid labels describing their contents. I dwell on this point for the exoneration of Pheener, who I really believe did her best under the circumstances.

It was in the middle of a six weeks' frost, towards the end of January. Everybody was miserable, except the skating public, which enjoyed itself all the more on that account. Its attitude of patronage towards the frozen and choked majority was insufferable.

Vehicles were quite out of the question. So after nearly three hours' skating on the Serpentine, a walk home to refresh, and then another to the works, I was beginning to acknowledge fatigue. I found my Father just going back after a late lunch. He recognized the fact that if he had been taking an abnormal glass of whiskey the weather would have justified it, and seized the opportunity to apologize for his usual excess. «The fog sticks in the toobs,» he said, and tapped the pit of his stomach to explain their locality. We walked to the Works together. «Nobody could see to walk straight in such a fog,» he said. He did not try to make the fog responsible for anybody's thick articulation, so no doubt he was unaware of his own. I cannot recall that I observed anything out of the common in his condition; but I fear this only shows how very much in the first three years of my married life I had to come to accept as being within the common.

One of the most insidious features of alcohol poisoning is the way it imposes on bystanders, who go into a conspiracy to assist each other in self-deception about its existence. The gate porter Caplin touched his hat to me, and looked in another direction, lest we should betray a mutual consciousness that the Governor was drunk. The men who were loading up planking for that job of Pettigrew's (*teste* Caplin) changed an attitude of lazy unconsciousness about worldly things and perfect content with status quo's for an ostentatious parade of ignorance that the Governor was drunk. The yard-foreman Shaw's manner said, almost audibly, that whoever else was drunk, the Governor wasn't. But his tongue only said we wanted

a little wind to blow the fog away. The yard dog Nelson alone had the candor to express a doubt, for he smelt my Father suspiciously, and retired dissatisfied. He followed his tail twice round to get its opinion; but it shirked giving any; so Nelson heaved a deep sigh and went to sleep. Or rather pretended to, for I saw his eye fixed on my Father when he thought no one was looking.

I fell in with the general imposture, and pretended there was not the slightest reason why I should not depart to my own portion of the Works. So I left my poor Daddy giving perfectly intelligent instructions about points awaiting his decision, in a very thick and husky tone of voice. «*Do* I ever make a mistake, Nipper? Come now!» he would say to me, when I endeavored to read him a whiskey-lecture — and I was always obliged to confess that it was almost never, at any rate. But the worst part of this excessive clearness of mind in some such cases is its production of overweening confidence up to the moment of some tremendous betrayal, when its victim is involved in a catastrophe that might have been avoided if a few lesser blunders had occurred to give warning. My Father's mistake was a cruel instance, for though it was one that he would never have committed when perfectly sober, it was also one committed every day by persons of less judgment than his, even with a small allowance of upset from drink. On this occasion no doubt he was affected rather more than usual.

I passed up into my floor of the factory, where all the lathes were busily at work, though it was, as the shop-foreman said, mighty hard to see the tip of your own nose. The gas burned wretchedly, as it always does in thick fogs. Demand does not create supply at an hour's notice, unless it has been anticipated and provided for; a reservation which rather takes the edge off that great truth of Political Economy, and leaves the demander making use of strong language ineffectually. In the present case the supply was even worse than usual in a bad fog. «It's not often as bad as this,» said Willis, the shop-foreman. «It might have been in the main, only I see nothing wrong with the street lamps.» Willis was astute and far-sighted, and a great consolation to me. I told him to go down to the meters, and take the pressure as near as possible to ours. For I saw the light in their building was better, and of course each had its own meter.

Presently Willis came back in haste. «There's an escape somewhere in the building,» said he. «The pressure's a lot better at the meter.»

«Smell enough to knock your head off down the passage over agen the wash'us crossing over by the stores.» The speaker was a young man at a lathe, who did not take his eyes off his work or show any interest in his own speech, which he appeared to have deputed to his tongue to say, and washed his mind of. I told Willis to go down and see about it, and went into my little office. There I found a heap of letters to grapple with — one manifestly from India which ought to have gone to the house. I put it in my pocket to read later, and gazed blankly at the stack that remained. I was very tired, and I knew well that ten minutes' sleep would reinstate me completely — it always did. Yes! I would have my ten minutes' sleep and then tackle the correspondence.

No sooner had I sat down in the visitor's chair near the fire than I began to dream. I was in no time the Mayor or Syndic of a glorious old town at the foot of a precipice; and on the edge of that precipice was a huge projecting rock big enough to accommodate what I had known from my earliest boyhood as the Schloss. For in that dream I recalled endless memories of early youth — as in dreams one does! But the great dread and terror of all the inhabitants (I think I knew most of them by name, and had done so for years) was that the Rock of the Schloss was slowly, slowly detaching itself and must some day come down, Schloss and all, one thundering mass of destruction and ruin, on the old beloved streets where I had played as a boy; on the stately town-hall, with its tower full of bells whose *carillon* seemed never to cease sounding; on the twin spires of a cathedral all Europe came to see and wonder at. How harrowed was I (and the town-council) at the impending inevitable fate. And quite suddenly it occurred to me (after so many years of quiescence!) that engineering might have a voice in the matter. A scheme was devised (I can recollect scientific details even now) for diverting the water that was wearing channels in the neck of the rock, for buttressing from below, and so forth; and it was all arranged and we made ready to start when, with a deafening crash, down comes the Schloss bodily — and no doubt converted the whole place to a heap of ruins. I did not sleep long enough to see, for I only heard the first half of the dream-crash. I was awake in time to catch the last half of a tremendous concussion in the basement, to know at once the meaning of the rattle of broken glass that followed, the shouts and trampling in the black darkness (for not a light was left burning in our part of the building), and the voice of Willis, the foreman, saying, «It's the gas!»

We felt our way through the darkness till the still burning gas-lamps in the other works enabled us to run for the scene of the explosion. If you can imagine a catastrophe in Hell, and an army of terrified men shouting to one another that they said so all along, and they could have told you what would happen, and that anybody might have known it, and that they supposed nobody had gone for the engines now, — if you can imagine this, and yourself waked suddenly, from a dream, you will know what I felt like within a minute of the collapse of that Schloss.

I heard one man shout to another through the fog, where was the Guv'nor? The other replied that Christopher was inside, but that Joseph wasn't there. I knew that the men among themselves distinguished us by our Christian names, but it was unusual to me to overhear them. Perhaps this was why I did not realize their meaning. I ran on through the yard toward the Stores, and just as I arrived the flame was breaking out of the upper windows.

Before me was the passage over agen the wash'us where the smell had been enough to knock your head off. A boy who was inexplicably called Mary Anne by the workmen pulled my sleeve and shouted something I could not catch. Caplin, the gate porter, shouted to him, «You shut up, young Polly, he ain't.» But Polly was not to be put off, and shrieked again what I now heard was «The Guv'nor's in there,» and pointed along the passage. And at this moment Shaw, the yard-foreman, and another came running out of the entry pursued by smoke, having ventured in in search of the Governor.

It was a back-puff of smoke, such as comes from a first lighted fire; and I saw the fag end of it caught back by the returning draught. I dashed in at once, followed by others. To be in that long passage in such smoke (the denser for the fog) would mean suffocation. What if it did? My Father was inside. The dog Nelson, anxious to be of real service, bolted in and went ahead of us nearly tripping me up. On we went till Caplin called out to me from behind, «I hear the Guv'nor,» and ran down a side passage. I and the others followed. There, in a reflected gleam from above somewhere, was the Guv'nor, but I am sorry to say very drunk. It had developed, perhaps been helped, since I saw him.

«If shome of you young men,» said he reproachfully, «inshtead of makin' all that hollerin' outside, was to come in here and try to find out what'sh afire, you might make shelf shumyewsh.»

«*Catch* hold!» said I. And four of us seized him and dragged him with unscrupulous violence into the outer passage. Here he

became so anxious to explain to us that something was on fire, that we made even shorter work of him, laying him out and each taking a limb. «It's *me*, Daddy,» I thundered in his ear. And I think it was his hazy appreciation of the fact that he was in charge of the Nipper that made removal possible. He was a strong man and weighed nineteen stone, and action had to be very prompt. As it was, the last dozen steps of our exit were through another puff of smoke that followed us along the passage and half choked all four bearers, whose heads, being high, got the worst of it. He himself was no more inarticulate than before when we all fell in a heap at the entrance.

«I shaid shum'fn wash afire,» said he, triumphantly, and then with an extraordinary presence of mind added, «See to getting the horshesh out.»

«Jump up, Daddy,» said I, for he still remained flat on his back. «There's the engines!» And in a little more time than it takes to tell, the whole of the yards were teeming with brazen helmets, fire escapes, coils of piping — everything, in fact, except the one thing needful, water. But my Father still lay flat on his back; and the developing blaze, now constantly working through at unexpected points, made the heat insupportable. «Jump up, Dad,» I cried again, and tried to get him up. But he could not move, and when I tried again, he gave a cry of pain. So terrible was the heat that there was nothing for it but to drag him, pain or no. I shouted this into the ear of a brazen helmet, whose undisturbed face showed immediate apprehension and nodded. A litter appeared by magic, out of chaos, and two more undisturbed helmets somehow got him under weigh for the gate, and I followed with the world turning round.

I had had a rather sharp shake myself in leaving the passage, and I was so confused that I did not realize at first that he was being carried into a neighbor's house, not into his own. The brass helmet which accompanied the two volunteer bearers explained, «No water, all froze. What wind there is dead on the house. Have to be moved again in an hour,» and departed without emotion. From which I gathered that we might look forward to the complete destruction not only of the Works but of the house, and probably several of the neighbors' houses. I felt sorry for the neighbors, but hoped that they were as well insured as we were!

My Father's mind was struggling with his overdose of whiskey. His half-articulate speech (which I find no pleasure in trying to spell phonetically) referred chiefly to the safety of the horses; most of

which, as a concession to the almost impassable state of the roads, were in the stable. But he had understood quite clearly what the fireman had said about the danger to the house, and was very anxious about a certain packet which was in what he called his shaving drawer. The moment he had with some difficulty explained this and given me his keys, I left him in charge of the terrified strangers to whom the house belonged, and struggled through the crowd until I reached the cordon of police that was guarding the area of destruction including the house. I had some trouble to get passed through. The roar of the conflagration, for it had seized the timber-stacks in the yard, and was rejoicing at the capture and leaping up into the fog overhead, and the arrival of fresh engines, and the shouts of the mob that had sprung from nowhere within twenty minutes, all combined to make verbal communication difficult. I got through by showing my visiting card to a Sergeant of Police, and got into the house just as the Salvage Corps took possession — a tranquil-minded body of men, steeped I should say in philosophical reflection, and quite independent of externals. I ran upstairs to the dressing-room, but found the door locked. A Salvage Corps man was close behind me. «Who might you be?» said he, reflectively, but did not seem interested in the answer. «Can you open this door?» said I. He remarked that he might try, and stepping back for impetus drove an iron boot-heel like a battering-ram true on to the keyhole. The screws of the lock gave way with a crash, and I followed him into the room.

«There's more ways than one,» said he, placidly, «of getting a door open.»

Every pane of glass in the window was broken, and the awful fog-lurid glare from the burning timber-yard less than fifty yards away showed what terrible progress the fire was making. I went straight to my Father's dressing-table. The Salvage man demurred to my interfering with anything, saying those were his instructions; but my production of the keys and my card was accepted as evidence of my status, and I soon found the packet. Almost before I had done this, he had closed the shutters to keep out the spark-drift, and made a bundle of a feather-bed and all the valuable tailor's work in the cupboards. I saw why. No water was expected and all the salvage would be goods carried out. I was useless evidently; so I left the position in the hands of experience, and fought my way back to the neighbor's house where I had left my Father.

In all this time no enquiry had crossed my mind about where my

stepmother and the household were. But «all this time» had been so very little, counted by minutes. It takes long to tell, but, from when the Schloss came down in the dream, on that ancient city that I remembered every nook of, to the moment of my return with the rescued packet to my Father at the Philip Slacks' three doors opposite, was certainly not more than thirty-five minutes all told. When I escaped out of the roar and confusion of the street into my Father's harbor of refuge I found the terrified womankind beside him, having been persuaded to clear out of the threatened house by the Police. In order, however, to facilitate salvage operations, Pheener had carefully locked all the lockable doors and brought the keys away. My Father was indignant. «Whash yewsh-lockin' dam-locks?» said he in three words. I consoled him by producing the packet he wanted. He handed it to his wife with a caution that come what might she should never let it go out of her keeping. But he never raised himself up off the sofa he had been laid on, and I could see plainly that he was suffering from some shake or strain, encountered when he fell as we brought him out of the smoke.

Those who have never been in a fire or shipwreck can form no idea of the overwhelming power of the unfettered elements, and the utter helplessness of the human unit against them. I knew that I could avert nothing that it was still possible to avert, and could save nothing that it was still possible to save, one half as well as the highly trained skill that had now the task in hand. So I remained by my Father. He was getting very sleepy and stupid, and when in the course of another hour of glare and roar of fire, and shouting of human throats, and trampling of men and horses, there came a great crash followed by a greater roar and a new blaze, he only remarked (quite correctly) that the roof had fallen in. «Schnomatter,» he added, «shorance covers all risks,» and dropped off into a balmy slumber.

It was then that Shaw, the yard-foreman, came in and gave me an insight into what had happened. His loyalty to the fiction that my Father was not drunk was beautiful and touching.

«It was just like this, Mr. Joseph — you see, Mr. Vance was just enquiring whether the architect on that job of Pettigrew's was a fool, or what he was, for to go and stick up a bressumer made of a quarter-inch flitch and a couple of battens; when it orter have been a proper wrot-iron girder to carry that four story of ware-'uses of heavy goods — and o' course the guv'nor was right, and any child might have known ——»

«Get along, Shaw! Never mind the girder.»

«Well, Sir, I says to the Guv'nor, I says, ‹I'm only cartin' 'em off what's on the order, wrote plain, and it ain't for me to judge. If they was to order pickles I should have to send 'em, if they was in the yard.›»

«And then my Father said? — Cut on, Shaw —»

«He said nothing, Sir. But I says, ‹If the order's countersigned by the storekeeper, wot then?› I says. And then, he says, ‹Where's that fool Riley?› — he's that noo storekeeper came when Gabriel went — hashmatic chap — you know?»

«Of course. Get along, etc.» I was obliged to urge Shaw forward. And thus urged he became more concise and told how my Father went to look for Riley in the Stores, and he wasn't there. And there was a strong smell of gas in the passage — a most noticeable strong smell, Mr. Vance said. And Mr. Vance, half asleep, corrected the adjective *noticeable*, and laid claim to having used one which I suppose Shaw's delicacy had suppressed. It was the one I had occasion to record once or twice at the beginning of this narrative. My Father had practically abolished its use — but when by any chance he harked back to it, he was too honorable to shirk acknowledgment.

Shaw had then left my Father in the passage, and gone to examine the upper building. He passed Willis just coming down after having seen me, and was coming out of the upper story to report that the place was choked with gas (no lights were lighted there, of course) when the explosion came, breaking every window and flinging him into the yard. He was up in an instant and back in the lower passage searching for my Father. He had been beaten back twice by the smoke when I came down.

I am glad now to think that my Father was never conscious that he was the cause of the explosion. For when he told me his version afterwards it was clear that he had lighted a wax Vesta match on the wall, the box-side being worn smooth; and he cited this match as a proof that the air (where he was) was inexplosive. «Besides,» said he, «it wasn't alight in the sense of burning at all — for a puff of wind came sharp out of a crack in the wall and blew it out a'most before it was lighted.» It was only too clear to me what had happened. My Father's power of observation had not been equal to seeing that the puff of air was an explosive mixture, coming through from a magazine ready to take a hint, and becoming an exploding mixture elsewhere. A sober man would have seen that the puff was the

birth of the explosion, which came of age on the other side of an eighteen-inch wall, luckily for him. No doubt the atmosphere, where he was, was sorry, and envied that in the next room for being able to blow up and cut such a figure.

I left my poor Dad under his delusion. But the reason why Vance & Co.'s works at Clapham were burned to the ground in three hours was that Vance was drunk, and Co. was somewhere else.

The Philip Slacks, whose front parlor we had made such an extraordinary invasion of, were very civil; Mr. Slack having himself suggested the arrangement when the firemen were hesitating about taking my Father into his own house. Mrs. Philip Slack certainly had to be convinced that fire was not communicable, like Leprosy, before admitting us. Once convinced, she was really very hospitable and gave us tea and bread and butter to console us. But she knew my Father had married his housemaid. So it was the kitchen tea in a black Rockingham pot. And the bread and butter was not cut off the French loaf, but a household half-quartern. Pheener told me all this later. I didn't see it myself at the time, but was grateful for the tea. Perhaps it wasn't true.

How the delayed advent of the water came about I do not know — I suppose the heat melted the icy stopper of a frozen main-pipe. Anyhow, it came too late to save the house, though it was in time to stave off a visit of the Sappers and Miners, and the knocking down of a street or two. Just as Bony arrived, having been detained as a witness by a Committee of the House of Commons, the first benevolent torrents of water were beginning to hiss on the ruins of the great bonfire that had given such keen pleasure to the inhabitants of Clapham and Battersea.

But the Works were a heap of blazing or smoldering ruins, and the house on the way to become so. And my Father was on his back unable to move. And the Philip Slacks were going out to dinner if the coachman thought he could manage the fog. And I was glad when the fog lifted and the coachman thought he could, for the Philip Slacks had been very amiable, Rockingham or no, and I have still a hazy impression that I overheard Mrs. Philip say that Pheener was really almost (only-she-hated-the-expression-and-wouldn't-use-it-only-she-didn't-know-any-other) a lady. Whether she knew my poor Daddy was drunk, I don't know.

«Cheer up, old man. He'll be all right with rest in a day or two. Doctor says so.»

«Don't be down-hearted, Jack darling. He got right before — long ago — and he'll do it again. You see if he doesn't!»

«And as for the Factory and the house, Insurance covers everything — interruption to business — doctor's bills — everything!»

«Yes, dearest! And think what a satisfaction it is that so many things can be burned and no one lose anything. Because if you hadn't been burned somebody else would, to make up the average. Papa's told me about it heaps of times.»

The speakers were Bony and my wife, alternately. The scene was our Cheyne-Row drawing-room, before a blazing fire. The time was the end of toddy-time, and the time to come a most welcome bedtime. For we had somehow contrived to transport my Father in an ambulance through the fog (which had thickened again as soon as the Philip Slacks' coachman had committed himself) and had followed in its wake — a melancholy procession of six persons — Bony, my stepmother, Cook, the housemaid, house-parlormaid, and myself. The boy Nips was known to be safe from the flames, but preferred to remain behind to impede the firemen, so far as opportunity should be vouchsafed to him; to misinform the inquisitive, and in short to enjoy thoroughly an occasion not likely to come twice in a life. There was fortunately no difficulty about finding room for the outcasts in our two households. So we were looking forward to sleeping in comfort, after just a few minutes more of recapitulation. I felt I ought to do my share of the cheering up, and shook off some vague misgivings of further evil that I had kept on feeling at intervals.

«I wasn't thinking about that,» said I. «I was thinking about that jolly old place I told you of at dinner — what the Schloss came down on.»

«Poor, dear, silly Jack! And you were the Syndic?»

«Yes, and there was such a nice family, the Schneiders — who lived on the Lindenstrasse — three such pretty girls. Hedwig was the youngest — they might have let me sleep a little longer.»

Just at this point Jeannie came back putting things on to go back home. She became so interested about Hedwig that I had to assure her I was married already in the dream and had five daughters myself, all as ugly as their mother and as worthy. Her sympathies were so excited that Bony had to drag her away!

«And oh, you poor, dear, darling Jack,» said Janey, when we were left alone. «How you *did* look when you came in, black all over! And if I hadn't seen you before I saw the ambulance, I

don't know what wouldn't have happened! Where ever did you get it?»

«I don't know — it came! They are to come for it. Who are *they?* I haven't the remotest idea. I have no idea of anything — I only know I have a letter from Lossie in my pocket I haven't read, and you must read it to me at breakfast.»

«Give it to me. Nothing from Hedwig, I suppose?»

«Nothing, so far. I'm afraid they're all squashed. It's very sad. What's that?»

«It's a ring at the front-door bell. What can it be at this time of the night?»

It was an officer of the Fire-Brigade, who left other brass helmets outside, in an atmosphere of lamp glare and horse-steam and hoof-stamps, and came in to confer. He was quite fresh and happy, an image of contentment emerging from a fog.

«Sorry to trouble you again, Sir. Mr. Joseph Vance, I think? On account of particulars for report. Christopher Vance and Son, Builders —— ?»

«And Co.,» said I, «not Son. And Vance and Macallister, Engineers.»

«Quite right, Sir,» said he, referring to a pocketbook as though confirming an accurate guess, that did me credit. «Building of five stories in use as Workshops, Out-buildings, and Timber-yard. Detached Residence of two stories, occupied by Mr. C. Vance. Cause fire due Gas Explosion in basement. Owing to water-supply — hum — hm — impeded by frost — found impossible — save any portion of buildings. Loss falls on — ? Can you kindly supply Insurance Offices, Mr. Vance?»

«I'm afraid I can't. My Father attended to all that. Stop a minute! If he's awake I'll ask him.» And I ran upstairs to do so, but Pheener, who had remained with him all the evening, and had now gone to bed herself, told me through the door that he was quite sound, and it would be a pity to wake him. I agreed, and went back. Janey had been chatting with the officer. «Oh, Jack dear,» said she, «it is so sad — poor Nelson — the rough dog you know that lived in the yard? You know? Well, he was found dead in the basement — not burned, but choked by the smoke.»

«Just under the first explosion, Mr. Vance. Flame didn't reach — but smoke and heat to kill a dozen dogs. Must have got in at the first go-off. Otherwise no casualty. With reference to the Insurance, Mr. Vance?»

«My Father's asleep, and I don't want to wake him. Can't you say merely that the premises were fully insured?»

«So far as can be ascertained, fully covered by insurance — naming no office.» Thus the fireman, who then took his leave, declining refreshment, and hoping he hadn't put us out.

«What an odd hope for a fireman!» said Janey. «But think of that poor dog!»

Poor Nelson! He had seen clearly that my Father was not able to take care of himself, and had run in to help. He overshot his mark in the passage, and no doubt went searching about in the smoke until he met his death.

The young person who does me out, and sees to me and lights my fires too late, and makes my bed without tucking it in at the end — so that spectres would get hold of my toes if I didn't always religiously tuck it in myself — this young person could not get the fire to burn this morning of March, 1895. I am not surprised. If I had been a fire laid like that I would not have burned, myself. But the young person, Betsy Austin, driven to lawlessness by failure, appropriated a portion of a broken drawer of an old desk I was patching up, and forcing it in upwards and sideways and downwards into the incombustible matrix she was blowing the smoke out of into her eyes and the room, decided that it had caught and would do now, and devoted herself to laying the breakfast. I was just in time to snatch the bit of mahogany from the fire and put it in my bath-water. It fizzed and went out, and then tried to pretend it wasn't spoiled, ineffectually.

And it made the whole place smell strong of extinguished burning wood. And the smell thereof brought back to me the day of my last chapter, as nothing but a smell can bring things back. It brought back my ride down with Bony to the cinder heap that had been the Works, and the Hansom Cabman, who, when he was told where to drive, said, «I know — close by where the fire was last night.» His respect for us went up enormously when he found that we were in a sort of way «The Fire» ourselves, or near relations.

Oh, the ghastliness of the ruin and destruction! It was heart-sickening to think of the contents of that dreadful heap of smoldering rubbish that choked up what had been the lowest story of the main building. It was still rebellious, but was being pumped on by a dispassionate engine, which was so sure it would beat in the end that it never lost its temper, or said an angry word. I knew that heap contained the *caput mortuum* of all my drawings of machinery

inventions for years past, and all the costly plant that was soon to have been carefully removed to the new Chelsea buildings, and half-completed contracts by the ton. And I knew the worst of it would be — that everything in that heap would be just quite spoiled, but no more. There would be lathes that would still do to stand outside a second-hand dealer's in Southwark, but that would never turn true again; planing machines with bed-plates like beds on which angular people have had sleepless nights; drilling machines that wagged their drills as dogs their tails; things with eccentric movements whose eccentricities had become ungovernable. In that heap were those letters that I had seen on my desk, all but the one from Lossie. That was something saved at any rate.

Firemen with small nozzles were putting finishing touches on the extinction, after the coarse work done by the big water-jets, just as painters use small sables after hog-hair has done its worst. Every now and then came a crash of falling timber or wall — tenacious bits that had remained behind when the roof fell in. Daring helmeted climbers with axes were helping down these stragglers, and as it seemed to me running needless risks to this end. I thought all hands would be best employed shoring up the front of the high building, and said so to the head fireman. He evidently doubted our statement that we were Vance & Macallister, and held a kind of court of identification under the wall we had thought dangerous. Having reluctantly conceded that we had an interest in the property, he looked up at the overhanging wall (the fall of which would have killed all three) and expressed confidence in its stability, but to indulge our whim remarked that you might shore up most walls. There were any number of men available, so I had a temporary affair rigged up at once. I was gratified to hear from the same fireman later in the day, that if it hadn't been for that bit of timber «we» thought of putting up, that wall would have come down on some of us. He must have been a brother of Pring.

If a burned-out factory is sad, a burned-out home is sadder still. One half-burned is perhaps the worst of all. The roof of my Father's house and the upper floors were completely wrecked by the fire. The lower ones were scorched by the burning ceilings, but the deluge of water that came at last had done its best to finish the job. Some of the furniture and pictures had been got away; but a good deal remained, the Salvage Corps having dealt with the lower rooms last, believing that the water would be in time to save them. I saw my Father's leather armchair in the snuggery, in a stack covered with

tarpaulins to shelter it from the expected deluge. There also I found his writing-table, which I was glad of, but it was tight in the stack, and the building was not safe, so for the present I made no effort to extract it. On the chimneypiece stood an empty whiskey-bottle looking jaunty. How it must have chuckled over its handiwork!

Two refrains ran continuously through the whole — one cheerful, the other depressing. The first was the universal conviction that Insurance covered everything, the second the equally universal, all-pervading stench of the water on the burned wood. No wonder the same smell brought it all back to me so vividly this morning! It drove me away at last from a place where I could be of no further use. I merely arranged with the Salvagee in charge for the delivery of some goods (which I specified) at the house in Chelsea, and told my partner I should go home, whether he did or not. I wanted to see my Father, who was probably awake by now.

«Just take one more turn round,» said Bony, «in case there's anything.»

We took one more turn round, and there was nothing. Only, just as we were leaving what had been the Office at the Works, my eye was caught by something that struck me as familiar. It was a burned piece of board, some two feet long, with an inscription on it. And enough was still visible to show me, who knew it of old, that it ran, «C. Vance — Builder — Repairs — Drains promptly attended to.»

No wonder the smell of my burnt desk brought it back. I will not replace that bit of broken drawer (for I know it will smell), though Betsy Austin expresses contempt for my «finicking» precision, and alleges that I am making a fuss about nothing. «Just as good as ever it was,» is her verdict. She does not seem to see that an isolated escape from her destroying hand will do little to counteract her defects as a maid-of-all-work. She will speak of me downstairs as a sort of precise old maid, bent on interrupting the well-organized routine of what she calls her Work. This presents itself to me as a whirlwind. And no slight one either, for Betsy's arms are not only fine arms, but strong ones, and she can just as soon smash the furniture as tidy it up, which is an accomplishment she claims perfection in.

Am I sure I am not writing this with the intention of leaving it open on my desk that Betsy may read it, and be wounded by my poignant sarcasms? I am, because I know that Betsy would be

adamant, and would include it in the broad category she describes as my nonsense.

But I have nothing to do with Betsy now. I have to get back to my sheep — my sheep that are memories, browsing in the memories of pastures of thirty years ago!

A CHAPTER THAT HAD TO BE WRITTEN

If you remember anything of the great wrecks of from twenty to thirty years ago you will remember the spring of 1874 — and the news that reached London three days after the departure from Southampton of the *Glascatherick* of the Glass Line. It came from a lighthouse station on the Portuguese coast, and told how the great ship with almost all on board had gone down in a gale, having foundered on a reef within gunshot of the coast. Whether from an error in navigation, from misapprehension of the lighthouse, or from some failure of the engines, no one ever knew. The few who survived could tell nothing, their only testimony being that the voyage had all gone well till some twelve hours before the catastrophe, when the glass fell steadily and the wind rose to a gale. Some time after midnight, when those who were sleeping were in their deepest sleep, came a sudden stoppage of the screw, shouted orders and panic of aroused alarm, then again the screw and then the hideous crash as the ship drove stem on to the rock of destruction. Then a scene utterly indescribable, utterly inconceivable, by those who have never known the like. Husbands forsaking wives, and fathers children, in the agony of self-preservation, strong men thrusting weaker ones and women aside in the fight for the boats; Religious Faith stricken with despair and screaming with terror of Death; and in unexpected quarters, sudden Heroism. Then forlorn hopes of departing overloaded boats, the cruel task of choice of who should be allowed to go, the dreadful cry of despair as they swamped before the eyes of survivors. And then the terrible word of the strong to the weak, who look to them for help to the last, that now no help is left to the powers of man. If, as may be, those that die pass beyond Death from a scene like this, it may be too that the memory of it is happily short, and even that other things we once accounted gain seem worse, a thousand times. For those who survive there is no escape from the knowledge of the past, and the memory of it is present with them till the end.

Of the few survivors of the *Glascatherick* almost the only one who could give any coherent particulars was a young engineer who with his wife was on his way to Italy. He told how she and he were awakened by the sudden stoppage of the screw, followed by the roar of the steam-trumpet, and heard the shouting of orders, and strained rapid action of the rudder chains which passed close to their berths. Then the resumed movement of the machinery, which he was able to recognize as reversed. He anticipated collision with another ship, thinking that to a certainty land was distant. But the instant after came the crash, and he knew it was a rock.

He was so prompt in snatching the life-belts from the cabin ceiling, so prompt in getting them onto himself and his wife, that when they made for the stairway leading onto the promenade deck there were still belated sleepers coming out of their cabins to know if anything was the matter. Otherwise he could only tell that they reached the deck, forcing their way through a half-choked passage, that the officers and the crew were even then unlashing the boats and slacking them down ready for those who might prefer that slender chance of life to the certainty of death. They heard the voice of the Captain above the turmoil, — «Women and children first — men stand back,» — and saw him knock down a man who thrust himself unduly forward. The first mate came to them and tried to persuade the lady to leave her husband and go in the first boat, but she refused. «We go together,» said she, and they remained and saw boat after boat get clear, all but two that were swamped almost as soon as they touched the water. They stayed on some while, he could not say how long, after the last boat had gone, and then the ship gave a lurch and seemed to go head down — at least, said he, it was the end towards the land.

Then the first mate came again to them and said, «Now is your time to go. The land is not a mile away. Good luck to both!» And then he and she were in the cold dark water. The life-belts floated them and he swam with her left hand in his. The wind had fallen and the sea was less, and he was not without hope. He even spoke to cheer her, and she replied — and then once more. The third time he spoke she did not answer. Still, if he could only reach the land! He himself had been drowned and revived, and that made him hope.

But the great black promontory came no nearer, to all seeming. And the hand he held was lifeless. And his senses were failing fast — and then his power died in his own hands, and he could hold hers

no longer. And it slipped away from him and the darkness closed in upon him, and he knew no more.

Why do I write all this of this young engineer and his wife? Because I was he, and she was Janey. And I can scarcely bear to write or think of that dreadful time; and could not bear to speak of it, now that I cannot see Lossie, and Dr. Thorpe is gone, to any living creature. Yet it is twenty-three years this November — twenty-three long years! — since I passed a second time through the shadow of Death, and was a second time dragged back to life again — oh, how unwillingly! at a monastery on the coast of Portugal where I was washed ashore, with still a spark of Life.

Why could they not have left me as I was? «Ah, mon fils,» said a very old Spanish monk who could speak French, «si on avait su que c'était ta femme, on aurait su te laisser mourir.» As I revived slowly my first words had been, strangely enough, «Is the child safe?» The force of the revived sensation had carried me back to the old days in Devon, and I was again asking after Lossie's boy. Then slowly came back the agony of life, and I began to understand that I was alone.

It was a long time before I recovered more than the merest fragments of speech. It was not grief — that was going to come later — but a complete prostration that, perhaps happily, left no room for grief. I could only pass a dumb, stunned, unquestioning existence. I believe it was the old Padre Pablo who set going the first real revival of conscious life. When I replied to him that I should have welcomed death, he said: «Je le comprends bien. Moi aussi, j'ai perdu une épouse. Mais pour moi, mon fils, c'était plus cruel —» He paused a moment; then continued: «Oui vraiment, bien plus cruel! Enfin, c'est moi-même qui l'ai tuée.» And then in reply to my look of surprise: «Vous ne m'avez pas tout-à-fait compris, mon fils? Je parle de moi-même. Je l'ai tuée.» He then went on to tell how, being a young man of twenty, he had had exactly Othello's experience, but never knew till long after how groundless his jealousy had been. He had fled, and it was supposed she had killed herself. «C'était encore pis pour moi, mon fils, que pour vous,» he repeated quietly. «Chaque jour — chaque heure — j'entends le cri de ma mourante. J'ai quatre-vingt-dix-neuf ans. Ça me durera jusqu'à la mort.»

Nearly eighty years! The blow had been struck in Paris, in the days, say, of the Directory. And the cry of his murdered victim, so Father Paul said, and I believed him, had never died away.

A day elapsed before I was able to give any intelligible account of myself. I then wrote the words, «On shore alone — tell her family,» and told them to write to Macallister, Chelsea, England. I felt that would be sufficient — and was glad to be brief, for exertion to think was terrible, and torpor alone seemed welcome. I then charged Father Paul to give in reply to official enquiry when it came, or to newsmongers, simply my name and what I had been able to tell him of the wreck, and then resigned myself to stupefaction. With the exception of a few words with him, and now and then thanks for some expression of sympathy in an unknown tongue, from the others, I was silent, until one early morning as I lay awaiting the dawn and listening to the long-drawn thunder of the swell on the precipice below, my ear was caught by an unwonted sound of voices that came nearer, mixed with the ring of hoofs upon the rock road. Was one of the voices English, or not? No, it was not! Yes — surely it was! And it said loudly and cheerfully as one who encourages another, «Keep up — keep up — we are here at last.»

Then I remember rising from the couch with a new life, and running out to meet Archie Macallister, and then my brain swam and I tottered forward. He was just in time to catch me as I fell, and he picked me up and carried me back like a child. Then I remember lying again on the bed, having found my own weakness, and seeing on one side of me Bony, and on the other her father. I have told enough.

Man has to live, or die. If he chooses the former, he has to discover a *modus vivendi* after any crushing blow. According to my experience, strong natures invest their capital, so to speak, in self-defense, but make up their minds to a long siege. I knew, even as Father Paul knew that the cry of the dying woman would last till death, that I should have to live with the touch of my darling's rings on the fingers of my left hand as hers slipped away forever. But I had to find out a way of doing it, and I think I was as brave as most.

My partner, and her father, both of whom had left the conduct of business matters in good hands, were able to stay on with me for a while. It may seem strange, but I did not wish to get away from the sea that had engulfed her. It presented itself to me only as the scene of our last farewell. And the last words she said were still in my ears. «Now, Jacky, recollect!» and then when I next spoke, no answer came.

What was it that I was to recollect? It was a promise, repeated more than once after I made it when we walked that time from Poplar Villa after Beppino's literary collapse; repeated in the ship's cabin as I drew the life-belt on, repeated again in the water that drowned her. A promise not to grieve should she go first, lest it should break her heart to see my grief. «Promise again,» she had said, and I replied, «I promise, my darling.» It was a promise easy to make — but, oh, how hard to keep!

Which is the worse off, I wonder — the one that is left, or the one that is gone — the one that sees no longer or the one that still sees, or it may be sees more than ever before? If there be risk of this, how well worth the effort to hang as lightly as may be on the new-found freedom of the departed! Of what profit to oneself is the indulgence of grief at the best? Of how much less if each pang adds a new pang to other pain elsewhere.

It was all such speculation, and the darkness seems so real to him who only guesses in the dark at an unseen sun. But a promise was a promise, and I fought hard and truly to keep mine. There was no fear to my succeeding too well.

It was I then, and neither of my companions, who may be said to have taken the lead towards a resumption of life — the life we had to finish before each could get on to his extinction or his knowledge of the next. It took me a week of nursing and another of convalescence before I was able to look plans for the future in the face. Had it not been for my companions I might have stayed on indefinitely, wandering about and watching the great white rollers live their life and die. I had no definite expectation of any trace of the body, but I suppose some such thought made part of my motives. I was, however, distinctly relieved when I heard that, though so near the shore, the ship was in such deep water that no attempt at salvage would be made. I had dreaded and avoided details of the wreck as much as possible. It is still rather strange to me why I found it so hard to break away. But there was Bony, and there was her father. I knew they would not go and leave me. Neither would they, either of them, begin upon the task of settling the future. So I took the matter into my own hands.

«I say Bony,» said I. «Jeannie will want you back.»

«Yes, old chap, we'll settle all that presently. What a queer old boy the old padre is!»

«You had better take care — he understands some English. Do you know, in his novitiate, or something of that sort, he

passed a year at a place near London called Foolham. Do you know it?»

«I know there is now an establishment of Catholics at Fulham, but I should hardly have thought it was so old.»

«He speaks of another at Amsmeedza. Do you know that one?»

«The one at Hammersmith may be older. But they can't be older than the century. He is.»

«Five-and-twenty years older. More. He was actually living in Paris, and married, in the days of the National Convention — before Napoleon — before everything.»

«I didn't know Monks married.»

«He wasn't a Monk then. He became one after her death. Don't be frightened, Bony, I won't become a Monk.»

Poor Bony! I could not break down. He could, and did. When he spoke again I could hear it in his voice.

«Perhaps it wasn't in his novitiate he was at Fulham. It may have been later.»

«Very likely! When he told me, I wasn't quite so ——»

«I understand.»

«As I am now. But, Bony dear, you have got off from the point. Jeannie will want you back.»

«Yes — and you too. I know what you are driving at, Partner. You want to run away, and travel about and distract your mind and all that sort of thing.»

«Nothing of the sort, Partner.» We called each other «partner» by fits and starts, unreasonably. «I mean to do exactly whatever Janey likes.»

Bony looked anxious. He felt my hand to see if it was hot. He felt my pulse to see if it was quick. Neither was either. He gave up diagnosis. But he couldn't accept the form of my speech without a protest.

«I see what you mean, dear old chap. Exactly what Janey would like if she were here. Quite right.»

But the form of a hypothesis did not suit my mood. «Exactly what Janey likes if she *is* here,» said I, obstinately; and Bony replied as one who yields to a patient's whim, «All right, old boy.»

He was so gentle, acquiescent to my every impulse that I felt I had been dictatorial and overbearing. So I thought I would soften it by discussing hypotheses.

«Do you remember old Dr. Serocold of Magdalen? Oh no —

of course, you were at Cambridge. How one forgets!» .And Bony asked about the old party, nevertheless.

«Only what we were saying made me think of the nature of an hypothesis — and of course that made me think of old Serocold. When I told him how long it took to scull to Iffley and back, he twinkled and said he supposed Iffley was the place where they made the hypotheses.»

Another time I should have followed this on with more of old Dr. Serocold's absurd sayings. But now I was aware of a web of strange filaments of pain that kept my eyes dim and my lips still, and I knew I could not laugh. I plunged straight back into the heart of the conversation.

«Grant it's a billion to one against Janey hearing and seeing me now. It's better to catch at the chance and be mistaken than to neglect it and find my mistake after. I know what she would say, almost as if she said it. ‹Think of the Lord Chancellor.›» This was the name we had got into the way of calling her Father. «That's what I shall do. Look at him out there.»

Poor old Spencer did not look the same man. The prosperous, responsible lawyer that had bid Janey and me Godspeed less than three weeks since had disappeared, and now a broken-down old man wandered some fifty yards from where we sat on the cliffside, looking out over the sea. He had a pocket telescope with which he scanned the horizon and the rock island some miles out, or the nearer rocks below. Whether he thought to detect a sad addition to the scraps of scattered wreck that were still left, which would have been his and mine to claim, I know not. But he spent much of his time in this way, and did not seem to care for talk. Janey had been his special daughter, and his heart was wrapped up in her. Sarry had practically vanished to Colombo, only reappearing at intervals. His wife was *nil*. I saw that his decadence had begun. As I finished speaking to Bony, he looked over to the grief-worn figure that made, upon a rock-eminence near us, a silhouette against the sea.

«Yes,» said he. «The journey was awful. Too much for the old gentleman. I thought I shouldn't ever get him here!»

«Oh, Bony! What a job you must have had!»

«It was pretty stiff. But we got here, somehow. It will be a lot easier to go back.»

«But you see what I mean. Janey would like me to keep near him.»

«I expect she would be right. All go back together — eh, Joe?» and I assented.

I can well remember how desperately weak I was as Bony helped me up the steep pathway when we returned to the monastery, not four hundred yards away. And how a thought crossed my mind, as I leaned on his strong arm, that had I not been eight months his senior it would have gone ill with me in the old days at St. Withold's. But it all seemed a dream, and I had hardly strength to think—least of all of the great riddle of time and change. I let the memory slip from mere fatigue.

«You sit down a minute, Joe, while I go back and lend Mr. Spencer a hand,» said Bony. But just then Father Paul's voice came from behind us, saying, «Permettez, Messieurs. Je suis assez fort, malgré mon âge,» and offered me his arm on my right. Seeing that I had looked round to my left, as expecting him to come on that side, he added explanatorily: «Voici ma main forte — à gauche — *la mano izquierda*. J'ai toujours été gaucher ce que nous nommons ici — nous autres — *zurdo*.» And then my weak mind, stirring again towards its old zest for inquiry, must needs be thinking how long was it before that deadly battle at Helstaple that this other hand I leaned on had struck the life out of the helpless girl. Half a century, and more, though I could not fix the figure. Surely this old man had expiated his crime! But my mind reeled again, and fell baffled from the thought.

And Father Paul himself might be as little in my memory now as any of the crowd of monks who gathered to bid us farewell a fortnight later (I could not move sooner) but that he himself was not among them. He had got his release. And the last I saw of him was what lay on a wooden pallet under a huge crucifix in the cell to which they summoned me to see the Padre, who had died in the night. That was what had held him near upon a century; and now it seemed an effigy in alabaster, small and clear-cut, on which the hand that had struck the blow eighty years since lay moveless. The ears had heard for the last time the cry of the murdered woman, and Father Paul himself knew very much more, or verily nothing.

And I said to myself, but in vain, that my own lot, matched against his, should seem happy. To go with my darling to the very gate of death, to know above all that I had shared every pang to the moment of parting, that what she had suffered I had suffered, that her last words still reached me almost like a voice from the other side — was I not surely the better off of the two? At any rate, if no consolation came from thinking another worse off than I was, the pity for him took me out of myself and gave me a better courage to look back on the past and forward to the days to come.

OLD JANE IN THE INSANE WARD

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THEY had got to the end of the long ward, and went into a passage that made a lobby to another. Alice would so much have liked to know why the girl counted her fingers, and what it was the husband had said to exasperate his wife. Did not many husbands deserve to have legs of mutton thrown at them? Also a group she had noticed, near the piano, had puzzled her. A young man on a sofa with his face in his hands, seeming to be either in pain, or great trouble. Over him, with pity on her face, stood a comely pleasant girl. Her right hand was on his shoulder; her left stroked his head. «It's her husband,» said the nurse. But then — this was a Women's Ward! However, there was no time for questioning — Alice would ask after. They passed on into a small ward, with beds where they were to find the object of this journey — the old chronic patient of a lifetime.

You know, perfectly well, how when the image of anything you anticipate seeing has taken up space in your mind, you expect the thing, when it comes, to fill up as large a space in the room (or, for that matter, the district) in which you find it. Old Jane had filled up so much of Alice's and Lady Johnson's minds, that they could hardly believe that little white still thing on the bed was really she. What they saw seemed a small mask with white hair on a pillow, the head it belonged to encased in a covering that made it more like the sarcophagus than its contents. The body it belonged to was just manifest, no more, through its coverlid. The likeness to a graven image was the greater that it hardly, if at all, suggested Death.

The operation had only just been completed, and all sign of it removed except the head bandages, when Alice and Peggy came into the ward. Mr. Isaacson the surgeon stood by the bed, his eyes fixed attentively on the face. His intensely Egyptian features suggested a Pharaoh standing over his mummied mother. He took no notice of the new arrivals. Sir Rupert went to him, and they stood talking, *sotto voce*, side by side. Then Isaacson raised his voice.

«I don't believe she'll speak. I can't. But if she does, it will be within a week; either speak or try it on. I must be off.» He dropped his voice again and Alice fancied she heard him say he had to remove a kidney at three. So like a late lunch, thought Alice! He wished Lady Johnson and Miss Kavanagh good morning, but reluctantly,

as if he scorned to be ungenerous, but had very little heart in his wishing. However, he made up for it by the cordiality with which he wished them a whole good-day a minute later. But then, mind you, the first wish was that of a detained, the second of a released man.

And then Alice and Peggy, at Sir Rupert's wish, made up their minds for a long vigil. It was two o'clock, and they were not to be at liberty till eight; not even then if old Jane broke out in speech. «But it's what she says *first* I want,» said Rupert; «and if it doesn't come very soon it won't be for some time. Still, it's worth the chance of her speaking for you to be here.»

So he departed and left them sitting on. They could chat with the nurse, and hear about Cases.

«I didn't know you had any male patients on this side,» said Alice.

«We haven't any. Why?»

«Because of that poor fellow we saw, whose wife had come to see him.»

«She hadn't come to see him. He'd come to see her. *He's* all right! *She's* as mad as a March hare.»

«Is it possible? She looked so absolutely sane.»

«She put the baby in the fire, to purify it from Sin. Has to be watched constantly, or she'd kill herself. Because she's too bad to live! Only been married a couple of years.»

«Was *she*» — Alice nodded towards the bed — «always quite still and silent, like this?»

«Not quite like this: that is, she has never spoken since she came here. Before we were born. But she has always moved slightly — enough to show she was alive. A nurse who was here before her husband died told me that once she was thought to have moved and tried to speak. They sent for her husband, who used to live here, in case anything changed. But it turned out a mistake. They had better have waited till they were sure.»

Poor Verrinder! Fancy how he came round in response to the summons! Fancy how he went back! So thought Alice to herself.

«She told me too,» continued the nurse, whose name was Gaisford, Alice learned, «that after that he got so sleepless at night that he took to chloral and chloroform. It had to do with his death in the end.»

Lady Johnson was very silent, and seemed oppressed. Alice on the contrary prosecuted active enquiry on all subjects. Was it not

horrible trying work? It was — and very few people could bear it for long. «*You* might stand it for six weeks; her ladyship wouldn't hold out for twenty-four hours.» Peggy felt the truth of this. How came Mrs. Gaisford to be able to bear it? She supposed she knew what it was to be worse off. How long *had* she borne it? She had been eighteen years in the institution — about sixteen in her present position. Alice thought this referred to her status as a nurse, and asked no further question on the point. She fancied she noticed some reserve, and changed the subject. Would Mrs. Gaisford show her all over the institution some time? Oh yes, that she would, padded rooms, swimming-bath, billiard-rooms, theatre, and ball-room — everything! If it hadn't been that this Case must be seen to, we could have gone to see the Magic Lantern this evening under the Dome in the Chapel Room. Dr. Livingstone in Central Africa, Mrs. Gaisford believed. Alice thought of Madge Wildfire's song, and the prayer and fasting plenty. The clash between the perfect modern Hospital and the genuine scrap of *moyen-âge* that Alice had brought from Harley Street might be described as historically painful.

As Alice and Peggy remained watching by the motionless figure for over five hours, and Alice talked almost all that time with the nurse, you may be sure she heard a great deal about Insanity in all its phases. But we cannot write it all down here, and need not, as she wrote it all down herself afterwards. If you recollect her story of (Ann Carlyon,) you will see how she made use of the girl who counted her fingers. Ann (you may remember) was betrothed to a man who was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for forgery. In the first year she got into the habit of counting her ten fingers continually; in the second she counted to the ninth, and so on. If spoken to she always counted to her limit before answering. At the end of the fifth year came the news that he had died in prison. After that she never ceased counting as far as the fifth finger, and became a hopeless lunatic. Peggy said she had a great mind never to speak to Aunty Lissy again when she wrote this: «You wicked A. K.,» said she; «how ever can you do such things, with that innocent blue-eyed look all over your face, I can't think!» And Alice looked ashamed, and answered: «But I *did* cry over it, Mother Peggy dear, and real tears too!» And, as she said it, the little six-year old Alice, «Alice the kid,» came back — oh, so strongly — to her questioners' mind. But all this has nothing to do with the story.

More than once during the long vigil by the bedside one of the three watchers fancied she saw a movement of the still features. It

always turned out to be a mistake due to nervousness. At least, if movement there had been, it was not confirmed and repeated. There was a great difference between the susceptibility to nervous impressions of the three; the nurse being by far the least impressionable, while Lady Johnson towards the end of the time was quite upset in her judgment by the constant strain of fixed attention. «I'm sure I saw the lips move then,» she would say at intervals. But she was always wrong. Both she and Alice were glad when the clock gave them leave to go.

And when Peggy arrived at home, and went to her own room, tired and disconcerted, she felt quite sorry for her husband, and the report she had to give. «I'm afraid you'll be so disgusted, darling,» she began. But Sir Rupert, who was in his dressing-room, only asked if they had brought back Fludyer in the carriage with them. «I told him to come,» he said. «Is anyone else coming? No one else. Then I shan't dress, it's so late — oh! there's his knock. I thought he'd come.»

«But it is disgusting, dear, isn't it?»

«Yes! The old lady ought to have looked alive! But — better luck next time!»

It was a disappointment — there could be no doubt of it. Alice and Peggy had, without admitting it, worked themselves up into a state of expectation that Old Jane would «come to.» It was true that Sir Rupert had dwelt on his belief that there was only one chance of it in thousands; that, almost to a certainty, the matter of the brain was compacted past all reinstatement, and that the recovery, if any, would be slow and the steps imperceptible. All that he had committed himself to was that there would be *some* amount of recovery, and when there was none whatever he was disappointed. Still, he bore it philosophically. On the other hand, Alice and Peggy, whose imagination had endowed the human brain with a resiliency surpassing that of the best Para rubber, were inclined to resent the result of the experiment, and to consider that they had been cheated. However, in response to Rupert's caution, «not to be too previous,» because the play wasn't played out yet, they agreed to suspend judgment.

As it turned out, it was as well that they did so. For a fortnight after the operation Old Jane, quite suddenly, spoke. We have to rely for the particulars of her first utterances on Mrs. Gaisford, the nurse who was with her at the time, and on Dr. Fludyer, who was at

once summoned. Stated briefly, the facts appeared to have been as follows: —

Since the operation the only noticeable change in the patient had been that the slight appearance of a distinction between a sleeping and a waking state had become intensified, so that it was no longer a matter of opinion which predominated. On this occasion the nurse's attention was aroused by a more definite aspect of healthy sleep than she had seen hitherto. It may have been only her fancy that the color of the face had changed, but she had no doubt of the fact that the lips moved once or twice without giving any sound, in a way that seemed to suggest an effort to speak. She at once sent word to Dr. Fludyer, who arrived from his own residence about an hour later. Her impression must have been strong about the movement of the lips, as it was well past midnight and there was a heavy downpour of rain. It was not an occasion to bring even a doctor out of his bed into the streets, except for cause shown.

On his arrival he found that nothing further had occurred; but he noticed the change in the appearance of the patient, and remarked to the nurse that had he known nothing of the case, he should have supposed her to be in a healthy sleep, making of course due allowance for her age. The sleep of very old people when not stertorous has an appearance of torpor, often enough. He remained watching by the bedside for the slightest movement, occasionally touching the patient's pulse, but observed no change of any sort. At last, despairing of anything, and hearing a slight lull in the steady torrents of rain which had continued for more than two hours without intermission, he got up to go.

«Send for me again,» said he to the nurse, «if you see any movement whatever, or think you do. Never mind if it is fancy. I would sooner be brought here fifty times by mistake than miss seeing the return of consciousness — if ever there is any. Possibly you were, as you think now, mistaken this time. But never mind! Send again.» And the nurse promised to do so, though evidently disconcerted at her mistake.

Dr. Fludyer put on the overcoat he had taken off on coming into the ward, and his hat. He took one more look at the almost inanimate white figure on the bed before him, the head enclosed in a close-fitting black coif that protected without oppressing the seat of the operation. He touched the pulse of the motionless hand on the coverlid once more, and finding no fluctuation of the slow beat that had for sixty years registered the vitality of a living tomb, turned to go,

leaving the nurse to her dreary vigil in the silence, broken only by the sound of the falling rain, and now and then the groan, or, almost worse, the laugh of some distant patient. As he walked out into the corridor a door slammed and the echoes reverberated through the building. The sound of a discussion or altercation, that was part of the door-slamming incident, mixed in with another sound that had caught his attention and made him stop. The voice of a woman, not the nurse, coming from the ward he had just left.

Yes, it came quite distinctly from that room, and was *not* the voice of the nurse, for her voice followed it immediately — entirely different.

«Oh — Dr. Fludyer! come — come at once!» And as he returned, in response to the agitated summons, the first voice came again, with the startled sound that was in it before, showing a growth towards terror. «What is it?» and again, «What *is* it?» And the louder accent suggested the sort of utterance of one who, anxious to warn a suspected evil-doer, betrays his own apprehension in the attempt.

Dr. Fludyer afterwards told Sir Rupert that at this point he felt dumb-struck — and could not find a word. The nurse was more prompt; perhaps readier in the class of fiction with which patients are soothed and silenced.

«The docter says you are not to move, Mrs. Verrinder, but to lie quite still till he comes.»

The figure that had half-moved, and still seemed to struggle to move, fell back passively. Then the voice came again, only with less of strain and tension.

«But you will tell me what it is? What is it?»

The nurse replied with what struck Dr. Fludyer as a good deal of readiness and tact, «I am only just come. The doctor will be here soon.» The patient appeared to attach full meaning to these words.

«Will you,» she said, still with bewilderment and apprehension in her tone, «be so kind as to ring the bell, or call the girl. Call ‹Elizabeth› over the stairs, and she will come.» And then, as though she mistrusted the carrying out of these instructions, she began to call herself, «Elizabeth! Elizabeth!» No response following, she went on, «The girl must have gone out.» And then suddenly, «Where is Mr. Verrinder?»

The nurse replied as before, «I have only just come, Ma'am,» and then looked enquiringly at Dr. Fludyer. He understood her, and

nodded; she continued, «The doctor has just come — but he begs you will lie still and not try to talk.»

«That is quite right, Mrs. Verrinder,» said he; «you lie quite still and try not to talk.» This slightly varied way of putting it seemed to have its effect, for the patient appeared to acquiesce. Dr. Fludyer said afterwards to Sir Rupert that from this moment he made up his mind to behave exactly as he should have done had the suspension of consciousness been sixty hours instead of sixty years. He found, he said, that by adhering blindly to this rule, difficulties that seemed insuperable vanished.

He sat down by the bedside, and put his finger on the pulse.

«That is right,» he repeated, «lie quite quiet and we shall do nicely.» Then anticipating that her next speech would be a repetition of her last, he thought it safest to forestall it. He had made up his mind that some falsehood would be inevitable, and felt it would be safest to be beforehand.

«Mr. Verrinder has been obliged to go away,» he said. «We have not heard from him.» And then conscious that it was absolutely necessary to touch some new point, little matter what, that would arrest the current of enquiry, he added, «I am Dr. Fludyer.» He could not at the time analyze his reasons for believing this would answer the purpose, but it seemed to do so. Maybe it carried a suggestion that more would come without being asked for; and he thought it safest, having procured a pause, to follow on in it at once, and choose his own line of explanation.

«You have had a most dangerous illness, Mrs. Verrinder, and have been for a long time unconscious. You are not in your own home, but in a Hospital. You were moved here at your husband's wish, as he knew you would be far better nursed here than would have been possible at home.»

«And is he gone away, leaving me here?» The old lips, that did not know how old they were, twitched and worked about; and the old eyes, that probably saw little and thought the cause was darkness, went nearer to turning round and looking at the doctor than they had done yet.

«He was obliged to go. He had no choice.»

«What could oblige him to go? He had told me nothing.» The doctor felt he was at dangerously close quarters with his difficulty, and he must retreat.

«You must remember, Mrs. Verrinder, that I have only very lately taken charge of you, and I cannot give you all the information

I should like to give. The nurse also is new, and knows even less than I do. It is now three in the morning, and she sent for me quite suddenly a couple of hours since, having seen signs of consciousness returning.»

«Oh, dear! I am so sorry. I could have waited. I fear you had to get up to come to me.»

«That,» said Fludyer afterwards to Sir Rupert, «was the worst of all. There was an awful unearthly feel about it that her civil speech was really an apology made in the beginning of the century. It felt as though it were not the old woman who had come back like a ghost into the present time, but that I was being dragged back into the past. The colloquial, everyday character of her speech was so intense.» But he persevered in the course he had laid down for himself, and glued his mind to the fiction of the three days' torpor.

«We doctors get used to this sort of thing, Mrs. Verrinder,» he said, cheerfully. And the recumbent figure replied, in the same voice of appreciative civility, «You are very good.»

«I think it right to tell you, Mrs. Verrinder,» he continued, «that your accident made an operation necessary» — he hesitated a moment.

«I cannot understand,» she said; «have I had an accident? — oh, if I could only understand!» The distress in her voice was intensely painful to her hearers, accustomed as both were to every incident of mental disease. Dr. Fludyer thought he saw his way clearer.

«Is it possible, Mrs. Verrinder,» said he, speaking with studious gentleness, «that you do not remember your fall — on the stairs?» She seemed to think a minute. «Yes, I do remember that I fell on the stairs,» said she, «but that was just now.» The doctor saw his way clearer still.

«No, dear Mrs. Verrinder. That is where your mistake is. It was not just now, but some time since. I will not tell you how long. You have been insensible for a long time.» He paused, but the puzzled look on the old face seemed not to intend speech — only to wait to hear more. He went on:

«Your fall on the stairs resulted in concussion of the brain and as a consequence you fell into a state of insensibility. A recent operation has relieved the depression of the skull which caused this insensibility, but has left behind it the pain you are now feeling in the back of your head. You have not spoken of it, but I know it is there.» The patient murmured, «Oh yes — great pain,» but spoke more drowsily than before. Evidently the exertion of her recent speech was telling.

«Until that pain subsides, Mrs. Verrinder, I wish you — I most earnestly beg of you — to be patient and not try to talk.» He stopped again, for the nurse had conveyed to him by a sign that she thought no more need to be said then. «She'll be quiet awhile now,» she said.

What had struck the doctor as strangest in all this was the way in which the speech and manner of the patient had lent itself to the fiction that she had only been two or three days insensible. If he could have felt certain of a result he was inclined to anticipate — namely, reaction and collapse — he would have assured her that this was no fiction at all. But he was handicapped by the thought of explanations to come. He was fortified by scientific certainty of her extinction in case of death, and no unsettling new scientific certainties happened to have been recently demonstrated; so, to put it briefly, if she died, fibs wouldn't matter. If you happen to belong to any of the many schools of philosophy that condemn his view, as well as each other, be good enough to recollect that he had no thought but for the patient. After waiting the best part of an hour, both nurse and doctor became convinced that the excitement and exertion of speech had produced their natural effect, and that poor old Jane had collapsed into a deep sleep or its equivalent in her condition. They were mistaken; for as the doctor was departing, he was a second time recalled by a voice from the bed. Its self-command was extraordinary: taken apart from the abnormal state of the speaker. It was perfectly normal in itself.

«Is the gentleman gone — that was here just now?»

«No, Ma'am! Dr. Fludyer is here.»

«Dr. Fludyer. I did not catch your name before. I have something, Sir, I wish to ask you. But I speak with difficulty. Something catches. And I have no feeling except the head-pain. Will it go?»

«Oh yes! We must have patience, and lie quiet. Do you feel my hand on yours? Now!» — He raised and replaced his hand on the inanimate one on the coverlid, once or twice.

«Yes, I think I do. But my head prevents my feeling anything. Is this good woman touching my other hand?» The nurse had done so. She drew her hand down the body and legs. «Did you feel that?» said she.

«Oh yes! I felt you touch my chest.» The doctor and nurse glanced at each other.

«We must not talk too much,» said he. «There was something you said you wished to ask me, Mrs. Verrinder.»

«Yes. My baby was to come in September. Will this — will this ——?»

The doctor beckoned the nurse away from the bed, and they spoke together in a whisper. They had taken for granted that the patient would not be conscious of their doing so. It was a mistake.

«Is it something I am not to hear?» The terrified inflection of the voice was painful beyond expression.

«You shall hear directly, Mrs. Verrinder.» The doctor said this, and again spoke to the nurse, under his breath, but emphatically. She shrugged her shoulders very slightly, and raised her eyebrows, as in protest, and then went again to the patient. When she spoke, her effort in doing so was audible in her voice.

«Dr. Fludyer wishes me to tell you, Mrs. Verrinder, your baby was born, and did not live.» She could get no further. Yet she was manifestly not a soft character — no mere dweller on the sentimental side of the terrible dramas she saw daily. She was a thorough madhouse nurse, chosen as specially worthy of reliance. But this case staggered her.

«What she tells you is true,» said Dr. Fludyer, firmly, but quietly. «Your baby — a little girl — was born prematurely in consequence of the accident. It could not have been reared, in any case.»

«When we told her of the death of the child,» said Fludyer when he afterwards described this scene to Sir Rupert, «she was quite silent and motionless for more than a minute. Then she gave a cry — if one can call it a cry — such as I hope I may never hear again. It affected Gaisford as much as it did me — and I can assure you Gaisford is not one to be easily upset.»

«Did she say anything articulate after that?» asked Rupert. Fludyer shook his head.

«Hardly a word!» he replied. «She began saying, ‹Oh, what will my — › or ‹What will he — › and got no further. After that she became almost silent, and has remained so, except for short beginnings, such as ‹I must get — › or ‹Will you send — ?› She seems to be weaker than at first, and to half-capture thoughts and let them slip.»

«Get some food, Fludyer; you must want it. And afterwards we can talk of what's to be done next.» For this was in Harley Street, whither Dr. Fludyer had gone as soon as the hour was plausible. He need not have been so scrupulous, for the great physician was at the end of a very early breakfast when he was shown in. «Jane has

spoken!» said he. And then he used the last energies a wearisome night had left in him to give a conscientiously detailed account of the amazing revival.

«I suppose there never was another case like it,» said Rupert. «See that Dr. Fludyer gets plenty to eat, Handsworth. You'll excuse me, Fludyer, I must run up and tell Lady Johnson this.» For the hallucination we chronicled long ago of a young House Physician, of a strange wireless current between himself and that handsome eldest daughter of old Heath in Hyde Park Gardens, was still as active as ever. And for all that he was so great and distinguished, he was just as conscious now, wherever he was, of the locus of Harley Street and Lady Johnson in it, as ever he was of «the Gardens» and their relation to Miss Margaret Heath. Only he had got used to it, you see! In the present case Dr. Fludyer's tale was firstly to be passed on to Peggy, and secondly to excite its full interest as soon as she was qualified to share it. It was rather a tit-bit to him, but he wasn't going to turn it over in his mouth until she was helped. There was a gleam of satisfaction on his face as he half-opened the bedroom door. He went straight to the point.

«She's *spoken!* May I come in?»

«Yes, come in! Who's spoken? Oh dear, I had fallen asleep again.»

«Old Jane, of course. But it's only just eight.»

«You don't mean it? How did you get here?»

«Fludyer has come. Spoke at three o'clock this morning. Seems coherent too.» Sir Rupert made no concealment of his triumphant feeling. He had scored.

«I'll get up at once. Pull that bell hard, and then run away and don't hinder, that's a ducky! That's right!» And Sir Rupert, anxious not to hinder, is retreating downstairs, when the door he has just closed is opened to tell him to mind and not let Dr. Fludyer go till the speaker comes.

(We could have put this little conversation into much more logical order. But the fact is, that's the way people talk, and it can't be helped.)

Sir Rupert could not have been more than four minutes on the stairs — because he only had a short interview with Lucy about what sort of literature young ladies-of-fourteen governesses have a right to say they are not to read; and as for Phillips and Alice he brought them down, one over each shoulder. Nevertheless he found when he got back to the breakfast-room that Aunt Lissy was interviewing Dr. Fludyer, and knew all about it.

«I'm going straight away to see her,» she said. And she had clearly made up her mind. We believe we have made it understood that when Alice decided on a course of action, opposition was useless. Besides, Dr. Fludyer was only too glad that she should do as she wished.

«It will be very kind of you to come,» he said. «I have no fault to find with Gaisford, nor the others. But their employment gives them a certain tone — they can't help it. This poor old — curiosity — is, remember, not *insane* now in any sense. And probably no human creature ever needed consolation and sympathy from a fellow-woman more.»

«Mamma will want to go too,» remarked Sir Rupert, using this epithet in acknowledgment of the two little people he was unloading from his shoulders. «At least I suppose so.»

«I'm not sure Mamma had better come.» Thus Alice, thoughtfully. «Won't there be rather too much of us, doctor?»

«I would just as soon she didn't go,» said Sir Rupert. «She does take things to heart so terribly. Not that you're an unfeeling beast, Aunt Lissy. But you have a sort of buoyancy.»

«Listen to Papa trying to get out of his difficulties, Lucy.»

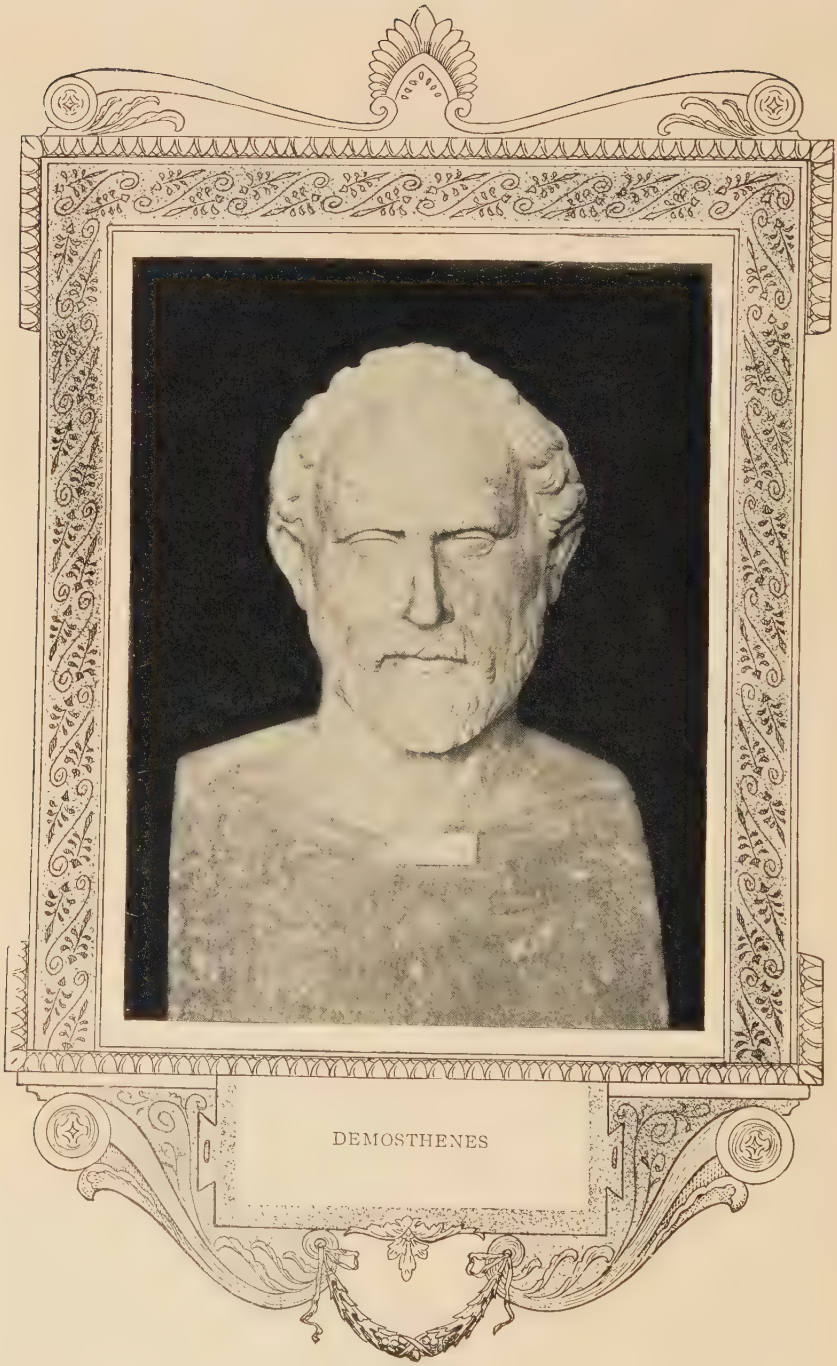
«Why mustn't *I* go?» says Miss Lucy. And Papa observes in an undertone to Dr. Fludyer that he has brought an old house about his ears. Lucy, however, is reduced *ad absurdum* by a claim from Alice that she shall *do* too.

When Peggy came down ten minutes later, she found the matter settled by council, and enforced by circumstance. For Alice had hurried through her own breakfast in order to depart at once with Dr. Fludyer in his responsible brougham, which had been waiting all this while. Appealed to as Mother Peg, darling, to be reasonable, she surrendered her wish to come too, especially as time was passing, and she couldn't get her breakfast and see Snaith, the housekeeper, in less than half-an-hour. So Alice went off with Dr. Fludyer. «Just like an elopement,» said she as she took her seat in the carriage. «Sorry about Mrs. Fludyer,» said the doctor. «Also you're sixty if you're a minute!» said Alice, the rude, unladylike girl!

«And what's so intensely shocking to me,» she went on, her laugh dying abruptly, «is that the poor old curiosity we are going to is my age only; so far as the living of life goes!»

«And mine into the bargain,» said the doctor, «as far as the passage of time goes. And I'm afraid it goes furthest in the long run.»

The carriage went responsibly along the proper side of the way, with two silent people in it, thinking.



DEMOSTHENES

DEMOSTHENES

(384–322 B. C.)

BY ROBERT SHARP

THE lot of Demosthenes, the great Athenian orator, was cast in evil times. The glorious days of his country's brilliant political pre-eminence among Grecian States, and of her still more brilliant pre-eminence as a leader and torch-bearer to the world in its progress towards enlightenment and freedom, were well-nigh over. In arms she had been crushed by the brute force of Sparta. But this was not her deepest humiliation; she had indeed risen again to great power, under the leadership of generals and statesmen in whom something of the old-time Athenian spirit still persisted; but the duration of that power had been brief. The deepest humiliation of a State is not in the loss of military prestige or of material resources, but in the degeneracy of its citizens, in the overthrow and scorn of high ideals; and so it was in Athens at the time of Demosthenes's political activity.

The Athenians had become a pampered, ease-loving people. They still cherished a cheap admiration for the great achievements of their fathers. Stirring appeals to the glories of Marathon and Salamis would arouse them to — pass patriotic resolutions. Any suggestion of self-sacrifice, of service on the fleet or in the field, was dangerous. A law made it a capital offense to propose to use, even in meeting any great emergency, the fund set aside to supply the folk with amusements. They preferred to hire mercenaries to undergo their hardships and to fight their battles; but they were not willing to pay their hirelings. The commander had to find pay for his soldiers in the booty taken from their enemies; or failing that, by plundering their friends. It must be admitted, however, that the patriots at home were always ready and most willing to try, to convict, and to punish the commanders upon any charge of misdemeanor in office.

There were not wanting men of integrity and true patriotism, and of great ability, as Isocrates and Phocion, who accepted as inevitable the decline of the power of Athens, and advocated a policy of passive non-interference in foreign affairs, unless it were to take part in a united effort against Persia. But the mass of the people, instead of offering their own means and their bodies to the service of their country, deemed it rather the part of the State to supply their needs

and their amusements. They considered that they had performed, to the full, their duty as citizens when they had taken part in the noisy debates of the Assembly, or had sat as paid jurymen in the never-ending succession of court procedures of this most litigious of peoples. Among men even in their better days not callous to the allurements of bribes judiciously administered, it was a logical sequence that corruption should now pervade all classes and conditions.

Literature and art, too, shared the general decadence, as it ever must be, since they always respond to the dominant ideals of a time and a people. To this general statement the exception must be noted that philosophy, as represented by Plato and Aristotle, and oratory, as represented by a long succession of Attic orators, had developed into higher and better forms. The history of human experience has shown that philosophy often becomes more subtle and more profound in times when men fall away from their ancient high standards, and become shaken in their old beliefs. So oratory attains its perfect flower in periods of the greatest stress and danger, whether from foreign foes or from internal discord. Both these forms of utterance of the active human intellect show, in their highest attainment, the realization of imminent emergency and the effort to point out a way of betterment and safety.

Not only the condition of affairs at home was full of portent of coming disaster. The course of events in other parts of Greece and in the barbarian kingdom of Macedon seemed all to be converging to one inevitable result,—the extinction of Hellenic freedom. When a nation or a race becomes unfit to possess longer the most precious of heritages, a free and honorable place among nations, then the time and the occasion and the man will not be long wanting to co-operate with the internal subversive force in consummating the final catastrophe. "If Philip should die," said Demosthenes, "the Athenians would quickly make themselves another Philip."

Throughout Greece, mutual jealousy and hatred among the States, each too weak to cope with a strong foreign foe, prevented such united action as might have made the country secure from any barbarian power; and that at a time when it was threatened by an enemy far more formidable than had been Xerxes with all his millions.

The Greeks at first entirely underrated the danger from Philip and the Macedonians. They had, up to this time, despised these barbarians. Demosthenes, in the third Philippic, reproaches his countrymen with enduring insult and outrage from a vile barbarian out of Macedon, whence formerly not even a respectable slave could be obtained. It is indeed doubtful whether the world has ever seen a man, placed

in a position of great power, more capable of seizing every opportunity and of using every agency, fair or foul, for accomplishing his ambitious purposes, than was Philip of Macedon. The Greeks were most unfortunate in their enemy.

Philip understood the Greek people thoroughly. He had received his early training among them while a hostage at Thebes. He found in their petty feuds, in their indolence and corruptibility, his opportunity to carry into effect his matured plans of conquest. His energy never slept; his influence was ever present. When he was far away, extending his boundaries among the barbarians, his money was still active in Athens and elsewhere. His agents, often among the ablest men in a community, were busy using every cunning means at the command of the wonderful Greek ingenuity to conceal the danger or to reconcile the fickle people to a change that promised fine rewards for the sale of their liberty. Then he began to trim off one by one the outlying colonies and dependencies of the Greek States. His next step was to be the obtaining of a foothold in Greece proper.

The chief obstacle to Philip's progress was Athens, degenerate as she was, and his chief opponent in Athens was Demosthenes. This Philip understood very well; but he treated both the city and the great statesman always with a remarkable leniency. More than once Athens, inflamed by Demosthenes, flashed into her old-time energy and activity, and stayed the Macedonian's course; as when, in his first bold march towards the heart of Greece, he found himself confronted at Thermopylæ by Athenian troops; and again when prompt succor from Athens saved Byzantium for the time. But the emergency once past, the ardor of the Athenians died down as quickly as it had flamed up.

The Social War (357–355 B. C.) left Athens stripped almost bare of allies, and was practically a victory for Philip. The Sacred War (357–346 B. C.) between Thebes and Phocis, turning upon an affront offered to the Delphian god, gave Philip the eagerly sought-for opportunity of interfering in the internal affairs of Greece. He became the successful champion of the god, and received as his reward a place in the great Amphictyonic Council. He thus secured recognition of his claims to being a Greek, since none but Greeks might sit in this council. He had, moreover, in crushing the Phocians, destroyed a formidable power of resistance to his plans.

Such were the times and such the conditions in which Demosthenes entered upon his strenuous public life. He was born most probably in 384 B. C., though some authorities give preference to 382 B. C. as the year of his birth. He was the son of Demosthenes and Cleobule. His father was a respectable and wealthy Athenian citizen, a manufacturer of cutlery and upholstering. His mother was the

daughter of Gylon, an Athenian citizen resident in the region of the Crimea.

Misfortune fell early upon him. At the age of seven he was left fatherless. His large patrimony fell into the hands of unprincipled guardians. Nature seems almost maliciously to have concentrated in him a number of blemishes, any one of which might have checked effectually the ambition of any ordinary man to excel in the profession Demosthenes chose for himself. He was not strong of body, his features were sinister, and his manner was ungraceful,—a grievous drawback among a people with whom physical beauty might cover a multitude of sins, and physical imperfections were a reproach.

He seems to have enjoyed the best facilities in his youth for training his mind, though he complains that his teachers were not paid by his guardians; and he is reported to have developed a fondness for oratory at an early age. In his maturing years, he was taught by the great lawyer, Isæus; and must often have listened to the orator and rhetorician Isocrates, if he was not indeed actually instructed by him. When once he had determined to make himself an orator, he set himself to work with immense energy to overcome the natural disadvantages that stood in the way of his success. By hard training he strengthened his weak voice and lungs; it is related that he cured himself of a painful habit of stammering; and he subjected himself to the most vigorous course of study preparatory to his profession, cutting himself off from all social enjoyments.

His success as an orator, however, was not immediate. He tasted all the bitterness of failure on more than one occasion; but after temporary discouragement he redoubled his efforts to correct the faults that were made so distressingly plain to him by the unsparing but salutary criticism of his audience. Without doubt, these conflicts and rebuffs of his earlier years served to strengthen and deepen the moral character of Demosthenes, as well as to improve his art. They contributed to form a man capable of spending his whole life in unflagging devotion to a high purpose, and that in the face of the greatest difficulties and dangers. The dominant purpose of his life was the preservation of the freedom of the Greek States from the control of any foreign power, and the maintenance of the pre-eminent position of Athens among these States. In this combination of a splendid intellect, an indomitable will, and a great purpose, we find the true basis of Demosthenes's greatness.

When at the age of eighteen he came into the wreck of his patrimony, he at once began suit against Aphobos, one of his unfaithful guardians. He conducted his case himself. So well did he plead his cause that he received a verdict for a large amount. He seems, however, owing to the trickery of his opponent, never to have recovered

the money. He became now a professional writer of speeches for clients in private suits of every kind, sometimes appearing in court himself as advocate.

In 355–354 B. C. he entered upon his career as public orator and statesman. He had now found his field of action, and till the end of his eventful life he was a most prominent figure in the great issues that concerned the welfare of Athens and of Greece. He was long unquestionably the leading man among the Athenians. By splendid ability as orator and statesman he was repeatedly able to thwart the plans of the traitors in the pay of Philip, even though they were led by the adept and eloquent Æschines. His influence was powerful in the Peloponnesus, and he succeeded, in 338 B. C., in even uniting the bitter hereditary enemies Thebes and Athens for one final, desperate, but unsuccessful struggle against the Macedonian power.

Demosthenes soon awoke to the danger threatening his country from the barbarian kingdom in the north, though not even he understood at first how grave was the danger. The series of great speeches relating to Philip — the First Philippic; the three Olynthiacs, 'On the Peace,' 'On the Embassy,' 'On the Chersonese'; the Second and Third Philippics — show an increasing intensity and fire as the danger became more and more imminent. These orations were delivered in the period 351–341 B. C.

When the cause of Greek freedom had been overwhelmed at Chæronea, in the defeat of the allied Thebans and Athenians, Demosthenes, who had organized the unsuccessful resistance to Philip, still retained the favor of his countrymen, fickle as they were. With the exception of a short period of disfavor, he practically regulated the policy of Athens till his death in 322 B. C.

In 336 B. C., on motion of Ctesiphon, a golden crown was voted to Demosthenes by the Senate, in recognition of certain eminent services and generous contributions from his own means to the needs of the State. The decree was not confirmed by the Assembly, owing to the opposition of Æschines, who gave notice that he would bring suit against Ctesiphon for proposing an illegal measure. The case did not come up for trial, however, till 330 B. C., six years later. (The reason for this delay has never been clearly revealed.)

When Ctesiphon was summoned to appear, it was well understood that it was not he but Demosthenes who was in reality to be tried, and that the public and private record of the latter would be subjected to the most rigorous scrutiny. On that memorable occasion, people gathered from all over Greece to witness the oratorical duel of the two champions — for Demosthenes was to reply to Æschines. The speech of Æschines was a brilliant and bitter arraignment of Demosthenes; but so triumphant was the reply of the latter, that his

opponent, in mortification, went into voluntary exile. The speech of Demosthenes 'On the Crown' has been generally accepted by ancients and moderns as the supreme attainment in the oratory of antiquity.

It is evident that a man the never-swerving champion of a cause which demanded the greatest sacrifice from a people devoted to self-indulgence, the never-sleeping opponent of the hirelings of a foreign enemy, and a persistent obstacle to men of honest conviction who advocated a policy different from that which seemed best to him, would of necessity bring upon himself bitter hostility and accusations of the most serious character. And such was the case. Demosthenes has been accused of many crimes and immoralities, some of them so different in character as to be almost mutually exclusive. The most serious charge is that of receiving a bribe from Harpalus, the absconding treasurer of Alexander. He was tried upon this charge, convicted, fined fifty talents, and thrown into prison. Thence he escaped to go into a miserable exile.

How far and how seriously the character of Demosthenes is compromised by this and other attacks, it is not possible to decide to the satisfaction of all. The results of the contest in regard to the crown and the trial in the Harpalus matter were very different; but the verdict of neither trial, even if they were not conflicting, could be accepted as decisive. To me, the evidence,—weighed as we weigh other evidence, with a just appreciation of the source of the charges, the powerful testimony of the man's public life viewed as a whole, and the lofty position maintained in the face of all odds among a petulant people whom he would not flatter, but openly reproved for their vices,—the evidence, I say, read in this light justifies the conclusion that the orator was a man of high moral character, and that in the Harpalus affair he was the victim of the Macedonian faction and of the misled patriotic party, co-operating for the time being.

When the tidings of the death of Alexander startled the world, Demosthenes at once, though in exile, became intensely active in arousing the patriots to strike one more blow for liberty. He was recalled to Athens, restored to his high place, and became again the chief influence in preparing for the last desperate resistance to the Macedonians. When the cause of Greek freedom was finally lost, Demosthenes went into exile; a price was set upon his head; and when the Macedonian soldiers, led by a Greek traitor, were about to lay hands upon him in the temple of Poseidon at Calauria, he sucked the poison which he always carried ready in his pen, and died rather than yield himself to the hated enemies of his country.

It remains only to say that the general consensus of ancient and modern opinion is, that Demosthenes was the supreme figure in the brilliant line of orators of antiquity. The chief general characteristics

in all Demosthenes's public oratory are a sustained intensity and a merciless directness. Swift as waves before a gale, every word bears straight toward the final goal of his purpose. We are hardly conscious even of the artistic taste which fits each phrase, and sentence, and episode, to the larger occasion as well as to each other. Indeed, we lose the rhetorician altogether in the devoted pleader, the patriot, the self-forgetful chief of a noble but losing cause. His careful study of the great orators who had preceded him undoubtedly taught him much; yet it was his own original and creative power, lodged in a far-sighted, generous, and fearless nature, that enabled him to leave to mankind a series of forensic masterpieces hardly rivaled in any age or country.

Robert Sharp

THE THIRD PHILIPPIC

THE ARGUMENT

This speech was delivered about three months after the second Philippic, while Philip was advancing into Thrace, and threatening both the Chersonese and the Propontine coast. No new event had happened which called for any special consultation; but Demosthenes, alarmed by the formidable character of Philip's enterprises and vast military preparations, felt the necessity of rousing the Athenians to exertion.

MANY speeches, men of Athens, are made in almost every Assembly about the hostilities of Philip, hostilities which ever since the treaty of peace he has been committing as well against you as against the rest of the Greeks; and all, I am sure, are ready to avow, though they forbear to do so, that our counsels and our measures should be directed to his humiliation and chastisement: nevertheless, so low have our affairs been brought by inattention and negligence, I fear it is harsh truth to say, that if all the orators had sought to suggest and you to pass resolutions for the utter ruining of the commonwealth, we could not methinks be worse off than we are. A variety of circumstances may have brought us to this state; our affairs have not declined from one or two causes only: but if you rightly examine, you will find it chiefly owing to the orators, who study to please you rather than advise for the best. Some of whom, Athenians, seeking to maintain the basis of their own

power and repute, have no forethought for the future, and therefore think you also ought to have none; others, accusing and calumniating practical statesmen, labor only to make Athens punish Athens, and in such occupation to engage her that Philip may have liberty to say and do what he pleases. Politics of this kind are common here, but are the causes of your failures and embarrassment. I beg, Athenians, that you will not resent my plain speaking of the truth. Only consider. You hold liberty of speech in other matters to be the general right of all residents in Athens, insomuch that you allow a measure of it even to foreigners and slaves, and many servants may be seen among you speaking their thoughts more freely than citizens in some other States; and yet you have altogether banished it from your councils. The result has been, that in the Assembly you give yourselves airs and are flattered at hearing nothing but compliments; in your measures and proceedings you are brought to the utmost peril. If such be your disposition now, I must be silent: if you will listen to good advice without flattery, I am ready to speak. For though our affairs are in a deplorable condition, though many sacrifices have been made, still if you will choose to perform your duty it is possible to repair it all. A paradox, and yet a truth, am I about to state. That which is the most lamentable in the past is best for the future. How is this? Because you performed no part of your duty, great or small, and therefore you fared ill: had you done all that became you, and your situation were the same, there would be no hope of amendment. Philip has indeed prevailed over your sloth and negligence, but not over the country; you have not been worsted, you have not even bestirred yourselves.

If now we were all agreed that Philip is at war with Athens and infringing the peace, nothing would a speaker need to urge or advise but the safest and easiest way of resisting him. But since, at the very time when Philip is capturing cities and retaining divers of our dominions and assailing all people, there are men so unreasonable as to listen to repeated declarations in the Assembly that some of us are kindling war, one must be cautious and set this matter right: for whoever moves or advises a measure of defense is in danger of being accused afterwards as author of the war.

I will first then examine and determine this point, whether it be in our power to deliberate on peace or war. If the country

may be at peace, if it depends on us (to begin with this), I say we ought to maintain peace; and I call upon the affirmant to move a resolution, to take some measure, and not to palter with us. But if another, having arms in his hand and a large force around him, amuses you with the name of peace while he carries on the operations of war, what is left but to defend yourselves? You may profess to be at peace if you like, as he does; I quarrel not with that. But if any man supposes this to be a peace, which will enable Philip to master all else and attack you last, he is a madman, or he talks of a peace observed towards him by you, not towards you by him. This it is that Philip purchases by all his expenditure — the privilege of assailing you without being assailed in turn.

If we really wait until he avows that he is at war with us, we are the simplest of mortals: for he would not declare that, though he marched even against Attica and Piræus; at least if we may judge from his conduct to others. For example, to the Olynthians he declared when he was forty furlongs from their city, that there was no alternative, but either they must quit Olynthus or he Macedonia; though before that time, whenever he was accused of such an intent, he took it ill and sent ambassadors to justify himself. Again, he marched toward the Phocians as if they were allies, and there were Phocian envoys who accompanied his march, and many among you contended that his advance would not benefit the Thebans. And he came into Thessaly of late as a friend and ally, yet he has taken possession of Pheræ; and lastly he told these wretched people of Oreus that he had sent his soldiers out of good-will to visit them, as he heard they were in trouble and dissension, and it was the part of allies and true friends to lend assistance on such occasions. People who would never have harmed him, though they might have adopted measures of defense, he chose to deceive rather than warn them of his attack; and think ye he would declare war against you before he began it, and that while you are willing to be deceived? Impossible. He would be the silliest of mankind, if whilst you the injured parties make no complaint against him, but are accusing your own countrymen, he should terminate your intestine strife and jealousies, warn you to turn against him, and remove the pretexts of his hirelings for asserting, to amuse you, that he makes no war upon Athens. O heavens! would any rational being judge by words rather than

by actions, who is at peace with him and who at war? Surely none. Well then, tell me now: when he sends mercenaries into Chersonesus, which the king and all the Greeks have acknowledged to be yours, when he avows himself an auxiliary and writes us word so, what are such proceedings? He says he is not at war; I cannot however admit such conduct to be an observance of the peace; far otherwise: I say, by his attempt on Megara, by his setting up despotism in Eubœa, by his present advance into Thrace, by his intrigues in Peloponnesus, by the whole course of operations with his army, he has been breaking the peace and making war upon you; unless indeed you will say that those who establish batteries are not at war until they apply them to the walls. But that you will not say: for whoever contrives and prepares the means for my conquest, is at war with me before he darts or draws the bow. What, if anything should happen, is the risk you run? The alienation of the Hellespont, the subjection of Megara and Eubœa to your enemy, the siding of the Peloponnesians with him. Then can I allow that one who sets such an engine at work against Athens is at peace with her? Quite the contrary. From the day that he destroyed the Phocians I date his commencement of hostilities. Defend yourselves instantly, and I say you will be wise: delay it, and you may wish in vain to do so hereafter. So much do I dissent from your other counselors, men of Athens, that I deem any discussion about Chersonesus or Byzantium out of place. Succor them,—I advise that,—watch that no harm befalls them, send all necessary supplies to your troops in that quarter; but let your deliberations be for the safety of all Greece, as being in the utmost peril. I must tell you why I am so alarmed at the state of our affairs, that if my reasonings are correct, you may share them, and make some provision at least for yourselves, however disinclined to do so for others; but if in your judgment I talk nonsense and absurdity, you may treat me as crazed, and not listen to me either now or in future.

That Philip from a mean and humble origin has grown mighty, that the Greeks are jealous and quarreling among themselves, that it was far more wonderful for him to rise from that insignificance than it would now be, after so many acquisitions, to conquer what is left: these, and similar matters which I might dwell upon, I pass over. But I observe that all people, beginning with you, have conceded to him a right which in former

times has been the subject of contest in every Grecian war. And what is this? The right of doing what he pleases, openly fleecing and pillaging the Greeks, one after another, attacking and enslaving their cities. You were at the head of the Greeks for seventy-three years, the Lacedæmonians for twenty-nine; and the Thebans had some power in these latter times after the battle of Leuctra. Yet neither you my countrymen, nor Thebans, nor Lacedæmonians, were ever licensed by the Greeks to act as you pleased; far otherwise. When you, or rather the Athenians of that time, appeared to be dealing harshly with certain people, all the rest, even such as had no complaint against Athens, thought proper to side with the injured parties in a war against her. So, when the Lacedæmonians became masters and succeeded to your empire, on their attempting to encroach and make oppressive innovations a general war was declared against them, even by such as had no cause of complaint. But wherefore mention other people? We ourselves and the Lacedæmonians, although at the outset we could not allege any mutual injuries, thought proper to make war for the injustice that we saw done to our neighbors. Yet all the faults committed by the Spartans in those thirty years, and by our ancestors in the seventy, are less, men of Athens, than the wrongs which in thirteen incomplete years that Philip has been uppermost he has inflicted on the Greeks: nay, they are scarcely a fraction of these, as may easily be shown in a few words. Olynthus and Methone and Apollonia, and thirty-two cities on the borders of Thrace, I pass over; all which he has so cruelly destroyed, that a visitor could hardly tell if they were ever inhabited; and of the Phocians, so considerable a people exterminated, I say nothing. But what is the condition of Thessaly? Has he not taken away her constitutions and her cities, and established tetrarchies, to parcel her out, not only by cities, but also by provinces, for subjection? Are not the Eubœan States governed now by despots, and that in an island near to Thebes and Athens? Does he not expressly write in his epistles, "I am at peace with those who are willing to obey me?" Nor does he write so and not act accordingly. He is gone to the Hellespont; he marched formerly against Ambracia; Elis, such an important city in Peloponnesus, he possesses; he plotted lately to get Megara: neither Hellenic nor barbaric land contains the man's ambition.

And we the Greek community, seeing and hearing this, instead of sending embassies to one another about it and expressing indignation, are in such a miserable state, so intrenched in our separate towns, that to this day we can attempt nothing that interest or necessity requires; we cannot combine, or form any association for succor and alliance; we look unconcernedly on the man's growing power, each resolving, methinks, to enjoy the interval that another is destroyed in, not caring or striving for the salvation of Greece: for none can be ignorant that Philip, like some course or attack of fever or other disease, is coming even on those that yet seem very far removed. And you must be sensible that whatever wrong the Greeks sustained from Lacedæmonians or from us was at least inflicted by genuine people of Greece; and it might be felt in the same manner as if a lawful son, born to a large fortune, committed some fault or error in the management of it; on that ground one would consider him open to censure and reproach, yet it could not be said that he was an alien, and not heir to the property which he so dealt with. But if a slave or a spurious child wasted and spoiled what he had no interest in — Heavens! how much more heinous and hateful would all have pronounced it! And yet in regard to Philip and his conduct they feel not this, although he is not only no Greek and no way akin to Greeks, but not even a barbarian of a place honorable to mention; in fact, a vile fellow of Macedon, from which a respectable slave could not be purchased formerly.

What is wanting to make his insolence complete? Besides his destruction of Grecian cities, does he not hold the Pythian games, the common festival of Greece, and if he comes not himself, send his vassals to preside? Is he not master of Thermopylæ and the passes into Greece, and holds he not those places by garrisons and mercenaries? Has he not thrust aside Thessalians, ourselves, Dorians, the whole Amphictyonic body, and got pre-audience of the oracle, to which even the Greeks do not all pretend? Yet the Greeks endure to see all this; methinks they view it as they would a hailstorm, each praying that it may not fall on himself, none trying to prevent it. And not only are the outrages which he does to Greece submitted to, but even the private wrongs of every people: nothing can go beyond this! Still under these indignities we are all slack and

disheartened, and look towards our neighbors, distrusting one another instead of the common enemy. And how think ye a man who behaves so insolently to all, how will he act when he gets each separately under his control?

But what has caused the mischief? There must be some cause, some good reason why the Greeks were so eager for liberty then, and now are eager for servitude. There was something, men of Athens, something in the hearts of the multitude then which there is not now, which overcame the wealth of Persia and maintained the freedom of Greece, and quailed not under any battle by land or sea; the loss whereof has ruined all, and thrown the affairs of Greece into confusion. What was this? Nothing subtle or clever: simply that whoever took money from the aspirants for power or the corrupters of Greece were universally detested; it was dreadful to be convicted of bribery; the severest punishment was inflicted on the guilty, and there was no intercession or pardon. The favorable moments for enterprise which fortune frequently offers to the careless against the vigilant, to them that will do nothing against those that discharge all their duty, could not be bought from orators or generals; no more could mutual concord, nor distrust of tyrants and barbarians, nor anything of the kind. But now all such principles have been sold as in open market, and those imported in exchange, by which Greece is ruined and diseased. What are they? Envy where a man gets a bribe; laughter if he confesses it; mercy to the convicted; hatred of those that denounce the crime; all the usual attendants upon corruption. For as to ships and men and revenues and abundance of other materials, all that may be reckoned as constituting national strength—assuredly the Greeks of our day are more fully and perfectly supplied with such advantages than Greeks of the olden time. But they are all rendered useless, unavailable, unprofitable, by the agency of these traffickers.

That such is the present state of things, you must see without requiring my testimony; that it was different in former times I will demonstrate, not by speaking my own words, but by showing an inscription of your ancestors, which they graved on a brazen column and deposited in the citadel, not for their own benefit (they were right-minded enough without such records), but for a memorial and example to instruct you how seriously such conduct should be taken up. What says the inscription

then? It says:—"Let Arthmius, son of Pythonax the Zelite, be declared an outlaw and an enemy of the Athenian people and their allies, him and his family." Then the cause is written why this was done: because he brought the Median gold into Peloponnesus. That is the inscription. By the gods! only consider and reflect among yourselves what must have been the spirit, what the dignity of those Athenians who acted so. One Arthmius a Zelite, subject of the king (for Zelea is in Asia), because in his master's service he brought gold into Peloponnesus,—not to Athens,—they proclaimed an enemy of the Athenians and their allies, him and his family, and outlawed. That is not by the outlawry commonly spoken of; for what would a Zelite care, to be excluded from Athenian franchises? It means not that; but in the statutes of homicide it is written, in cases where a prosecution for murder is not allowed, but killing is sanctioned, "and let him die an outlaw," says the legislator; by which he means that whoever kills such a person shall be unpolluted. Therefore they considered that the preservation of all Greece was their own concern (but for such opinion, they would not have cared whether people in Peloponnesus were bought and corrupted); and whomsoever they discovered taking bribes, they chastised and punished so severely as to record their names in brass. The natural result was, that Greece was formidable to the barbarian, not the barbarian to Greece. 'Tis not so now: since neither in this nor in other respects are your sentiments the same. But what are they? You know yourselves; why am I to upbraid you with everything? The Greeks in general are alike, and no better than you. Therefore I say, our present affairs demand earnest attention and wholesome counsel.

There is a foolish saying of persons who wish to make us easy, that Philip is not yet as powerful as the Lacedæmonians were formerly, who ruled everywhere by land and sea, and had the king for their ally, and nothing withstood them; yet Athens resisted even that nation, and was not destroyed. I myself believe that while everything has received great improvement, and the present bears no resemblance to the past, nothing has been so changed and improved as the practice of war. For anciently, as I am informed, the Lacedæmonians and all Grecian people would for four or five months during the season, only, invade and ravage the land of their enemies with heavy-armed and national troops, and return home again; and their ideas were so old-fashioned,

or rather national, that they never purchased an advantage from any; theirs was a legitimate and open warfare. But now you doubtless perceive that the majority of disasters have been effected by treason; nothing is done in fair field or combat. You hear of Philip marching where he pleases, not because he commands troops of the line, but because he has attached to him a host of skirmishers, cavalry, archers, mercenaries, and the like. When with these he falls upon a people in civil dissension, and none (through mistrust) will march out to defend the country, he applies engines and besieges them. I need not mention that he makes no difference between winter and summer, that he has no stated season of repose. You, knowing these things, reflecting on them, must not let the war approach your territories, nor get your necks broken, relying on the simplicity of the old war with the Lacedæmonians; but take the longest time beforehand for defensive measures and preparations, see that he stirs not from home, avoid any decisive engagement. For a war, if we choose, men of Athens, to pursue a right course, we have many natural advantages; such as the position of his kingdom, which we may extensively plunder and ravage, and a thousand more; but for a battle he is better trained than we are.

Nor is it enough to adopt these resolutions and oppose him by warlike measures: you must on calculation and on principle abhor his advocates here, remembering that it is impossible to overcome your enemies abroad until you have chastised those who are his ministers within the city. Which, by Jupiter and all the gods, you cannot and will not do! You have arrived at such a pitch of folly or madness or — I know not what to call it: I am tempted often to think that some evil genius is driving you to ruin — that for the sake of scandal or envy or jest or any other cause, you command hirelings to speak (some of whom would not deny themselves to be hirelings), and laugh when they abuse people. And this, bad as it is, is not the worst; you have allowed these persons more liberty for their political conduct than your faithful counselors; and see what evils are caused by listening to such men with indulgence. I will mention facts that you will all remember.

In Olynthus some of the statesmen were in Philip's interest, doing everything for him; some were on the honest side, aiming to preserve their fellow-citizens from slavery. Which party, now, destroyed their country? or which betrayed the cavalry, by whose

betrayal Olynthus fell? The creatures of Philip; they that, while the city stood, slandered and calumniated the honest counselors so effectually that the Olynthian people were induced to banish Apollonides.

Nor is it there only, and nowhere else, that such practice has been ruinous.

What can be the reason — perhaps you wonder — why the Olynthians were more indulgent to Philip's advocates than to their own? The same which operates with you. They who advise for the best cannot always gratify their audience, though they would; for the safety of the State must be attended to; their opponents by the very counsel which is agreeable advance Philip's interest. One party required contribution, the other said there was no necessity; one were for war and mistrust, the other for peace, until they were ensnared. And so on for everything else (not to dwell on particulars); the one made speeches to please for the moment, and gave no annoyance; the other offered salutary counsel that was offensive. Many rights did the people surrender at last, not from any such motive of indulgence or ignorance, but submitting in the belief that all was lost. Which, by Jupiter and Apollo, I fear will be your case, when on calculation you see that nothing can be done. I pray, men of Athens, it may never come to this! Better die a thousand deaths than render homage to Philip, or sacrifice any of your faithful counselors. A fine recompense have the people of Oreus got, for trusting themselves to Philip's friends and spurning Euphræus! Finely are the Eretrian commons rewarded, for having driven away your ambassadors and yielded to Clitarchus! Yes; they are slaves, exposed to the lash and the torture. Finely he spared the Olynthians! It is folly and cowardice to cherish such hopes, and while you take evil counsel and shirk every duty, and even listen to those who plead for your enemies, to think you inhabit a city of such magnitude that you cannot suffer any serious misfortune. Yea, and it is disgraceful to exclaim on any occurrence, when it is too late, "Who would have expected it? However — this or that should have been done, the other left undone." Many things could the Olynthians mention now, which if foreseen at the time would have prevented their destruction. Many could the Orites mention, many the Phocians, and each of the ruined States. But what would it avail them? As long as the vessel is safe. whether it be great or small, the mariner, the

pilot, every man in turn should exert himself, and prevent its being overturned either by accident or design: but when the sea hath rolled over it, their efforts are vain. And we likewise, O Athenians, whilst we are safe, with a magnificent city, plentiful resources, lofty reputation — what must we do? Many of you, I dare say, have been longing to ask. Well then, I will tell you; I will move a resolution; pass it, if you please.

First, let us prepare for our own defense; provide ourselves, I mean, with ships, money, and troops — for surely, though all other people consented to be slaves, we at least ought to struggle for freedom. When we have completed our own preparations and made them apparent to the Greeks, then let us invite the rest, and send our ambassadors everywhere with the intelligence, to Peloponnesus, to Rhodes, to Chios, to the king, I say (for it concerns his interests not to let Philip make universal conquest); that, if you prevail, you may have partners of your dangers and expenses in case of necessity, or at all events that you may delay the operations. For since the war is against an individual, not against the collected power of a State, even this may be useful; as were the embassies last year to Peloponnesus, and the remonstrances with which I and the other envoys went round and arrested Philip's progress, so that he neither attacked Ambracia nor started for Peloponnesus. I say not, however, that you should invite the rest without adopting measures to protect yourselves; it would be folly, while you sacrifice your own interest, to profess a regard for that of strangers, or to alarm others about the future, whilst for the present you are unconcerned. I advise not this; I bid you send supplies to the troops in Chersonesus, and do what else they require; prepare yourselves and make every effort first, then summon, gather, instruct the rest of the Greeks. That is the duty of a State possessing a dignity such as yours. If you imagine that Chalcidians or Megarians will save Greece, while you run away from the contest, you imagine wrong. Well for any of those people if they are safe themselves! This work belongs to you; this privilege your ancestors bequeathed to you, the prize of many perilous exertions. But if every one will sit seeking his pleasure, and studying to be idle himself, never will he find others to do his work; and more than this, I fear we shall be under the necessity of doing all that we like not at one time. Were proxies to be had, our inactivity would have found them long ago; but they are not.

Such are the measures which I advise, which I propose; adopt them, and even yet, I believe, our prosperity may be re-established. If any man has better advice to offer, let him communicate it openly. Whatever you determine, I pray to all the gods for a happy result.

Translation of Charles R. Kennedy.

INVECTIVE AGAINST LICENSE OF SPEECH

THIS, you must be convinced, is a struggle for existence. You cannot overcome your enemies abroad till you have punished your enemies, his ministers, at home. They will be the stumbling-blocks which prevent you reaching the others. Why, do you suppose, Philip now insults you? To other people he at least renders services though he deceives them, while he is already threatening you. Look for instance at the Thessalians. It was by many benefits conferred on them that he seduced them into their present bondage. And then the Olynthians, again,—how he cheated them, first giving them Potidæa and several other places, is really beyond description. Now he is enticing the Thebans by giving up to them Bœotia, and delivering them from a toilsome and vexatious war. Each of these people did get a certain advantage; but some of them have suffered what all the world knows; others will suffer whatever may hereafter befall them. As for you, I recount not all that has been taken from you, but how shamefully have you been treated and despoiled! Why is it that Philip deals so differently with you and with others? Because yours is the only State in Greece in which the privilege is allowed of speaking for the enemy, and a citizen taking a bribe may safely address the Assembly, though you have been robbed of your dominions. It was not safe at Olynthus to be Philip's advocate, unless the Olynthian commonalty had shared the advantage by possession of Potidæa. It was not safe in Thessaly to be Philip's advocate, unless the people of Thessaly had secured the advantage by Philip's expelling their tyrants and restoring the Synod at Pylæ. It was not safe in Thebes, until he gave up Bœotia to them and destroyed the Phocians. Yet at Athens, though Philip has deprived you of Amphipolis and the territory round Cardia—nay, is making Eubœa a fortress as a check upon us, and is advancing to attack Byzantium—it is safe to speak in Philip's behalf.

JUSTIFICATION OF HIS PATRIOTIC POLICY

Do not go about repeating that Greece owes all her misfortunes to one man. No, not to one man, but to many abandoned men distributed throughout the different States, of whom, by earth and heaven, Æschines is one. If the truth were to be spoken without reserve, I should not hesitate to call him the common scourge of all the men, the districts, and the cities which have perished; for the sower of the seed is answerable for the crop. . . .

I affirm that if the future had been apparent to us all,—if you, Æschines, had foretold it and proclaimed it at the top of your voice instead of preserving total silence,—nevertheless the State ought not to have deviated from her course, if she had regard to her own honor, the traditions of the past, or the judgment of posterity. As it is, she is looked upon as having failed in her policy,—the common lot of all mankind when such is the will of heaven; but if, claiming to be the foremost State of Greece, she had deserted her post, she would have incurred the reproach of betraying Greece to Philip. If we had abandoned without a struggle all which our forefathers braved every danger to win, who would not have spurned you, Æschines? How could we have looked in the face the strangers who flock to our city, if things had reached their present pass,—Philip the chosen leader and lord of all,—while others without our assistance had borne the struggle to avert this consummation? We! who have never in times past preferred inglorious safety to peril in the path of honor. Is there a Greek or a barbarian who does not know that Thebes at the height of her power, and Sparta before her—ay, and even the King of Persia himself—would have been only glad to compromise with us, and that we might have had what we chose, and possessed our own in peace, had we been willing to obey orders and to suffer another to put himself at the head of Greece? But it was not possible,—it was not a thing which the Athenians of those days could do. It was against their nature, their genius, and their traditions; and no human persuasion could induce them to side with a wrong-doer because he was powerful, and to embrace subjection because it was safe. No; to the last our country has fought and jeopardized herself for honor and glory and pre-eminence. A noble choice, in harmony with your national character, as you testify by your respect

for the memories of your ancestors who have so acted. And you are in the right; for who can withhold admiration from the heroism of the men who shrank not from leaving their city and their fatherland, and embarking in their war-ships, rather than submit to foreign dictation? Why, Themistocles, who counseled this step, was elected general; and the man who counseled submission was stoned to death — and not he only, for his wife was stoned by your wives, as he was by you. The Athenians of those days went not in quest of an orator or a general who could help them to prosperous slavery; but they scorned life itself, if it were not the life of freedom. Each of them regarded himself as the child not only of his father and of his mother, but of his country; and what is the difference? He who looks on himself as merely the child of his parents, awaits death in the ordinary course of nature; while he who looks on himself as the child also of his country, will be ready to lay down his life rather than see her enslaved. . . .

Do I take credit to myself for having inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors? Such presumption would expose me to the just rebuke of every man who hears me. What I maintain is, that these very sentiments are your own; that the spirit of Athens was the same before my time,— though I do claim to have had a share in the application of these principles to each successive crisis. Æschines, therefore, when he impeaches our whole policy, and seeks to exasperate you against me as the author of all your alarms and perils, in his anxiety to deprive me of present credit is really laboring to rob you of your everlasting renown. If by your vote against Ctesiphon you condemn my policy, you will pronounce yourselves to have been in the wrong, instead of having suffered what has befallen you through the cruel injustice of fortune. But it cannot be; you have not been in the wrong, men of Athens, in doing battle for the freedom and salvation of all: I swear it by your forefathers, who bore the battle's brunt at Marathon; by those who stood in arms at Platæa; by those who fought the sea fight at Salamis; by the heroes of Artemisium, and many more whose resting-place in our national monuments attests that, that as our country buried, so she honored, all alike — victors and vanquished. She was right; for what brave men could do, all did, though a higher power was master of their fate.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

(1785–1859)

BY GEORGE R. CARPENTER

De Quincey's popular reputation is largely due to his autobiographical essays,—to his 'Confessions.' Whatever may be the merits of his other writings, the general public, as in the case of Rousseau, of Dante, of St. Augustine, and of many another, has, with its instinctive and unquenchable desire for knowledge of the inner life of men of great emotional and imaginative power, singled out De Quincey's 'Confessions' as the most significant of his works. There has arisen a popular legend of De Quincey, making him (not unlike Dante, who had seen hell with his bodily eyes) a man who had felt in his own person the infernal pangs and pleasures consequent upon enormous and almost unique excesses in the use of that Oriental drug which possesses for us all such a romantic attraction. He became the «English Opium-Eater»; and even the most recent and authoritative edition of his writings, that of the late Professor Masson, did not hesitate in advertisements to avail itself of a title so familiar and so sensational.

To a great degree, this feeling on the part of the public is natural and proper. De Quincey's opium habit, begun in his youth under circumstances that modern physicians have guessed to be justifiable, and continued throughout the remainder of his life,—at first without self-restraint, at last in what was for him moderation,—has rendered him a striking and isolated figure in Western lands.

We have a right eagerly to ask: On this strongly marked temperament, so delicately imaginative and so keenly logical, so receptive and so retentive, a type alike of the philosopher and the poet, the scholar and the musician—on such a contemplative genius, what were the effects of so great and so constant indulgence in a drug noted for its power of heightening and extending, for a season, the whole range of the imaginative faculties?

Justifiable as such feelings may be, however, they tend to wrong De Quincey's memory and to limit our conceptions of his character and genius. He was no vulgar opium drunkard; he was, to all appearances, singularly free even from the petty vices to which eaters of the drug are supposed to be peculiarly liable. To be sure, he was not without his eccentricities. He was absent-mindedly careless in his attire, unusual in his hours of waking and sleeping, odd

in his habits of work, ludicrously ignorant of the value of money, solitary, prone to whims, by turns reticent and loquacious. But for all his eccentricities, De Quincey — unlike Poe, for example — is not a possible object for pity or patronage; they would be foolish who could doubt his word or mistrust his motives. He was "queer," as most great Englishmen of letters of his time were; but the more his at first enigmatic character comes to light, through his own letters and through the recollections of his friends, the more clearly do we see him to have been a pure-minded and well-bred man, kind, honest, generous, and gentle. His life was almost wholly passed among books, — books in many languages, books of many kinds and times. These he incessantly read and annotated. And the treasures of this wide reading, stored in a retentive and imaginative mind, form the basis of almost all his work that is not distinctly autobiographical.

De Quincey's writings, as collected by himself (and more recently by Professor Masson), fill fourteen good-sized volumes, and consist of about two hundred and fifteen separate pieces, all of which were contributed to various periodicals between 1813, when at the age of thirty-eight he suddenly found himself and his family dependent for support on his literary efforts, to his death in 1859. Books, sustained efforts of construction, he did not except in a single instance, and probably could not, produce; his mind held rich stores of information on many subjects, but his habit of thought was essentially non-consecutive and his method merely that of the brilliant talker, who illumines delightfully many a subject, treating none, however, with reserved power and thorough care. His attitude toward his work, it is worth while to notice, was an admirable one. His task was often that of a hack writer; his spirit never. His life was frugal and modest in the extreme; and though writing brought him bread and fame, he seems never, in any recorded instance, to have concerned himself with its commercial value. He wrote from a full mind and with genuine inspiration, and lived and died a man of letters from pure love of letters and not of worldly gain.

As we have noticed, it is the autobiographical part of De Quincey's writing — the 'Confessions' of one who could call every day for "a glass of laudanum negus, warm, and without sugar" — that has made him famous, and which deserves first our critical attention. It consists of four or five hundred pages of somewhat disconnected sketches, including the 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater' and 'Suspiria de Profundis.' De Quincey himself speaks of them as "a far higher class of composition" than his philosophical or historical writings, — declaring them to be, unlike the comparatively matter-of-fact memoirs of Rousseau and St. Augustine, "modes of impassioned prose, ranging

under no precedents that I am aware of in any literature.» What De Quincey attempted was to clothe in words scenes from the world of dreams,—a lyric fashion, as it were, wholly in keeping with contemporary taste and aspiration, which under the penetrating influence of romanticism were maintaining the poetical value and interest of isolated and excited personal feeling.

Like Dante, whose 'Vita Nuova' De Quincey's 'Confessions' greatly resemble in their essential characteristics of method, he had lived from childhood in a world of dreams. Both felt keenly the pleasures and sorrows of the outer world, but in both contemplative imagination was so strong that the actual fact—the real Beatrice, if you will—became as nothing to that same fact transmuted through idealizing thought. De Quincey was early impressed by the remarkable fashion in which dreams or reveries weave together the separate strands of wakeful existence. Before he was two years old he had, he says, «a remarkable dream of terrific grandeur about a favorite nurse, which is interesting to myself for this reason,—that it demonstrates my dreaming tendencies to have been constitutional, and not dependent on laudanum.» At the same age he «connected a profound sense of pathos with the reappearance, very early in the spring, of some crocuses.» These two incidents are a key to the working of De Quincey's mind. Waking or sleeping, his intellect had the rare power of using the facts of life as the composer might use a song of the street, building on a wandering ballad a whole symphony of transfigured sound, retaining skillfully, in the midst of the new and majestic music, the winning qualities of the popular strain. To such a boy, with an imaginative mind, an impassioned nature, and a memory which retained and developed powerfully year by year all associations involving the feelings of grandeur, magnificence, or immensity,—to such a boy, life and experience were but the storing up of material which the creative mind might weave into literature that had the form of prose and the nature of poetry.

De Quincey shared Dante's rare capacity for retaining strong visual images, his rare power of weaving them into a new and wonderful fabric. But De Quincey, though as learned and as acute as Dante, had not Dante's religious and philosophical convictions. A blind faith and scholastic reason were the foundations of the great vision of the 'Divine Comedy.' De Quincey had not the strong but limited conception of the world on which to base his imagination, he had not the high religious vision to nerve him to higher contemplation, and his work can never serve in any way as a guide and message to mankind. De Quincey's visions, however, have the merit of not being forced. He did not resolve to see what faith and reason bade him.

While all controlled reasoning was suspended under the incantation of opium, his quick mind, without conscious intent, without prejudice or purpose, assembled such mysterious and wonderful sights and sounds as the naked soul might see and hear in the world of actual experience. For De Quincey's range of action and association was not as narrow as might seem. He had walked the streets of London friendless and starving, saved from death by a dram given by one even more wretched than he, only a few months after he had talked with the king. De Quincey's latent images are therefore not grotesque or mediæval, not conditioned by any philosophical theory, not of any Inferno or Paradise. The elements of his visions are the simple elements of all our striking experiences: the faces of the dead, the grieving child, the tired woman, the strange foreign face, the tramp of horses' feet. And opium merely magnified these simple elements, rendered them grand and beautiful without giving them any forced connection or relative meaning. We recognize the traces of our own transfigured experience, but we are relieved from the necessity of accepting it as having an inner meaning. De Quincey's singular hold on our affection seems, therefore, to be his rare quality of presenting the unusual but typical dream or reverie as a beautiful object of interest, without endeavoring to give it the character of an allegory or a fable.

The greater part of De Quincey's writings however are historical, critical, and philosophical in character rather than autobiographical; but these are now much neglected. We sometimes read a little of 'Joan of Arc,' and no one can read it without great admiration; the 'Flight of the Tartars' has even become a part of «prescribed» literature in our American schools; but of other essays than these we have as a rule only a dim impression or a faint memory. There are obvious reasons why De Quincey's historical and philosophical writings, in an age which devotes itself so largely to similar pursuits, no longer recommend themselves to the popular taste. His method is too discursive and leisurely; his subjects as a rule too remote from current interest; his line of thought too intricate. These failings, from our point of view, are the more to be regretted because there has never been an English essayist more entertaining or suggestive than De Quincey. His works cover a very wide range of subject-matter,—from the 'Knocking on the Gate in Macbeth' to the 'Casuistry of Roman Meals' and the 'Toilet of a Hebrew Lady.' His topics are always piquant. Like Poe, De Quincey loved puzzling questions, the cryptograms, the tangled under sides of things, where there are many and conflicting facts to sift and correlate, the points that are now usually settled in foot-notes and by references to German authorities. In dealing with such subjects he showed not only

that he possessed the same keen logic which entertains us in Poe, but that he was the master of great stores of learned information. We are never wholly convinced, perhaps, of the eternal truth of his conclusions, but we like to watch him arrive at them. They seem fresh and strange, and we are dazzled by the constantly changing material. Nothing can be more delightful than the constant influx of new objects of thought, the unexpected incidents, the seemingly inexpugnable logic that ends in paradox, the play of human interest in a topic to which all living interest seems alien. There is scarcely a page in all De Quincey's writings that taken by itself is actually dull. In each, one receives a vivid impression of the same lithe and active mind, examining with lively curiosity even a recondite subject; cracking a joke here and dropping a tear there, and never intermitting the smooth flow of acute but often irrelevant observation. The generation that habitually neglects De Quincey has lost little important historical and philosophical information, perhaps, but it has certainly deprived itself of a constant source of entertainment.

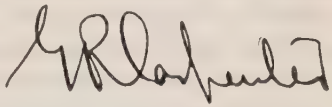
As a stylist De Quincey marked a new ideal in English; that of impassioned prose, as he himself expresses it,—prose which deliberately exalts its subject-matter, as the opera does its. And it was really as an opera that De Quincey conceived of the essay. It was to have its recitatives, its mediocre passages, the well and firmly handled parts of ordinary discourse. All comparatively unornamented matter was, however, but preparative to the lyric outburst,—the strophe and antistrophe of modulated song. In this conception of style others had preceded him,—Milton notably,—but only half consciously and not with sustained success. There could be no great English prose until the eighteenth century had trimmed the tangled periods of the seventeenth, and the romantic movement of the nineteenth added fire and enthusiasm to the clear but conventional style of the eighteenth. Ruskin and Carlyle have both the same element of *bravura*, as will be seen if one tries to analyze their best passages as music. But in De Quincey this lyric arrangement is at once more delicate and more obvious, as the reader may assure himself if he reread his favorite passages, noticing how many of them are in essence exclamatory, or actually vocative, as it were. In this ideal of impassioned prose De Quincey gave to the prose of the latter part of the century its keynote. Macaulay is everywhere equally impassioned or unimpassioned; the smooth-flowing and useful canal, rather than the picturesque river in which rapids follow the long reaches of even water, and are in turn succeeded by them. To conceive of style as music,—as symmetry, proportion, and measure, only secondarily dependent on the clear exposition of the actual subject-matter,—that is De Quincey's ideal, and there Pater and Stevenson have followed him.

De Quincey's fame has not gone far beyond the circle of those who speak his native tongue. A recent French critic finds him rough and rude, sinister even in his wit. In that circle however his reputation has been high, though he has not been without stern critics. Mr. Leslie Stephen insists that his logic is more apparent than real; that his humor is spun out and trivial, his jests ill-timed and ill-made. His claim that his 'Confessions' created a new *genre* is futile; they confess nothing epoch-making,—no real crises of soul, merely the adventures of a truant schoolboy, the recollections of a drunkard. He was full of contemptuous and effeminate British prejudices against agnosticism and Continental geniuses. "And so," Mr. Stephen continues, "in a life of seventy-three years De Quincey read extensively and thought acutely by fits, ate an enormous quantity of opium, wrote a few pages which revealed new capacities in the language, and provided a good deal of respectable padding for the magazines."

Not a single one of the charges can be wholly denied; on analysis De Quincey proves guilty of all these offenses against ideal culture. Rough jocoseness, diffusiveness, local prejudice, a life spent on details, a lack of philosophy,—these are faults, but they are British faults, Anglo-Saxon faults. They scarcely limit affection or greatly diminish respect. De Quincey was a sophist, a rhetorician, a brilliant talker. There are men of that sort in every club, in every community. We forgive their eccentricity, their lack of fine humor, the most rigid logic, or the highest learning. We do not attempt to reply to them. It is enough if the stream of discourse flows gently on from their lips. A rich and well-modulated vocabulary, finely turned phrases, amusing quips and conceits of fancy, acute observations, a rich store of recondite learning,—these charm and hold us. Such a talker, such a writer, was De Quincey. Such was his task,—to amuse, to interest, and at times to instruct us. One deeper note he struck rarely, but always with the master's hand,—the vibrating note felt in passages characteristic of immensity, solitude, grandeur; and it is to that note that De Quincey owes the individuality of his style and his fame.

There are few facts in De Quincey's long career that bear directly on the criticism of his works. Like Ruskin, he was the son of a well-to-do and cultivated merchant, but the elder De Quincey unfortunately died too early to be of any help in life to his impulsive and unpractical boy, who quarreled with his guardians, ran away from school, and neglected his routine duties at Oxford. His admiration for Wordsworth and Coleridge led him to the Lake country, where he married and settled down. The necessity of providing for his family at last aroused him from his life of meditation and indulgence in

opium, and brought him into connection with the periodicals of the day. After the death of his wife in 1840 he moved with his children to the vicinity of Edinburgh, where in somewhat eccentric solitude he spent the last twenty years of his uneventful life.



CHARLES LAMB

From 'Biographical Essays'

It sounds paradoxical, but is not so in a bad sense, to say that in every literature of large compass some authors will be found to rest much of the interest which surrounds them on their essential *non*-popularity. They are good for the very reason that they are not in conformity to the current taste. They interest because to the world they are *not* interesting. They attract by means of their repulsion. Not as though it could separately furnish a reason for loving a book, that the majority of men had found it repulsive. *Prima facie*, it must suggest some presumption *against* a book that it has failed to gain public attention. To have roused hostility indeed, to have kindled a feud against its own principles or its temper, may happen to be a good sign. *That* argues power. Hatred may be promising. The deepest revolutions of mind sometimes begin in hatred. But simply to have left a reader unimpressed is in itself a neutral result, from which the inference is doubtful. Yet even *that*, even simple failure to impress, may happen at times to be a result from positive powers in a writer, from special originalities such as rarely reflect themselves in the mirror of the ordinary understanding. It seems little to be perceived, how much the great Scriptural idea of the *worldly* and the *unworldly* is found to emerge in literature as well as in life. In reality, the very same combinations of moral qualities, infinitely varied, which compose the harsh physiognomy of what we call worldliness in the living groups of life, must unavoidably present themselves in books. A library divides into sections of worldly and unworldly, even as a crowd of men divides into that same majority and minority. The world has an instinct for recognizing its own, and recoils from certain qualities when exemplified in books, with the same

disgust or defective sympathy as would have governed it in real life. From qualities for instance of childlike simplicity, of shy profundity, or of inspired self-communion, the world does and must turn away its face towards grosser, bolder, more determined, or more intelligible expressions of character and intellect; and not otherwise in literature, nor at all less in literature, than it does in the realities of life.

Charles Lamb, if any ever was, is amongst the class here contemplated; he, if any ever has, ranks amongst writers whose works are destined to be forever unpopular, and yet forever interesting; interesting moreover by means of those very qualities which guarantee their non-popularity. The same qualities which will be found forbidding to the worldly and the thoughtless, which will be found insipid to many even amongst robust and powerful minds, are exactly those which will continue to command a select audience in every generation. The prose essays, under the signature of "Elia," form the most delightful section amongst Lamb's works. They traverse a peculiar field of observation, sequestered from general interest; and they are composed in a spirit too delicate and unobtrusive to catch the ear of the noisy crowd, clamoring for strong sensations. But this retiring delicacy itself, the pensiveness checkered by gleams of the fanciful, and the humor that is touched with cross-lights of pathos, together with the picturesque quaintness of the objects casually described, whether men, or things, or usages; and in the rear of all this, the constant recurrence to ancient recollections and to decaying forms of household life, as things retiring before the tumult of new and revolutionary generations; — these traits in combination communicate to the papers a grace and strength of originality which nothing in any literature approaches, whether for degree or kind of excellence, except the most felicitous papers of Addison, such as those on Sir Roger de Coverley, and some others in the same vein of composition. They resemble Addison's papers also in the diction, which is natural and idiomatic even to carelessness. They are equally faithful to the truth of nature; and in this only they differ remarkably — that the sketches of Elia reflect the stamp and impress of the writer's own character, whereas in all those of Addison the personal peculiarities of the delineator (though known to the reader from the beginning through the account of the club) are nearly quiescent. Now and then they are recalled into a momentary

notice, but they do not act, or at all modify his pictures of Sir Roger or Will Wimble. *They* are slightly and amiably eccentric; but the Spectator himself, in describing them, takes the station of an ordinary observer.

Everywhere, indeed, in the writings of Lamb, and not merely in his 'Elia,' the character of the writer co-operates in an undercurrent to make the effect of the thing written. To understand in the fullest sense either the gayety or the tenderness of a particular passage, you must have some insight into the peculiar bias of the writer's mind, whether native and original, or impressed gradually by the accidents of situation; whether simply developed out of predispositions by the action of life, or violently scorched into the constitution by some fierce fever of calamity. There is in modern literature a whole class of writers, though not a large one, standing within the same category; some marked originality of character in the writer becomes a coefficient with what he says to a common result; you must sympathize with this *personality* in the author before you can appreciate the most significant parts of his views. In most books the writer figures as a mere abstraction, without sex or age or local station, whom the reader banishes from his thoughts. What is written seems to proceed from a blank intellect, not from a man clothed with fleshly peculiarities and differences. These peculiarities and differences neither do, nor (generally speaking) *could* intermingle with the texture of the thoughts so as to modify their force or their direction. In such books — and they form the vast majority — there is nothing to be found or to be looked for beyond the direct objective. (*Sit venia verbo!*) But in a small section of books, the objective in the thought becomes confluent with the subjective in the thinker — the two forces unite for a joint product; and fully to enjoy the product, or fully to apprehend either element, both must be known. It is singular and worth inquiring into, for the reason that the Greek and Roman literature had no such books. Timon of Athens, or Diogenes, one may conceive qualified for this mode of authorship, had journalism existed to rouse them in those days; their "articles" would no doubt have been fearfully caustic. But as they failed to produce anything, and Lucian in an after age is scarcely characteristic enough for the purpose, perhaps we may pronounce Rabelais and Montaigne the earliest of writers in the class described. In the century following theirs came Sir Thomas Browne, and immediately

after him La Fontaine. Then came Swift, Sterne, with others less distinguished; in Germany, Hippel the friend of Kant, Harmann the obscure, and the greatest of the whole body — John Paul Friedrich Richter. In him, from the strength and determinateness of his nature as well as from the great extent of his writing, the philosophy of this interaction between the author as a human agency and his theme as an intellectual reagency might best be studied. From him might be derived the largest number of cases, illustrating boldly this absorption of the universal into the concrete — of the pure intellect into the human nature of the author. But nowhere could illustrations be found more interesting — shy, delicate, evanescent — shy as lightning, delicate and evanescent as the colored pencilings on a frosty night from the Northern Lights, than in the better parts of Lamb.

To appreciate Lamb, therefore, it is requisite that his character and temperament should be understood in their coyest and most wayward features. A capital defect it would be if these could not be gathered silently from Lamb's works themselves. It would be a fatal mode of dependency upon an alien and separable accident if they needed an external commentary. But they do *not*. The syllables lurk up and down the writings of Lamb, which decipher his eccentric nature. His character lies there dispersed in anagram; and to any attentive reader the re-gathering and restoration of the total word from its scattered parts is inevitable without an effort. Still it is always a satisfaction in knowing a result, to know also its *why* and *how;* and in so far as every character is likely to be modified by the particular experience, sad or joyous, through which the life has traveled, it is a good contribution towards the knowledge of that resulting character as a whole to have a sketch of that particular experience. What trials did it impose? What energies did it task? What temptations did it unfold? These calls upon the moral powers, which in music so stormy many a life is doomed to hear,— how were they faced? The character in a capital degree molds oftentimes the life, but the life *always* in a subordinate degree molds the character. And the character being in this case of Lamb so much of a key to the writings, it becomes important that the life should be traced, however briefly, as a key to the character.

DESPAIR

From 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater'

THEN suddenly would come a dream of far different character — a tumultuous dream — commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep, music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and like that, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day — a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where, — somehow, but I knew not how, — by some beings, but I knew not by whom, — a battle, a strife, an agony, was traveling through all its stages, — was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams, where of necessity we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then like a chorus the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed — and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then — everlasting farewells! and with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated — everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated — everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, "I will sleep no more!"

THE DEAD SISTER

From 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater'

On the day after my sister's death, whilst the sweet temple of her brain was yet unviolated by human scrutiny, I formed my own scheme for seeing her once more. Not for the world would I have made this known, nor have suffered a witness to accompany me. I had never heard of feelings that take the name of "sentimental," nor dreamed of such a possibility. But grief even in a child hates the light, and shrinks from human eyes. The house was large, there were two staircases; and by one of these I knew that about noon, when all would be quiet, I could steal up into her chamber. I imagine that it was exactly high noon when I reached the chamber door; it was locked, but the key was not taken away. Entering, I closed the door so softly that although it opened upon a hall which ascended through all the stories, no echo ran along the silent walls. Then turning around, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved, and the back was now turned. Nothing met my eyes but one large window wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at noonday was showering down torrents of splendor. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the express types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold or for heart to conceive any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life.

Let me pause for one instant in approaching a remembrance so affecting and revolutionary for my own mind, and one which (if any earthly remembrance) will survive for me in the hour of death,—to remind some readers, and to inform others, that in the original 'Opium Confessions' I endeavored to explain the reason why death, *cæteris paribus*, is more profoundly affecting in summer than in other parts of the year; so far at least as it is liable to any modification at all from accidents of scenery or season. The reason, as I there suggested, lies in the antagonism between the tropical redundancy of life in summer and the dark sterilities of the grave. The summer we see, the grave we haunt with our thoughts; the glory is around us, the darkness is within us. And the two coming into collision, each exalts the other into stronger relief. But in my case there was even a subtler reason why the summer had this intense power of

vivifying the spectacle or the thoughts of death. And recollecting it, often I have been struck with the important truth, that far more of our deepest thoughts and feelings pass to us through perplexed combinations of *concrete* objects, pass to us as *involutes* (if I may coin that word) in compound experiences incapable of being disentangled, than ever reach us *directly* and in their own abstract shapes. It had happened that amongst our nursery collection of books was the Bible, illustrated with many pictures. And in long dark evenings, as my three sisters with myself sate by the firelight round the guard of our nursery, no book was so much in request amongst us. It ruled us and swayed us as mysteriously as music. One young nurse, whom we all loved, before any candle was lighted would often strain her eye to read it for us; and sometimes, according to her simple powers, would endeavor to explain what we found obscure. We, the children, were all constitutionally touched with pensiveness; the fitful gloom and sudden lambencies of the room by firelight suited our evening state of feelings; and they suited also the divine revelations of power and mysterious beauty which awed us. Above all, the story of a just man — man and yet *not* man, real above all things and yet shadowy above all things, who had suffered the passion of death in Palestine — slept upon our minds like early dawn upon the waters.

The nurse knew and explained to us the chief differences in Oriental climates; and all these differences (as it happens) express themselves in the great varieties of summer. The cloudless sunlights of Syria — those seemed to argue everlasting summer; the disciples plucking the ears of corn — that *must* be summer; but above all, the very name of Palm Sunday (a festival in the English Church) troubled me like an anthem. "Sunday!" what was *that?* That was the day of peace which masked another peace, deeper than the heart of man can comprehend. "Palms!" what were they? *That* was an equivocal word; palms in the sense of trophies expressed the pomps of life; palms as a product of nature expressed the pomps of summer. Yet still, even this explanation does not suffice; it was not merely by the peace and by the summer, by the deep sound of rest below all rest, and of ascending glory, that I had been haunted. It was also because Jerusalem stood near to those deep images both in time and in place. The great event of Jerusalem was at hand when Palm Sunday came; and the scene of that Sunday was near in place to

Jerusalem. Yet what then was Jerusalem? Did I fancy it to be the *omphalos* (navel) of the earth? That pretension had once been made for Jerusalem, and once for Delphi; and both pretensions had become ridiculous as the figure of the planet became known. Yes, but if not of the earth, for earth's tenant Jerusalem was the *omphalos* of mortality. Yet how? There on the contrary it was, as we infants understood, that mortality had been trampled under foot. True; but for that very reason, there it was that mortality had opened its very gloomiest crater. There it was indeed that the human had risen on wings from the grave; but for that reason, there also it was that the Divine had been swallowed up by the abyss; the lesser star could not rise before the greater would submit to eclipse. Summer therefore had connected itself with death, not merely as a mode of antagonism, but also through intricate relations to Scriptural scenery and events.

Out of this digression, which was almost necessary for the purpose of showing how inextricably my feelings and images of death were entangled with those of summer, I return to the bedchamber of my sister. From the gorgeous sunlight I turned round to the corpse. There lay the sweet childish figure, there the angel face; and as people usually fancy, it was said in the house that no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead indeed,—the serene and noble forehead,—*that* might be the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands laid palm to palm as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish,—could these be mistaken for life? Had it been so, wherefore did I not spring to those heavenly lips with tears and never-ending kisses? But so it was *not*. I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow,—the most mournful that ear ever heard. Mournful! that is saying nothing. It was a wind that had swept the fields of mortality for a hundred centuries. Many times since, upon a summer day, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one sole *audible* symbol of eternity. And three times in my life I have happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances; namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day.

Instantly, when my ear caught this vast Æolian intonation, when my eye filled with the golden fullness of life, the pomps and glory of the heavens outside, and, turning, when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky a shaft which ran up forever. I in spirit rose, as if on billows that also ran up the shaft forever, and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but *that* also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on for ever and ever. Frost, gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death, seemed to repel me; I slept — for how long I cannot say; slowly I recovered my self-possession, and found myself standing as before, close to my sister's bed.

O flight of the solitary child to the solitary God — flight from the ruined corpse to the throne that could not be ruined! — how rich wert thou in truth for after years! Rapture of grief that, being too mighty for a child to sustain, foundest a happy oblivion in a heaven-born dream, and within that sleep didst conceal a dream; whose meaning, in after years, when slowly I deciphered, suddenly there flashed upon me new light; and even by the grief of a child, as I will show you, reader, hereafter, were confounded the falsehoods of philosophers.

In the 'Opium Confessions' I touched a little upon the extraordinary power connected with opium (after long use) of amplifying the dimensions of time. Space also it amplifies, by degrees that are sometimes terrific. But time it is upon which the exalting and multiplying power of opium chiefly spends its operation. Time becomes infinitely elastic, stretching out to such immeasurable and vanishing termini that it seems ridiculous to compute the sense of it, on waking, by expressions commensurate to human life. As in starry fields one computes by diameters of the earth's orbit, or of Jupiter's, so in valuing the *virtual* time lived during some dreams, the measurement by generations is ridiculous — by millennia is ridiculous; by æons, I should say, if æons were more determinate, would be also ridiculous. On this single occasion, however, in my life, the very inverse phenomenon occurred. But why speak of it in connection with opium? Could a child of six years old have been under that influence? No, but simply because it so exactly reversed the operation of opium. Instead of a short interval expanding into a vast one, upon this occasion a long one had contracted into a minute. I have reason

to believe that a *very* long one had elapsed during this wandering or suspension of my perfect mind. When I returned to myself, there was a foot (or I fancied so) on the stairs. I was alarmed; for I believed that if anybody should detect me, means would be taken to prevent my coming again. Hastily, therefore, I kissed the lips that I should kiss no more, and slunk like a guilty thing with stealthy steps from the room. Thus perished the vision, loveliest amongst all the shows which earth has revealed to me; thus mutilated was the parting which should have lasted forever; thus tainted with fear was the farewell sacred to love and grief, to perfect love and perfect grief.

O Ahasuerus, everlasting Jew! fable or not a fable, thou, when first starting on thy endless pilgrimage of woe,—thou, when first flying through the gates of Jerusalem and vainly yearning to leave the pursuing curse behind thee,—couldst not more certainly have read thy doom of sorrow in the misgivings of thy troubled brain, than I when passing forever from my sister's room. The worm was at my heart; and confining myself to that state of life, I may say, the worm that could not die. For if when standing upon the threshold of manhood, I had ceased to feel its perpetual gnawings, *that* was because a vast expansion of intellect,—it was because new hopes, new necessities, and the frenzy of youthful blood, had translated me into a new creature. Man is doubtless *one* by some subtle *nexus* that we cannot perceive, extending from the new-born infant to the superannuated dotard; but as regards many affections and passions incident to his nature at different stages, he is *not* one: the unity of man in this respect is coextensive only with the particular stage to which the passion belongs. Some passions, as that of sexual love, are celestial by one half of their origin, animal and earthly by the other half. These will not survive their own appropriate stage. But love which is *altogether* holy, like that between two children, will revisit undoubtedly by glimpses the silence and the darkness of old age; and I repeat my belief—that unless bodily torment should forbid it, that final experience in my sister's bedroom, or some other in which her innocence was concerned, will rise again for me to illuminate the hour of death.

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW

From 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater'

OFTENTIMES at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the new-born infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness,—typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying perhaps in his heart, "Behold what is greater than yourselves!" This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore watches over human education.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart: therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number, as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty; the *Parcæ* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always with colors sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black;

the *Furies* are three, who visit, with retributions called from the other side of the grave, offenses that walk upon this; and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now;* but in Oxford I said, "One of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know." For already in my fervent youth I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful sisters. These sisters — by what name shall we call them?

If I say simply "The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow, — separate cases of sorrow, — whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart; and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations; that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them therefore *Our Ladies of Sorrow.*

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation, — Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven.

Her eyes are sweet and subtile, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard that sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sate all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with; whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the springtime of the year,

and whilst yet her own spring was budding, he recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns forever over *her;* still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844–5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of her keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honor with the title of "Madonna."

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtile; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops forever, forever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister Madonna is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against Heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamors, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah; of the Jew; of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes forever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to

the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother,—as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered; every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste like sepulchral lamps among the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsmen, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace:—all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest—! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her!* Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes rising so high *might* be hidden by distance. But being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with a tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*,—Our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai*, or Sublime Goddesses, these were the *Eumenides*, or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation) of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this: —

"Lo! here is he whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshiped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolator, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou,"— turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said,— "wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope, wither the relenting of love, scorch the fountains of tears, curse him as only thou canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace, so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had,— to plague his heart until he had unfolded the capacities of his spirit."

SAVANNAH-LA-MAR

From 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater'

God smote Savannah-la-mar, and in one night by earthquake removed her, with all her towers standing and population sleeping, from the steadfast foundations of the shore to the coral floors of ocean. And God said: — "Pompeii did I bury and conceal from men through seventeen centuries; this city I will bury, but not conceal. She shall be a monument to men of my mysterious anger, set in azure light through generations to come;

for I will enshrine her in a crystal dome of my tropic seas." This city therefore, like a mighty galleon with all her apparel mounted, streamers flying, and tackling perfect, seems floating along the noiseless depths of ocean; and oftentimes in glassy calms, through the translucid atmosphere of water that now stretches like an air-woven awning above the silent encampment, mariners from every clime look down into her courts and terraces, count her gates, and number the spires of her churches. She is one ample cemetery, and has been for many a year; but in the mighty calms that brood for weeks over tropic latitudes, she fascinates the eye with a *Fata Morgana* revelation as of human life still subsisting, in submarine asylums sacred from the storms that torment our upper air.

Thither, lured by the loveliness of cerulean depths, by the peace of human dwellings privileged from molestation, by the gleam of marble altars sleeping in everlasting sanctity, oftentimes in dreams did I and the Dark Interpreter cleave the watery veil that divided us from her streets. We looked into the belfries, where the pendulous bells were waiting in vain for the summons which should awaken their marriage peals; together we touched the mighty organ keys, that sang no *jubilates* for the ear of Heaven, that sang no requiems for the ear of human sorrow; together we searched the silent nurseries, where the children were all asleep, and had been asleep through five generations. "They are waiting for the heavenly dawn," whispered the Interpreter to himself: "and when that comes, the bells and the organs will utter a *jubilate* repeated by the echoes of Paradise." Then turning to me he said:—"This is sad, this is piteous; but less would not have sufficed for the purpose of God. Look here. Put into a Roman clepsydra one hundred drops of water; let these run out as the sands in an hour-glass, every drop measuring the hundredth part of a second, so that each shall represent but the three-hundred-and-sixty-thousandth part of an hour. Now count the drops as they race along; and when the fiftieth of the hundred is passing, behold! forty-nine are not, because already they have perished; and fifty are not, because they are yet to come. You see therefore how narrow, how incalculably narrow, is the true and actual present. Of that time which we call the present, hardly a hundredth part but belongs either to a past which has fled, or to a future which is still on the wing. It has perished, or it is not born. It was, or it is

not. Yet even this approximation to the truth is *infinitely* false. For again subdivide that solitary drop, which only was found to represent the present, into a lower series of similar fractions, and the actual present which you arrest measures now but the thirty-six-millionth of an hour; and so by infinite declensions the true and very present, in which only we live and enjoy, will vanish into a mote of a mote, distinguishable only by a heavenly vision. Therefore the present, which only man possesses, offers less capacity for his footing than the slenderest film that ever spider twisted from her womb. Therefore also even this incalculable shadow from the narrowest pencil of moonlight is more transitory than geometry can measure, or thought of angel can overtake. The time which *is*, contracts into a mathematic point; and even that point perishes a thousand times before we can utter its birth. All is finite in the present; and even that finite is infinite in its velocity of flight towards death. But in God there is nothing finite; but in God there is nothing transitory; but in God there *can* be nothing that tends to death. Therefore it follows that for God there can be no present. The future is the present of God, and to the future it is that he sacrifices the human present. Therefore it is that he works by earthquake. Therefore it is that he works by grief. Oh, deep is the plowing of earthquake! Oh, deep"—(and his voice swelled like a *sanctus* rising from the choir of a cathedral)—"Oh, deep is the plowing of grief! But oftentimes less would not suffice for the agriculture of God. Upon a night of earthquake he builds a thousand years of pleasant habitations for man. Upon the sorrow of an infant he raises oftentimes from human intellects glorious vintages that could not else have been. Less than these fierce plowshares would not have stirred the stubborn soil. The one is needed for earth, our planet,—for earth itself as the dwelling-place of man; but the other is needed yet oftener for God's mightiest instrument,—yes" (and he looked solemnly at myself), "is needed for the mysterious children of the earth!"

THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS AND JOAN OF ARC

From 'Miscellaneous Essays'

Bishop of Beauvais! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold—thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both, sometimes, kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl,—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you,—let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she from her dungeon, she from her baiting at the stake, she from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart, that resurrection of springtime which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from her, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests, were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege, for *her* might be created in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like that, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. The mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered, the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burdened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes; and because upon that fluctuating mirror, rising from the fens of death, most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews nor the holy

dawn could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, bishop, well! Oh mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling; towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English Prince, Regent of France. There is my lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal that died and made no sign. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No; it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit upon the judgment seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no; he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting; the mighty audience is gathered, the Court are hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel?—"Counsel I have none; in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counselor there is none now that would take a brief from *me;* all are silent." Is it indeed come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity; but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counselor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you: yes, bishop, SHE—when heaven and earth are silent.

PAUL DÉROULÈDE

(1846–1914)

PAUL DÉROULÈDE was born in Paris. He was educated at the lycée of Versailles and the Paris Law School. But from boyhood the poetic instinct was strong in him, and the success of his uncle Émile Augier, the dramatist, aroused his enthusiasm so that he neglected the Codes and began to publish verse under the pen name of Jean Rebel. His first considerable work was ‹Juan Strenner› (1869), a one-act drama which was not a success.

At the outbreak of the Franco-German war of 1870, Paul Déroulède tried to enlist and was twice rejected. Accepted at last, he soon won his stripes, and was a second lieutenant in the zouaves when he was made prisoner. Undaunted, he immediately began to plan for escape, and after several unsuccessful attempts succeeded. He then joined a regiment of Algerian sharpshooters and gave such an excellent account of himself that he was several times mentioned in dispatches and won the Cross of the Legion of Honor. A wound near the close of hostilities took him from the field; and it was during the retirement thus enforced that he wrote the lyrics ‹Songs of the Soldier› that first made him famous throughout his native country.

Not since the days of the ‹Marseillaise› had the fighting spirit of the French people found such sympathetic expression; his songs were read and sung all over the country; they received the highest honor of the Academy, and their popularity continued long after peace was declared, nearly one hundred and fifty editions having been exhausted up to 1895. Déroulède now devoted himself to literature and politics. ‹New Songs of the Soldier› and a volume of ‹Songs of the Peasant,› almost as popular as the war songs, were interspersed with dramatic works also in verse, ‹L'Hetman› (1877) and ‹La Moabite› (1880), which were received on the stage with great favor. A cantata, ‹Vive la France,› written also in 1880, was set to music by Gounod. Two other dramas, ‹Messire Duguesclin› (1895) and ‹La Mort de Hoche› (1897), met with a large measure of success. Déroulède wrote a novel and several works in prose which did not attract special attention.

In 1882 Déroulède had organized the ‹Ligue des Patriotes› and in 1887 entered politics, joining the party of General Boulanger. Several times deputy, he made himself conspicuous in the Chamber by his eloquence and his violence. In 1899 he tried without success to start a revolution, was arrested, prosecuted, and acquitted. Rearrested shortly after, he was charged with conspiracy against the state, and banished from France for ten years (January, 1900). Par-

doned by the President in 1905, he haughtily declined the favor, and came back only when the Chamber had voted a general amnesty (November 2nd, 1905). He was defeated at the election of 1906, and abandoned active politics, but he was a born leader, and remained to the last the idol of his followers.

Déroulède's best verses are distinguished by inspiration and genuine enthusiasm. Careless of form and finish, not always stopping to make sure of his rhymes or perfect his metre, he gave the freest vent to his emotions. Some of the heart-glow which makes the exhilaration of Burns's poems infectious is found in his songs, but they are generally so entirely French that its scope is limited in a way that the Scotch poet's, despite his vernacular, was not. The Frenchman's sympathy is always with the harder side of life. In the ‹Songs of the Soldier› he plays on chords of steel. These verses resound with the blast of the bugle, the roll of the drum, the flash of the sword, the rattle of musketry, the boom of the cannon; and even in the ‹Songs of the Peasant› it is the corn and the wine, as the fruit of toil, that appeal to him, rather than the grass and the flowers embellishing the fields.

THE HARVEST

From ‹Chants du Paysan›

THE wheat, the hardy wheat is rippling on the breeze.
'Tis our great mother's sacred mantle spread afar,
Old Earth revered, who gives us life, in whom we are
We the dull clay the living God molds as he please.

The wheat, the hardy wheat bends down its heavy head,
Blessèd and consecrate by the Eternal hand;
The stalks are green although the yellow ears expand:
Keep them, O Lord, from 'neath the tempest's crushing tread!

The wheat, the hardy wheat spreads like a golden sea
Whose harvesters — bent low beneath the sun's fierce light,
Stanch galley-slaves, whose oar is now the sickle bright —
Cleave down the waves before them falling ceaselessly.

The wheat, the hardy wheat ranged in its serried rows,
Seems like some noble camp upon the distant plain.
Glory to God! — the crickets chirp their wide refrain;
From sheaf to sheaf the welcome bread-song sweeping goes.

Translated for ‹A Library of the World's Best Literature,› by Thomas Walsh.

IN GOOD QUARTERS

From 'Poèmes Militaires'

MIREBEAU, 1871

GOOD old woman, bother not,
Or the place will be too hot:
You might let the fire grow old—
Save your fagots for the cold:
I am drying through and through.

But she, stopping not to hear,
Shook the smoldering ashes near:
"Soldier, not too warm for you!"

Good old woman, do not mind;
At the storehouse I have dined:
Save your vintage and your ham,
And this cloth—such as I am
Are not used to—save it too.

But she heard not what I said—
Filled my glass and cut the bread:
"Soldier, it is here for you!"

Good old woman—sheets for me!
Faith, you treat me royally:
And your stable? on your hay?
There at length my limbs to lay?
I shall sleep like monarchs true.

But she would not be denied
Of the sheets, and spread them wide:
"Soldier, it is made for you!"

Morning came—the parting tear:
Well—good-by! What have we here?
My old knapsack full of food!
Dear old creature—hostess good—
Why indulge me as you do?

It was all that she could say,
Smiling in a tearful way:
"I have one at war like you!"

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Thomas Walsh.

«GOOD FIGHTING!»

From 'Poèmes Militaires'

THE Kroumirs leave their mountain den;
Sing, bullets, sing! and bugles, blow!
Good fighting to our gallant men,
And happy they who follow, when,
Brothers in arms so dear, these go.

Yea, happy they who serve our France,
And neither pain nor danger fly;
But in the front of war's advance
Still deem it but a glorious chance,
To be among the brave who die!

No splendid war do we begin,
No glory waits us when 'tis past;
But marching through the fiery din,
We see our serried ranks grow thin,
And blood of Frenchmen welling fast.

French blood!—a treasure so august,
And hoarded with such jealous care,
To crush oppression's strength unjust,
With all the force of right robust,
And buy us back our honor fair;—

We yield it now to duty's claim,
And freely pour out all our store;
Who judges, frees us still from blame;
The Kroumirs' muskets war proclaim;—
In answer let French cannon roar!

Good fighting! and God be your shield,
Our pride's avengers, brave and true!
France watches you upon the field.
Who wear her colors never yield,
For 'tis her heart ye bear with you!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Katharine Hillard.

LAST WISHES

From 'Poèmes Militaires'

A GRAVE for me — a grave — and why?
I do not wish to sleep alone:
Let me within the trenches lie,
Side by side with my soldiers thrown.

Dear old comrades of wars gone by,
Come, 'tis our final "halt" is nigh:
Clasp your brave hearts to my own.

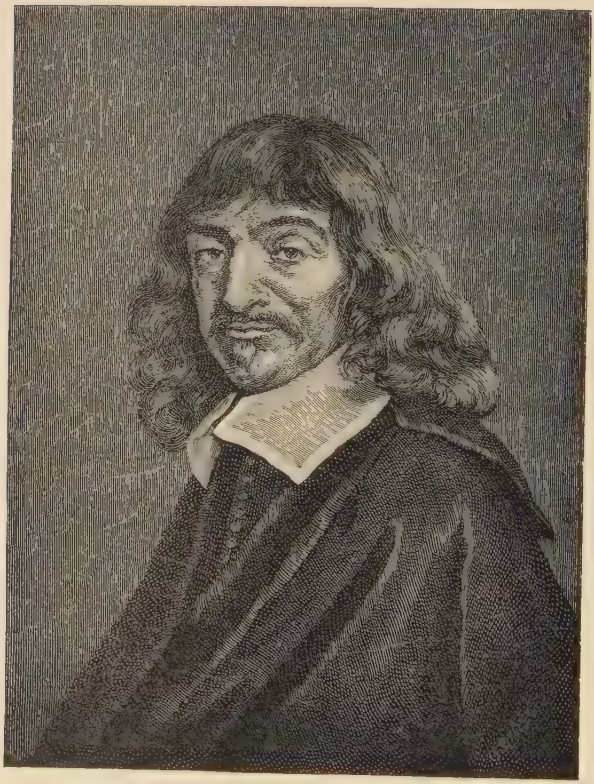
A sheet for me — a sheet — and why?
Such is for them on their beds who moan:
The field is the soldier's place to die,
The field of carnage, of blood and bone.

Dear old comrades of wars gone by,
This is the prayer of my soul's last sigh:
Clasp your brave hearts to my own.

Tears for me — these tears — and why?
Knells let the vanquished foe intone!
France delivered! — I still can cry,
France delivered — invaders flown!

Dear old comrades of wars gone by,
Pain is nothing, and death — a lie!
Clasp your brave hearts to my own!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Thomas Walsh.



RENÉ DESCARTES

RENÉ DESCARTES

(1596–1650)

THE broad scope of literature is illustrated by its inclusion of the writings of René Descartes (Latinized, Renatus Cartesius). Deliberately turning away from books, and making naught alike of learned precedent and literary form, he yet could not but avail himself unconsciously of the heritage which he had discarded.

This notable figure in seventeenth-century philosophy was born of ancient family at La Haye, in Touraine, France, March 31st, 1596; and died at Stockholm, Sweden, February 11th, 1650. From a pleasant student life of eight years in the Jesuit college at La Flèche, he went forth in his seventeenth year with unusual acquirements in mathematics and languages, but in deep dissatisfaction with the long dominant scholastic philosophy and the whole method prescribed for arriving at truth. In a strong youthful revolt, his first step was a decision to discharge his mind of all the prejudices into which his education had trained his thinking. As a beginning in this work he went to Paris, for observation of facts and of men. There, having drifted through a twelvemonth of moderate dissipation, he secluded himself for nearly two years of mathematical study, as though purposing to reduce his universe to an equation in order to solve it. The laws of number he could trust, since their lines configured the eternal harmony.

At the age of twenty-one he entered on a military service of two years in the army of the Netherlands, and then of about two years in the Bavarian army. From 1621, for about four years, he was roaming as an observer of men and nature in Germany, Belgium, and Italy, afterward sojourning in Paris about three and a half years. In 1629 he began twenty years of study and authorship in practical seclusion in Holland. His little work, 'Discours de la Méthode' (Leyden, 1637), is often declared to have been the basis for a reconstitution of the science of thought. It would now perhaps be viewed by the majority of critics rather as a necessary clearing of antiquated rubbish from the ground on which the new construction was to rise. Next to it among his works are usually ranked 'Meditationes de Prima Philosophia,' and 'Principia Philosophiæ.'

The long sojourn in Holland was ended in September 1649, in response to an urgent invitation from the studious young Queen

Christina of Sweden, who wanted the now famous philosopher as an ornament to her court. After some hesitancy he sailed for Stockholm, where only five months afterward he died.

It has been said of Descartes that he was a spectator rather than an active worker in affairs. He was no hero, no patriot, no adherent of any party. He entered armies, but not from love of a cause; the army was a sphere in which he could closely observe the aspects of human life. He was never married, and probably had little concern with love. His attachment to a few friends seems to have been sincere. For literature as such he cared little. Erudition, scholarship, historic love, literary elegance, were nothing to him. Art and æsthetics did not appeal to him. Probably he was not a great reader, even of philosophic writers. He delighted in observing facts with a view to finding, stating, and systematizing their relations in one all-comprehending scheme. He never allowed himself to attack the Church in either its doctrine or its discipline. As a writer, though making no attempt at elegance in style, he is deemed remarkably clear and direct when the abstruseness of his usual themes is considered.

Descartes's method in philosophy gives signs of formation on the model of a process in mathematics. In all investigations he would ascertain first what must exist by necessity; thus establishing axioms evidenced in all experience, because independent of all experience. The study of mathematics for use in other departments drew him into investigations whose results made it a new science. He reformed its clumsy nomenclature, also the algebraic use of letters for quantities; he introduced system into the use of exponents to denote the powers of a quantity, thus opening the way for the binomial theorem; he was the first to throw clear light on the negative roots of equations; his is the theorem by use of which the maximum number of positive or negative roots of an equation can be ascertained. Analytical geometry originated with his investigation of the nature and origin of curves.

His mathematical improvements opened the way for the reform of physical science and for its immense modern advance. In his optical investigations he established the law of refraction of light. His ingenious theory of the vortices — tracing gravity, magnetism, light, and heat, to the whirling or revolving movements of the molecules of matter with which the universe is filled — was accepted as science for about a quarter of a century.

In mental science Descartes's primary instrument for search of truth was Doubt: everything was to be doubted until it had been proved. This was provisional skepticism, merely to provide against foregone conclusions. It was not to preclude belief, but to summon

and assure belief as distinct from the inane submission to authority, to prejudice, or to impulse. In this process of doubting everything, the philosopher comes at last to one fact which he cannot doubt — the fact that he exists; for if he did not exist he could not be thinking his doubt. *Cogito, ergo sum* is one point of absolute knowledge; it is a clear and ultimate perception.

The first principle of his philosophy is, that our consciousness is truthful in its proper sphere, also that our thought is truthful and trustworthy under these two conditions — when the thought is clear and vivid, and when it is held to a theme utterly distinct from every other theme; since it is impossible for us to believe that either man who thinks, or the universe concerning which he thinks, is organized on the basis of a lie. There are «necessary truths,» and they are discoverable.

A second principle is, the inevitable ascent of our thought from the fragmentary to the perfect, from the finite to the infinite. Thus the thought of the infinite is an «innate idea,» a part of man's potential consciousness. This principle (set forth in one of the selections given herewith) is the Cartesian form of the *a priori* argument for the Divine existence, which like other *a priori* forms is viewed by critics not as a proof in pure logic, but as a commanding and luminous appeal to man's entire moral and intellectual nature.

A third principle is, that the material universe is necessarily reduced in our thought ultimately to two forms, extension and local movement — extension signifying matter, local movement signifying force. There is no such thing as empty space; there are no ultimate indivisible atoms; the universe is infinitely full of matter.

A fourth principle is, that the soul and matter are subsistences so fundamentally and absolutely distinct that they cannot act in reciprocal relations. This compelled Descartes to resort to his strained supposition that all correspondence or synchronism between bodily movements and mental or spiritual activities is merely reflex or automatic, or else is produced directly by act of Deity. For relief from this violent hypothesis, Leibnitz modified the Cartesian philosophy by his famous theory of a pre-established harmony.

Descartes did a great work, but it was not an abiding reconstruction: indeed, it was not construction so much as it was a dream — one of the grandest and most suggestive in the history of thought. Its audacious disparagement of the whole scholastic method startled Europe, upon the dead air of whose philosophy it came as a refreshing breath of transcendental thought. Its suggestions and inspirations are traceable as a permanent enrichment, though its vast fabric swiftly dissolved. The early enthusiasm for it in French literary circles and among professors in the universities of Holland scarcely

outlasted a generation. Within a dozen years after the philosopher's death, the Cartesian philosophy was prohibited by ecclesiastical authorities and excluded from the schools. Yet the unity of all truth through relations vital, subtle, firm, and universal, though seen only in a vision of the night, abides when the night is gone.

With the impressive and noteworthy 'Discours de la Méthode' (Leyden, 1637), were published three essays supporting it: 'La Dioptrique,' 'Les Météores,' 'La Géométrie.' Of his other works, the most important are 'Meditationes de Prima Philosophia' (Paris, 1641, Amsterdam, 1642), and 'Principia Philosophiæ' (Amsterdam, 1644). A useful English translation of his most important writings, with an introduction, is by John Veitch, LL. D.,—'The Method, Meditations, and Selections from the Principles' (Edinburgh, 1853; 11th ed., London, 1897; New York, 1899). See also, English translations of portions of his philosophical works, by W. Cunningham (1877), Lowndes (1878), Mahaffy (1880), Martineau (1885), Henry Rogers, Huxley, and L. Stephen, and H. A. P. Torrey (New York, 1892).

For his Life, see 'Vie de Descartes,' by Baillet (2 vols., 1691); 'Descartes and his School,' by Kuno Fischer (English translation, 1887); 'Descartes, his Life and Times,' by Elizabeth S. Haldane (1905), with full bibliography, and 'Descartes,' by J. P. Mahaffy (1902).

OF CERTAIN PRINCIPLES OF ELEMENTARY LOGICAL THOUGHT

From the 'Discourse on Method'

As a multitude of laws often only hampers justice, so that a State is best governed when, with few laws, these are rigidly administered; in like manner, instead of the great number of precepts of which Logic is composed, I believed that the four following would prove perfectly sufficient for me, provided I took the firm and unwavering resolution never in a single instance to fail in observing them.

The *first* was never to accept anything for true which I did not clearly know to be such; that is to say, carefully to avoid precipitancy and prejudice, and to comprise nothing more in my judgment than what was presented to my mind so clearly and distinctly as to exclude all ground of doubt.

The *second*, to divide each of the difficulties under examination into as many parts as possible, and as might be necessary for its adequate solution.

The *third*, to conduct my thoughts in such order that, by commencing with objects the simplest and easiest to know, I might ascend by little and little, and as it were step by step, to the knowledge of the more complex; assigning in thought a certain order even to those objects which in their own nature do not stand in a relation of antecedence and sequence.

And the *last*, in every case to make enumerations so complete, and reviews so general, that it might be assured that nothing was omitted.

The long chains of simple and easy reasonings by means of which geometers are accustomed to reach the conclusions of their most difficult demonstrations, had led me to imagine that all things to the knowledge of which man is competent are mutually connected in the same way, and that there is nothing so far removed from us as to be beyond our reach, or so hidden that we cannot discover it, provided only we abstain from accepting the false for the true, and always preserve in our thoughts the order necessary for the deduction of one truth from another. And I had little difficulty in determining the objects with which it was necessary to commence, for I was already persuaded that it must be with the simplest and easiest to know, and, considering that of all those who have hitherto sought truth in the Sciences, the mathematicians alone have been able to find any demonstrations,—that is, any certain and evident reasons,—I did not doubt but that such must have been the rule of their investigations. I resolved to commence, therefore, with the examination of the simplest objects, not anticipating, however, from this any other advantage than that to be found in accustoming my mind to the love and nourishment of truth, and to a distaste for all such reasonings as were unsound. But I had no intention on that account of attempting to master all the particular sciences commonly denominated Mathematics: but observing that however different their objects, they all agree in considering only the various relations or proportions subsisting among those objects, I thought it best for my purpose to consider these proportions in the most general form possible; without referring them to any objects in particular, except such as would most facilitate the knowledge of them, and without by any means restricting them to these, that afterwards I might thus be the better able to apply them to every other class of objects to which they are legitimately applicable. Perceiving, further, that in order to

understand these relations I should sometimes have to consider them one by one, and sometimes only to bear them in mind, or embrace them in the aggregate, I thought that in order the better to consider them individually, I should view them as subsisting between straight lines, than which I could find no objects more simple, or capable of being more distinctly represented to my imagination and senses; and on the other hand, that in order to retain them in the memory, or embrace an aggregate of many, I should express them by certain characters the briefest possible. In this way I believed that I could borrow all that was best both in geometrical analysis and in algebra, and correct all the defects of the one by help of the other.

AN ELEMENTARY METHOD OF INQUIRY

From the 'Discourse on Method'

SEEING that our senses sometimes deceive us, I was willing to suppose that there existed nothing really such as they presented to us; and because some men err in reasoning and fall into paralogisms, even on the simplest matters of geometry, I, convinced that I was as open to error as any other, rejected as false all the reasonings I had hitherto taken for demonstrations; and finally, when I considered that the very same thoughts (presentations) which we experience when awake may also be experienced when we are asleep, while there is at that time not one of them true, I supposed that all the objects (presentations) that had ever entered into my mind when awake had in them no more truth than the illusions of my dreams. But immediately upon this I observed that whilst I thus wished to think that all was false, it was absolutely necessary that I, who thus thought, should be somewhat; and as I observed that this truth, —"*I think, hence I am,*"—was so certain and of such evidence that no ground of doubt, however extravagant, could be alleged by the skeptics capable of shaking it, I concluded that I might without scruple accept it as the first principle of the philosophy of which I was in search.

In the next place, I attentively examined what I was, and as I observed that I could suppose that I had no body, and that that there was no world nor any place in which I might be; but that I could not therefore suppose that I was not; and that on

the contrary, from the very circumstance that I thought to doubt of the truth of other things, it most clearly and certainly followed that I was; while on the other hand, if I had only ceased to think, although all the other objects which I had ever imagined had been in reality existent, I would have had no reason to believe that I existed; I thence concluded that I was a substance whose whole essence or nature consists only in thinking, and which, that it may exist, has need of no place, nor is dependent on any material thing; so that "I"—that is to say, the mind by which I am what I am—is wholly distinct from the body, and is even more easily known than the latter, and is such that although the latter were not, it would still continue to be all that it is.

After this I inquired in general into what is essential to the truth and certainty of a proposition; for since I had discovered one which I knew to be true, I thought that I must likewise be able to discover the ground of this certitude. And as I observed that in the words "*I think, hence I am,*" there is nothing at all which gives me assurance of their truth beyond this, that I see very clearly that in order to think it is necessary to exist,—I concluded that I might take, as a general rule, the principle that all the things which we very clearly and distinctly conceive are true; only observing however that there is some difficulty in rightly determining the objects which we distinctly conceive.

In the next place, from reflecting on the circumstance that I doubted, and that consequently my being was not wholly perfect (for I clearly saw that it was a greater perfection to know than to doubt), I was led to inquire whence I had learned to think of something more perfect than myself; and I clearly recognized that I must hold this notion from some Nature which in reality was more perfect. As for the thoughts of many other objects external to me, as of the sky, the earth, light, heat, and a thousand more, I was less at a loss to know whence these came; for since I remarked in them nothing which seemed to render them superior to myself, I could believe that if these were true, they were dependences on my own nature in so far as it possessed a certain perfection; and if they were false, that I held them from nothing,—that is to say, that they were in me because of a certain imperfection of my nature. But this could not be the case with the idea of a Nature more perfect than myself: for to receive it from nothing was a thing manifestly impossible; and

because it is not less repugnant that the more perfect should be an effect of and dependence on the less perfect, than that something should proceed from nothing, it was equally impossible that I could hold it from myself: accordingly it but remained that it had been placed in me by a Nature which was in reality more perfect than mine, and which even possessed within itself all the perfections of which I could form any idea,—that is to say, in a single word, which was God. . . .

I was disposed straightway to search for other truths; and when I had represented to myself the object of the geometers, which I conceived to be a continuous body, or a space indefinitely extended in length, breadth, and height or depth, divisible into divers parts which admit of different figures and sizes, and of being moved or transposed in all manner of ways (for all this the geometers suppose to be in the object they contemplate), I went over some of their simplest demonstrations. And in the first place, I observed that the great certitude which by common consent is accorded to these demonstrations is founded solely upon this, that they are clearly conceived in accordance with the rules I have already laid down. In the next place, I perceived that there was nothing at all in these demonstrations which could assure me of the existence of their object: thus, for example, supposing a triangle to be given, I distinctly perceived that its three angles were necessarily equal to two right angles, but I did not on that account perceive anything which could assure me that any triangle existed; while on the contrary, recurring to the examination of the idea of a Perfect Being, I found that the existence of the Being was comprised in the idea in the same way that the equality of its three angles to two right angles is comprised in the idea of a triangle, or as in the idea of a sphere, the equidistance of all points on its surface from the centre, or even still more clearly; and that consequently it is at least as certain that God, who is this Perfect Being, is, or exists, as any demonstration of geometry can be.

THE IDEA OF GOD

From the 'Meditations'

THERE only remains, therefore, the idea of God, in which I must consider whether there is anything that cannot be supposed to originate with myself. By the name God I understand a substance infinite, eternal, immutable, independent, all-knowing, all-powerful, and by which I myself, and every other thing that exists,—if any such there be,—were created. But these properties are so great and excellent, that the more attentively I consider them, the less I feel persuaded that the idea I have of them owes its origin to myself alone. And thus it is absolutely necessary to conclude, from all that I have before said, that God exists; for though the idea of substance be in my mind owing to this,—that I myself am a substance,—I should not however have the idea of an infinite substance, seeing I am a finite being, unless it were given me by some substance in reality infinite.

And I must not imagine that I do not apprehend the infinite by a true idea, but only by the negation of the finite, in the same way that I comprehend repose and darkness by the negation of motion and light: since, on the contrary, I clearly perceive that there is more reality in the infinite substance than in the finite, and therefore that in some way I possess the perception (notion) of the infinite before that of the finite, that is, the perception of God before that of myself; for how could I know that I doubt, desire, or that something is wanting to me, and that I am not wholly perfect, if I possessed no idea of a being more perfect than myself, by comparison with which I knew the deficiencies of my nature?

And it cannot be said that this idea of God is perhaps materially false, and consequently that it may have arisen from nothing (in other words, that it may exist in me from my imperfection), as I before said of the ideas of heat and cold, and the like; for on the contrary, as this idea is very clear and distinct, and contains in itself more objective reality than any other, there can be no one of itself more true, or less open to the suspicion of falsity.

The idea, I say, of a being supremely perfect and infinite, is in the highest degree true; for although perhaps we may imagine

that such a being does not exist, we nevertheless cannot suppose that this idea represents nothing real, as I have already said of the idea of cold. It is likewise clear and distinct in the highest degree, since whatever the mind clearly and distinctly conceives as real or true, and as implying any perfection, is contained entire in this idea. And this is true, nevertheless, although I do not comprehend the infinite, and although there may be in God an infinity of things that I cannot comprehend, nor perhaps even compass by thought in any way; for it is of the nature of the infinite that it should not be comprehended by the finite: and it is enough that I rightly understand this, and judge that all which I clearly perceive, and in which I know there is some perfection, and perhaps also an infinity of properties of which I am ignorant, are formally or eminently in God, in order that the idea I have of him may become the most true, clear, and distinct of all the ideas in my mind.

But perhaps I am something more than I suppose myself to be; and it may be that all those perfections which I attribute to God in some way exist potentially in me, although they do not yet show themselves and are not reduced to act. Indeed, I am already conscious that my knowledge is being increased and perfected by degrees; and I see nothing to prevent it from thus gradually increasing to infinity, nor any reason why, after such increase and perfection, I should not be able thereby to acquire all the other perfections of the Divine nature; nor in fine, why the power I possess of acquiring those perfections, if it really now exist in me, should not be sufficient to produce the ideas of them. Yet on looking more closely into the matter I discover that this cannot be; for in the first place, although it were true that my knowledge daily acquired new degrees of perfection, and although there were potentially in my nature much that was not as yet actually in it, still all these excellences make not the slightest approach to the idea I have of the Deity, in whom there is no perfection merely potentially, but all actually existent; for it is even an unmistakable token of imperfection in my knowledge, that it is augmented by degrees. Further, although my knowledge increase more and more, nevertheless I am not therefore induced to think that it will ever be actually infinite, since it can never reach that point beyond which it shall be incapable of further increase. But I conceive God as actually infinite, so that nothing can be added to his perfection. And in

fine, I readily perceive that the objective being of an idea cannot be produced by a being that is merely potentially existent,—which properly speaking is nothing, but only a being existing formally or actually.

And truly, I see nothing in all that I have now said which it is not easy for any one who shall carefully consider it, to discern by the natural light; but when I allow my attention in some degree to relax, the vision of my mind being obscured and as it were blinded by the images of sensible objects, I do not readily remember the reason why the idea of a being more perfect than myself must of necessity have proceeded from a being in reality more perfect. On this account I am here desirous to inquire further whether I, who possess this idea of God, could exist supposing there were no God. And I ask, from whom could I in that case derive my existence? Perhaps from myself, or from my parents, or from some other causes less perfect than God; for anything more perfect, or even equal to God, cannot be thought or imagined. But if I were independent of every other existence, and were myself the author of my being, I should doubt of nothing, I should desire nothing, and in fine, no perfection would be wanting to me; for I should have bestowed upon myself every perfection of which I possess the idea, and I should thus be God. And it must not be imagined that what is now wanting to me is perhaps of more difficult acquisition than that of which I am already possessed; for on the contrary, it is quite manifest that it was a matter of much higher difficulty that I, a thinking being, should arise from nothing, than it would be for me to acquire the knowledge of many things of which I am ignorant, and which are merely the accidents of a thinking substance; and certainly, if I possessed of myself the greater perfection of which I have now spoken,—in other words, if I were the author of my own existence,—I would not at least have denied to myself things that may be more easily obtained, as that infinite variety of knowledge of which I am at present destitute. I could not indeed have denied to myself any property which I perceive is contained in the idea of God, because there is none of these that seems to be more difficult to make or acquire; and if there were any that should happen to be more difficult to acquire, they would certainly appear so to me (supposing that I myself were the source of the other things I possess), because I should discover in them a limit to my power.

PAUL DESJARDINS

(1859–)

No nation of Modern Europe has known such rapid and startling developments in the course of a single century as France in the period stretching from the end of the eighteenth century to the end of the nineteenth.

From fierce class-hatred, an inheritance bequeathed by generations of selfish aristocrats, there was but one step to violent upheaval and revolution. Then followed hastily conceived, impractical reconstructions; a brilliant young Emperor with a no less brilliant career, reaching a sudden and tragic downfall; two futile attempts at reestablishing the old Monarchy, on a basis too much shaken by popular distrust and the incapacity or willfulness of former kings; and still another Emperor, carried to the throne on the waves of imperialistic enthusiasm; finally, a great national humiliation, military defeat at the hands of an enemy neighbor, made possible by discord in the heart of the nation, party strife, and administrative corruption and inefficiency.

With defeat came first a deep sense of humiliation, a general feeling of discouragement and, for some years, of depression. M. de Vogüé, himself one of the apostles of the Reaction and a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, has very aptly characterized this phase of French dejection. He says: —

«The French children who were born just before 1870 grew up in an atmosphere of patriotic mourning and amidst the discouragement of defeat. National life, such as it became reconstituted after that terrible shock, revealed to them on all sides nothing but abortive hopes, paltry struggles of interest, and a society without any other hierarchy but that of money, and without other principle or ideal than the pursuit of material enjoyment. Literature . . . reflected these same tendencies; it was dejected or vile, and distressed the heart by its artistic dryness or disgusted it by its trivial realism. Science itself . . . began to appear to many what it is in reality, namely, a means, not an end; its prestige declined and its infallibility was questioned. . . . Above all, it was clear from too evident social symptoms that if science can satisfy some very distinguished minds, it can do nothing to moralize and discipline societies. . . .

«For a hundred years after the destruction of the religious and political dogmas of the past, France had lived as best she could on some few fragile dogmas, which had in their turn been consecrated by a naïve superstition; these dogmas were the principles of 1789 — the almightiness of reason, the efficacy of absolute liberty, the sovereignty of the people — in a word, the whole *credo* of the revolution. . . . In order to shake that faith [in these

principles] . . . it was necessary that human reason, proclaimed infallible, should turn its arms against itself. And that is what happened. Scientific criticism, after having ruined old dogmatism, . . . made as short work of the revolutionary legend as of the monarchical one, and showed itself as pitiless for the rights of man as it had been for the rights of God. All these causes combined, sufficiently explain the nihilism and pessimism which invaded the souls of the young during the past ten years. . . . Clear-sighted boys analyzed life with a vigor and a precision unknown to their predecessors; having analyzed it, they found it bad; they turned away from life with fear and horror. There was heard from the peaks of intelligence a great cry of discouragement: — ‹Beware of deceitful nature; fear life, emancipate yourselves from life!› This cry was first uttered by the masters of contemporary thought, — a Schopenhauer, a Taine, a Tolstoy; below them, thousands of humbler voices repeat it in chorus. According to each one's turn of mind, the new philosophy assumed shades different in appearance — Buddhist nirvana, atheistic nihilism, mystic asceticism; but all these theories proceeded from the same sentiment, and all these doctrines may be reduced to the same formula: — ‹Let us depreciate life, let us escape from its snares.›»

With a new generation, however, fresh hope was born. The wise outcome of humiliation was introspection and self-criticism and, born of the two, a new sense of duty towards the nation as a whole, a wide-hearted patriotism that learnt the lesson of misfortune in a renewed sense of responsibility and willingness to endure.

It was at this point that literature and politics became very closely interrelated; poets and playwrights formed and expressed views on matters of political importance; while on the other hand diplomats, scientists, professors, began more and more to use literary forms and outlets as a means of spreading their ideas and increasing their influence. Paul Desjardins was one of the most inspired young writers of this group. Born in 1859 as the son of a prominent member of the ‹Institut› and professor at the Collège de France in Paris, he became in his turn professor of Rhetoric at the Collège Stanislas and at the Lycée Michelet. His career as professor may perhaps have been less brilliant than that of his father; he is best known as a contributor to the Journal des Débats, to the Revue Bleue, the Gazette des Beaux-Arts, and other periodicals. In the history of his nation he will always be remembered as one whose noble convictions and admirable clearness of vision inspired Young France with new ideals and led public thought into wider channels.

His was an active idealism, not content to dream, to plan and hope, but ready to suffer and sacrifice, and eager to awaken «lukewarm allies,» idealists of the dreamy type, and change them from mere believers into active workers for the betterment of human kind. In one of his earliest essays (‹Une Critique›), he has unconsciously expressed his rule of life in the following words: —

«Whatever deserves to be, deserves the best attention of our intellect. Everything calls for interest, only it must be an interest divested of self-interest, and sincere. But above all we must labor — labor hard — to understand, respect, and tenderly love in others whatever contains one single grain of simple intrinsic Goodness. Believe me, this is everywhere, and it is everywhere to be found, if you will only look for it. . . .

«The supremacy of the truly Good! — here lies the root of the whole teaching — the whole new way of looking at things and judging men. . . .

«New views of the universality of our world, of poetry, of religion, of kindness (human kindness), of virtue, of worth! . . . Think it over; these are the objects on which our new generation is fixing its thoughts, and trying to awaken yours. This it is which is so new!»

Translation of Madame Blaze de Bury.

Madame Blaze de Bury, his warm admirer and critic, testifies that these were not mere words, but principles firmly rooted in the author's character. She says: —

«One of the chief characteristics of Paul Desjardins's utterances is their total disinterestedness, their absolute detachment from self. Nowhere else have you the same indescribable purity, the same boundless generosity of joy in other good, the same pervading altruism. . . . What is in other men the indirect and hidden source of their public acts, is in him the direct source of life itself — the life to be lived; and also of the mode in which that life is to be conceived and to be made apparent to the world. Sincerity is the prime virtue of life. Each leader proves his faith by his individual conduct, as by his judgments on events and men. The pure passion of abstract thought fires each to do the best that is his to do. His life is to be the word-for-word translation of his own spirit.»

Such a «Leader» Paul Desjardins became in 1892 after the publication of his pamphlet entitled «The Present Duty.» Here he not only made clear his fervid convictions, but he used all the impressiveness at his command to awaken a real and active interest in the hearts of his readers. He made a broad division of the men of his day into «positives» and «negatives,» according to the answer they found in their hearts to the question whether we are mere playthings in the hands of a willful Destiny, or whether we have a real object in life. In his own mind there existed no doubt as to the reality of our duties as human beings. He did not go so far as to condemn, in so many words, the «negatives» whom he could even sometimes pronounce charming; he left them to their own way of living, happily thoughtless and irresponsible. But he tried to rally round a common aim all positive minds, whether Christian or Jew, Stoic or Kantian, in short, all those who felt themselves free, responsible human beings. To these he addressed his appeal for greater sincerity, for morality not merely as an outcome of convention, but as the result of conviction and purity of heart. Though surrounded by most discouraging signs of the low

state of public morals, the idealist in him still clung to his belief in the Good inherent in all men.

His own fervid hopes kindled the enthusiasm of some of his readers. A group of men, including members of most classes of society as well as adherents to various religious creeds and political parties, joined together and formed a ‹Union of Moral Action,› the object of which was the gradual formation of a healthy public mind and the creation of a new standard of common morality. This led to more searching questions, to doubts, differences of opinion, and even attacks. Desjardins tried to follow up his first success by a series of articles published in the Journal des Débats under the title ‹The Conversion of the Church.› His first and all-important commandment was: «Be sincere; follow the honest impulses of your conscience. All outward forms of Faith or Creed are of value only as long as they are the expression of your innermost convictions.» Basing his argument on this principle, he then proceeded to point out wherein lay the weakness of the Church and of similar institutions, namely in the over-cultivation of elaborate, but empty form, coupled with a lack of appreciation for the primitive need which had originally given a meaning to such form. Few of his early followers kept pace with him in this more radical advance, and, partly as a result of this, Desjardins withdrew from publicity and henceforward devoted most of his leisure to literary studies; amongst these, the appreciative essays on Corneille deserve notice.

The current of thought started by Desjardins has been merged in a flood of similar agitation in which his personality has become much less prominent, but it should not be forgotten that he was one of the originators of a movement of great importance for France and therefore for the world at large. The appreciation accorded to his pamphlets at their appearance, and the esteem in which their author was held by his early contemporaries are well illustrated by the fact that Jules Lemaître, one of the foremost modern French critics, actually used Desjardins's name to coin a new word, «Desjardinism,» by which he wishes to express «whatever is highest and purest and of most rare attainment in the Idealism of the present hour, — the ideal of spiritual life, absolute morality.»

THE PRESENT DUTY

THERE are many of us who at times have forgotten our personal troubles, however great they were, by picturing to ourselves the moral distress of souls around us, and by meditating on the possible remedy for this universal ill. Some remain serene before this spectacle; they resign themselves to fatal evil and inextricable doubt; they look with cold blood on that which is. Others, like the one who speaks here, are more affirmative because they are more impassioned, more wounded, knowing neither how to forget nor how to be patient, nor yet how to despair peaceably; they are less troubled by that which is, than by that which ought to be; they have even turned towards that which ought to be, as towards the salvation for which their whole heart is calling. It is their weakness not to know how to interest themselves for any length of time in what does not in some way assume the aspect of a duty that concerns them. They do not contest, in fact, that it is a weakness not to be able to look with a disinterested eye on disease, corporal or spiritual; a weakness to feel the necessity of having something to do at the bedside of the dying, even if that something be in vain,— to employ the anguish of one's heart in preparing, even up to the supreme moment, remedies in the shadow of the chamber.

We are in a state of war. It would be almost cowardly to be silent about our intimate beliefs, for they are contradicted and attacked. We must not content ourselves with a pacification or truce which will permit us with facile weakness to open all the pores of our intelligence to ideas contrary to our conviction. It is necessary on the contrary to gird ourselves, to intrench ourselves. There is to-day, between us and many of our contemporaries, an irreconcilable disagreement that must be faced, a great combat in which parts must be taken. As far as I can see this is what it is. In a word, are subjection to animal instinct, egoism, falsehood, absolutely evil, or are they merely "inelegances"?— that is to say, things deprecated just at present, but which, well ornamented and perfumed with grace, might not again attract us, satisfy us, furnish us a type of life equivalent after all to the life of the sages and saints; for nothing shows us with certainty that the latter is any better than the former.

Are justice and love a sure good, a sure law, and the harbor of safety? Or are they possible illusions, probable vanities? Have we a destiny, an ideal, or are we agitating ourselves without cause and without purpose for the amusement of some malicious demiurge, or simply for the absurd caprice of great Pan? This is the question that divides consciences. A great subject of dispute; surely greater than that of the divinity of Jesus Christ, for example, than that even of the existence of a personal God, or of any other purely speculative question you please; and above all, one more urgent: for there are counter-blows in it, which frighten me in my every-day existence,—me, a man kept to the business of living from the hour I awake to the light until the hour I go to sleep; and according to the answer I may give myself on this point, is the spirit in which I dig in my little garden.

Personally I have taken sides, after reflection; after experience also, I do profess with conviction that humanity has a destiny and that we live for something. What is to be understood exactly by this word humanity? In short, I know not, only that this, of which I know nothing, does not exist yet, but it is on the road to existence, on the road to make itself known; and that it concerns me who am here. What must be understood by this word destiny? I do not know much more; I have only, so far, dreams about it, dreams born of some profound but incommunicable love, which an equal love only could understand; my conscience is not pure enough to conceive a stronger conviction; I only affirm that this destiny of humanity, if it were known, would be such that all men, ignorant or simple, could participate in it. It is already something to know that, in short, I see at least by lightning-flashes, from which side the future will shine; and I walk towards it, and live thus, climbing up in a steep dark forest towards a point where a light is divined, a light that cannot deceive me, but which the obtruding branches of a complicated and apparent life hide from me. That which will bring me nearer it is not arguing about the probable nature of the light, but walking; I mean, fortifying in myself and others a will for the Good. . . .

We have on one side undecided and lukewarm allies, on the other adversaries; and we are forced necessarily to combat. This necessity will become clearer each day; . . . it is the "antagonism of negatives and positives—of those who tend to destroy

and those who tend to reconstruct." . . . There is no question here, be it understood, of knowing whether we are deceiving ourselves in choosing such or such a particular duty; that I would concede without trouble, having always estimated that our moral judgments, like our acts, have need of ceaseless revision and amelioration, according to an endless progression. There is a question of much more; of knowing in an absolute manner whether there be a duty for us or not. . . . Good is in fact that which ought to be. Like Christ, who according to St. Paul is not a Yes and a No, but a Yes, duty is a Yes; to slip into it the shadow of a possibility of a No is to destroy it. . . .

The men of to-day are thus negatives or positives, as they range themselves under one opinion or the other. And they must range themselves under one of the two. They cannot escape. The question which divides us, to know whether we live in vain, imposes itself upon every one who opens his lips or moves his finger, upon every conscious being who breathes. That So-and-so never speaks of it, never thinks of it, may be; but their lives answer for them and testify loudly enough. I confess that at first sight the negatives seem for the moment the more numerous. They include many groups, which I shall not enumerate here. I range with them the charming uncertain ones, like M. Renan and his melodious disciples, the sombre and nihilistic Buddhists; all those to whom the law of the completion of man through the good is indeed foolish and chimerical, since their lives imply the negation of it: I mean to say the immense multitude of those who live in any kind of way, good easy people, refined possibly, from caprice, coquetry or laziness, but in complete moral anæsthesia.

Now we come to the positives. They include first of all, true Christians, and all true Jews, attached to the profound spirit of their religion; then the philosophers and poets who affirm or sing the moral ideal, the new disciples of Plato, the Stoics, the Kantians, famous or unknown, to whom life alone, outside of all speculation, is a solid affirmation of the possibility and sufficiency of the good. That the actions of these men and women, on the way to creating themselves free beings, human beings, have the same value as doctrine, cannot be denied. They labor and suffer here and there, each one in his own cell; each one making his own goodness consist in the realization of what he believes to be the absolute good; making themselves faithful servants of something;

existing outside of themselves; the city, religion, charity, justice, truth even, or beauty, conceived as modes of adoration. . . . All these compose, it seems to me, one and the same Church, having the philosophers and poets of duty for doctors of divinity, the heroes of duty for congregation. These may be called by the general name of "Positives."

Let our eyes be opened: everything that surrounds us is vitiated; many of the children playing on the promenades are sickly, their little faces are often enough marked with livid blotches, their bones are often enough twisted, sad symptoms of the degradation of parents. At every street corner are distributed libertine productions by traders in the depravity of the weak. If any one wishes to recognize the furnace of vice burning within us, let him observe merely the looks cast upon an honest woman as she passes, by respectable men, old men. What savage expressions intercepted under the feverish light of the electric lamps! What tension, what spasms of covetousness! What hallucinations of pleasure and of gold! Tragic matter here, but low tragedies *à la* Balzac, not those acted under an open sky by heroes. A few pistol-shots from time to time, a few poisonings, some drownings: that is all that transpires of the interior evil. The rest passes away in suppressed tears, brooding hatreds, in accepted shame. In such confusion the consciences of the best, of the most disinterested ones, lose the cleanness of their stamp. "You are smiling there at an obscenity," said I to a friend; he protested; then reflecting, agreed with me, quite astonished that he had not perceived it. Honest men are troubled by all this circumjacent corruption. And rightly so, for at the bottom they are parts of it; they are distinguished from it only by more cleanliness, education, elegance, but not by principle.

In fact, from top to bottom, all this society lives on sensation; that is the common trait through it all, and it is graded according to the quality of its sensations. . . . Fundamentally there is only sensation, with here and there unequally subtle nerves. There are no terms less reconcilable one to another than research of sensation and moral obligation. There is nothing more opposed. Therefore he who expects all from his sensations depends absolutely on externals, upon the fortuitous things of life, in all their incoherence; he is no longer a self-centre, he feels himself no longer responsible, his personality is dissolved, evaporated; it

does not react, and ambient nature already absorbs him, like some dead thing. . . . .

And this is where we are. I recognize then the evil; I see it in its extent. Nevertheless, to paint this lamentable picture once more is not to show our moral ideas. Our moral idea is what we believe touching the life which shall be best; it is not exactly our life.

Ever since the antique Medea of Ovid uttered that cry, many others, one after another, have groaned over the fact that, seeing the best and approving it, they yet follow the worst — alas!

. . . . . .

Such a sorrow is to-day profound and universal; there where vice abounds, sorrow superabounds. It is no longer that melancholy born of the insufficiency of external reality, once for all recognized, that felt by Obermann and proud romanticists; but a humble, narrow, ragged rancor, mixed with disdain, with disgust, born of our insufficiency to ourselves, perceived thoroughly. Never, I believe, have we been more generally sad than in these times. And it is that which saves us; I find here our greatness. He alone is lost who feels himself at ease and healthful in evil; consciences without anxiety are the only hopeless ones. Let us hope then, for it cannot be denied that we feel we are very ill. It is apparent that we are in labor with something which shall be our cure. The symptoms of this painful labor are not lacking. The works which are appearing now, pre-eminent in form, but obscure and hesitating in principles, bear signs of the stress in which they were conceived; soon they will seem merely specious. In the poetry, romance, painting, music, of to-day, how many exquisite works are born, not of energy guided by love, but only of a dream of energy, a dream of love, on the shores of inconsolable exile! The truth is, we no longer know what to become; when any one of the antique misfortunes strikes us,— death, abandonment, ruin,— we no longer bear it as our fathers did. We no longer know the dignified, peaceful mournings of old; but under an unexpected stroke, the torment, the complicated rending in the heart, show that it has been secretly undermined. We feel indeed divided within ourselves, and we need to be unified; but the inward unification is possible only for the absolutely debauched or the absolutely good man; there is no *via media;* half-virtue rends us. . . .

Our spiritual life being in truth miracle and mystery, I do not know how to explain what each one knows so well; I do not know how there is developed within us that sublime state known and described under different names by Socrates, Plato, Plotinus, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, St. Paul, St. Augustine, Tauler, the author of the 'Imitation,' Shelley, Emerson, Tolstoy: but I know that such a state, which we all know by experience, merits alone the name of positive morality. . . . Well then, history shows that what is true of each one of us personally, is true of society.

THE CONVERSION OF THE CHURCH

While a purer spirit is visibly awakening in ailing humanity and turning it again to Christ, the religion of Christ is rejuvenating. His church is no longer motionless. Thus, in the midst of a great confusion, two religious movements which correspond with one another are defining themselves with sufficient clearness.

On the one side, men without any precise faith, and who thought themselves without any faith, have perceived that they carry within themselves that which they sought: an explanation of themselves, say a principle of salvation. At whatever point these thinking men arrive, it is apparent at the present that they are progressing in the way of the Evangel, and following the path of the cross. . . . On the other side, the Roman Catholic Church, governed by a vigilant Pope, has declared herself. She has spoken of love, at the moment when all were thirsty for love and self-forgetfulness; she intercedes for the suffering masses, at the moment when others were going to do it outside of her, perhaps against her. And more, she is resolutely to-day accenting spirituality, after having so long accented ritual or policy. The new spiritualists and the renewed Christians are thus pushed forward to a meeting with one another by the need of their practical co-operation, and also perhaps by the consciousness of their intimate kinship. They are marching from both sides, with the same rallying cry, Fraternity and sacrifice! Here they are flying from the city of the plain, where a material civilization reigns, and claiming to suffice all; they are emigrating, they know not whither, if it be only towards the heights; there

they are descending from their high, narrow, clerical, shut-in fastness.

The conversion that the Church should make is a conversion of the heart. It must become again a school of true liberty and love. Herein lies all the anxiety of the moment; and the great Catholic question lies not between the Church and the Republic, but between the Church and the People, or rather between the Church and the pure Spirit. By loving the people in truth, and by making itself the people, it is clear that the Catholic Church would simply be returning to its original source. Now, returning to its original source is, in a word, all that the Church should do; and that which, following her example, all old institutions should do so as to live and to make us live. To last, means to be re-born perpetually. In truth, each one of these institutions was born in former times, from a definite need of the soul. And at first they responded exactly to it, and that is why they prevailed; all their strength came from the fact that they were necessary; their weakness comes from the fact that they are no longer so. At first the religious community was formed of the imperious necessity of a deliverance from evil; it was not for ornament, not for the charm of burning incense under arches; . . . neither was it formed to do what kings, warriors, and judges are sufficient to do; these last would have absorbed it, but they cannot,—although they try to do so every day; but they can never do so, unless the Church abandons her own functions to usurp theirs. She would then, by forgetting her destination, commit suicide. But even then, another church would form in response to the spiritual hunger and thirst which never ceases. Thus the whole problem of the existence of an institution is to remain forever necessary, and therefore faithful to its original source.

Let us add that civil society cannot maintain itself without also constant rejuvenation,—becoming young again; it also exists only by the active consent of willing minds. It is essential for the harmony of the whole that each person should be an individual and not an automaton. As men, divided by the external accidents of habit, condition, fortune, and united by that which is fundamental within them, the weakening of that which is within them disintegrates them; and thence the principal cause of our divisions comes from hardly any one to-day being in his heart that which he appears to be. Therefore, to bring back diverse

conditions to their original source and to the reason of their being, to re-establish the principle in the centre of the life of each, is to do the work of unification. To say to the priests, "Be primitive Christians, imitate the chosen Master," is, socially speaking, a good action which all Christians and non-Christians should applaud, for the salvation of all depends upon it. The remedy of our malady, without doubt, lies not in having all France to mass, but first that all should make their faith the rule of their actions. That which lies at the bottom of our consciences is the thing by which we are brothers.

TWO IMPRESSIONS

From 'Notes Contemporaines'

Two impressions have remained with me. They date from a month's wandering in Switzerland, at a time when there are no tourists to be met. The first is of the exquisite scenes of wintry Nature, as she shows herself at this season, when none come to visit her — still, reposeful, silent, veiled — how much more touching and impressive than when profaned by the summer crowd! This is the moment when the Jura should be seen! The pine woods on the hills are but faintly powdered with snow, and the patches of dry rusty vegetation beneath lie on the gray stones like the broad red stains of blood. Seeds hang here and there on the bare branches, mixed with the tendrils of the wild vine, or with ghostly clusters of what were the flowers of the clematis. The falling leaves are golden; those already fallen are of an ashen gray. The delicate tracery overhead is of infinite complexity, exquisite in its endless detail; and the whole of this disrobed Nature, in its unadorned simplicity, has an impress of sincerity that reminds you of the drawings of Holbein. Flat pools of shallow water lie about, carpeted with mosses and mirroring the sky; the smoke of the huts rises upward gaunt and straight. No one is near; there are no passers-by; and there is no sound, except that of a waterfall, fuller in its rush than at any other season. Silence — a silence so fragile that the step of a single wayfarer on the road would be enough to break it — reigns undisturbed, and covers everything like a winding-sheet.

My second impression is of another kind, though almost as comforting, at least by the contrast; it was given me by the conversation of the peasant folk, plain humble mountaineers. The

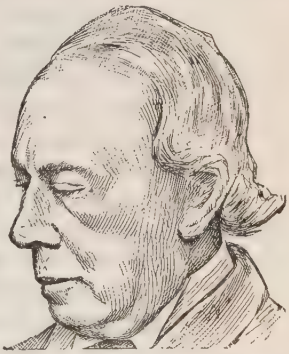
speech and thought of these men is plain and direct, devoid of artifice, clear and fathomable; they furnish you an unvarnished tale of their own simple experience — the life experience of a man, no more! They neither invent nor disguise, and are totally incapable of presenting either fact or circumstances in a way that shall suggest to the hearer another or a different sense. Our woeful habit of ridiculing what lies indeed at the bottom of our hearts they have never learned; they copy, line by line and stroke by stroke, the meaning that is in them, the intentions of their inner mind. In our Parisian haunts, it seems to me that their success would be a problem; but they are heedless of "success"; and to us, when we escape from our vitiated centres, from an atmosphere poisoned by that perpetual straining after effect, the pure undressed simplicity of these "primitives" is as refreshing as to our over-excited and exhausted nerves are the green, quiet, hidden nooks of their Alpine solitudes. With them there is no need of imaginative expression; the trouble of thought is useless; their words are the transparent revelation of their beliefs. The calm brought to the hyper-civilized spirit by this plainness and directness of Nature is absolutely indescribable; and when I came to reflect on the profoundness of mental quietude — I might say of consolation — that I had attained to during my wanderings, I could not help recognizing what a cruel, fatal part is played in the lives of all of us by irony. It is, with Frenchmen, a kind of veneer, worn even by the most unpretentious in place of whatever may be real in them; and where this outward seeming is absent, they are completely at a loss.

Well-bred Frenchmen rarely if ever have or pronounce an opinion, or pass a judgment — unless with a playful obliquity of judgment, and on things in general. They assume an air of knowing what they are talking about, and of having probed the vanity of all human effort before they have ever attempted or approached it; and even this indifference, this disdain, this apparent dislike to the responsibility of so much as an opinion, — even this is not natural, not innate; its formula is not of its own creation; it is but the repetition of what was originated by some one else. The truth is, that in our atmosphere all affirmative action is difficult; it is hard either to be or to do. This habit of irony has destroyed all healthful activity here. It is a mere instrument of evil; if you grasp it, it turns to mischief in your hands, and either slips from and eludes them, or wounds you, as often as not, mortally.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE

(1788–1846)

At Curragh Chase, in the picturesque county of Limerick, Ireland, Aubrey Hunt was born in 1788. On the death of his father he succeeded to the baronetcy and took the name of De Vere. Though his deep love of nature prompted him while very young to write descriptive verses, it was the drama that first seriously attracted him. This form he chose for his first painstaking work, 'Julian the Apostate.' The play opens at the time when Julian, having renounced the faith of his household oppressors, is allowed as a pagan worshiper to participate in the Eleusinian mysteries; when, it is said, he consented to the assassination of his uncle the Emperor Constantius. It found an admiring and enthusiastic audience and received unstinted praise from the critics. One wrote, «Lord Byron has produced nothing equal to it;» and another, «Scott has nothing so intellectual or so elevated among his exquisite sketches.»



Sir Aubrey de Vere

'Mary Tudor,' a drama written two years before his death in 1846, is his «most considerable work,» says his son, and «an expression of his sympathy with great qualities obscured by great errors and great calamities.» The sonnet was however the form of composition he preferred, and as a sonneteer he will be remembered. His sonnets are mainly historical, though he wrote also some religious and descriptive ones which Wordsworth considered «the most perfect of our age.» His earlier ones, modeled after those of Petrarch and Filicaja, are inferior in imagery, phraseology, and nobility of thought to those produced under the influence of Wordsworth, a poet whose genius De Vere was among the first to acknowledge, and whose friendship he regarded as one of the chief honors of his life.

Like his friend, De Vere was a patriot, and in his historical sonnets he has recorded his love for the land of his remoter ancestors, whereas in the 'Lamentations of Ireland' he has expressed with great ardor his love for the land of his birth. In 1842 he published 'The Song of Faith,' which with the exception of a few translations was all he gave the world in twenty years. Devoted to his occupations as a country gentleman, and being of a singularly modest

disposition, he neither loved nor courted fame, nor found in it any incentive to action.

Sir Aubrey De Vere was not in the modern acceptance of the term a national poet, nor was he, as so many of his contemporaries, anti-Irish. He modeled his poems on the great English writers, but all he wrote is pervaded with a deep sympathy for Ireland, and that at a time when such sympathy was rare.

THE CRUSADERS

THE flattering crowd wreathe laurels for the brow
Of blood-stained chief or regal conqueror;
To Cæsar or the Macedonian bow;
Meteors of earth that set to rise no more:
A hero-worship, as of old? Not now
Should chieftain bend with servile reverence o'er
The fading pageantry of Paynim lore.
True heroes they whose consecrated vow
Led them to Jewry, fighting for the Cross;
While not by Avarice lured, or lust of power
Inspired, they combated that Christ should reign,
And life laid down for him counted no loss.
On Dorylæum's plain, by Antioch's tower,
And Ascalon, sleep well the martyred slain.

THE CHILDREN BAND

From 'The Crusaders'

ALL holy influences dwell within
The breast of childhood; instincts fresh from God
Inspire it, ere the heart beneath the rod
Of grief hath bled, or caught the plague of sin.
How mighty was this fervor which could win
Its way to infant souls!—and was the sod
Of Palestine by infant Croises trod?
Like Joseph went they forth, or Benjamin,
In all their touching beauty to redeem?
And did their soft lips kiss the Sepulchre?
Alas! the lovely pageant, as a dream,
Faded! They sank not through ignoble fear;
They felt not Moslem steel. By mountain stream,
In sands, in fens, they died—no mother near!

THE ROCK OF CASHEL

ROYAL and saintly Cashel! I would gaze
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor in the meridian pomp of summer blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days,
When the sun's parting glance, through slanting showers.
Sheds o'er thy rock-throned battlements and towers
Such awful gleams as brighten o'er decay's
Prophetic cheek. At such a time, methinks,
There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless aisles
A melancholy moral; such as sinks
On the lone traveler's heart amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain stand,
Or Thebes half buried in the desert sand.

THE RIGHT USE OF PRAYER

THEREFORE when thou wouldst pray, or dost thine alms,
Blow not a trump before thee; hypocrites
Do thus, vaingloriously; the common streets
Boast of their largess, echoing their psalms.
On such the laud of man, like unctuous balms,
Falls with sweet savor. Impious counterfeits!
Prating of heaven, for earth their bosom beats!
Grasping at weeds, they lose immortal palms!
God needs not iteration nor vain cries:
That man communion with his God might share
Below, Christ gave the ordinance of prayer:
Vague ambages and witless ecstasies
Avail not: ere a voice to prayer be given,
The heart should rise on wings of love to heaven.

THE CHURCH

AY, WISELY do we call her Mother—she
Who from her liberal breath breathes sustenance
To nations; a majestic charity!
No marble symbol cold, in suppliant glance
Deceitful smiling; strenuous her advance,

Yet calm; while holy ardors, fancy-free,
Direct her measured steps: in every chance
Sedate — as Una 'neath the forest tree
Encompassed by the lions. Why, alas!
Must her perverse and thoughtless children turn
From her example? Why must the sulky breath
Of Bigotry stain Charity's pure glass?
Poison the springs of Art and Science — burn
The brain through life, and sear the heart in death?

SONNET

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In currents unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing —
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing —
And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them
Not for their sake, but His who grants them, or denies them!

BERNAL DIAZ DEL CASTILLO

(1498–1593)

Bernal Diaz del Castillo, one of the chief chroniclers of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, was born at Medina del Campo in Old Castile, about the year 1498. Concerning the date of his death, authorities differ widely. He died in Guatemala, perhaps not long after 1570, but some say not until 1593.

Of humble origin, he determined while still a youth to seek his fortune in the New World. In 1514 he went with Pedrarias to Darien and Cuba. He was a common soldier with Córdoba in the first expedition to Yucatan in 1517. He accompanied Grijalva to Mexico in the following year, and finally enlisted under the banner of Cortés. In every event that marked the career of that brilliant commander in Mexico, Diaz had a part; he was engaged in one hundred and nineteen battles, and was present at the siege and surrender of the capital in 1521. Of unswerving loyalty and bravery, according to his own naïve statement, he was frequently appointed by Cortés to highly important missions. When Cortés set out to subdue the defection under Cristoval de Olid at Honduras, Diaz followed his old chief in the terrible journey through the forests and swamps.

On his return he presumably adopted the life of a planter, although he had complained loudly of the meagre allotment of land and laborers which the conqueror gave him. In 1568, however, after the lapse of half a century, when Cortés had been dead twenty-one years, we find the veteran comfortably established as *regidor* (a civic officer) of the city of Guatemala, and busily engaged on the narrative of the heroic deeds of his youth. In his introduction to the 'Historia' Diaz frankly admits that his principal motive in taking up his pen was to vindicate the valor of himself and others, who had been completely overshadowed by the exaggerated reputation of Cortés.

When fairly started, he happened to run across the 'Crónica de la Nueva España' (Saragossa, 1554) of Gomara, secretary and chaplain to Cortés, 1540–47. At first the rough old soldier threw down his pen in despair, on noting the polished style of the scholar; but when he became aware of the gross inaccuracies of his predecessor, who had never even set foot in America, he determined, so he declares, to write above all things a faithful narrative of the stirring events in which he had participated. Thus was completed his 'Historia

Verdadera de la Conquista de la Nueva España.' For some reason this valuable manuscript lay neglected in a private library for about sixty years. Finally it fell into the hands of Father Alonso Remor, a sagacious priest. who published it at Madrid in 1632.

The narrative of this soldier historian, although clumsy, full of digressions and repetitions, and laying bare his ignorance, simplicity, and vanity, will nevertheless always be read with far more interest than the weightier works of Las Casas, Gomara, or Herrera. Prescott explained the secret of its fascination when he said:—

«Bernal Diaz, the untutored child of nature, is a most true and literal copyist of nature.' He transfers the scenes of real life by a sort of *daguerreotype* process, if I may so say, to his pages. He is among chroniclers what Defoe is among novelists. . . . All the picturesque scenes and romantic incidents of the campaign are reflected in his pages as in a mirror. The lapse of fifty years has had no power over the spirit of the veteran. The fire of youth glows in every line of his rude history, and as he calls up the scenes of the past, the remembrance of the brave companions who are gone gives, it may be, a warmer coloring to the picture than if it had been made at an earlier period.»

An excellent translation of his work is to be found in the Publications of the Hakluyt Society, ‹A True History of the Conquest of New Spain› (5 vols., 1908–1916).

FROM THE ‹TRUE HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO›

Translation of Maurice Keatinge: London, 1800

The Capture of Guatimotzin

Sandoval at this moment made a signal for the flotilla to close up to him, and perceived that Guatimotzin was prisoner to Holguin, who was taking him to Cortés. Upon this he ordered his rowers to exert their utmost to bring him up to Holguin's vessel, and having arrived by the side of it, he demanded Guatimotzin to be delivered to him as general of the whole force; but Holguin refused, alleging that he had no claim whatever.

A vessel which went to carry the intelligence of the great event, brought also to Cortés, who was then on the summit of the great temple in the Taltelulco, very near the part of the lake where Guatimotzin was captured, an account of the dispute between his officers. Cortés immediately dispatched Luis Marin and Francisco de Lugo to bring the whole party together to his quarters, and thus to stop all litigation; but he enjoined them not to omit treating Guatimotzin and his queen with the greatest respect.

During the interval he employed himself in arranging a state, as well as he could, with cloths and mantles. He also prepared a table with refreshments, to receive his prisoners. As soon as they appeared he went forward to meet them, and embracing Guatimotzin, treated him and all his attendants with every mark of respect.

The unfortunate monarch, with tears in his eyes, and sinking under affliction, then addressed him in the following words:—"Malintzin! I have done that which was my duty in the defense of my kingdom and people; my efforts have failed, and being now brought by force a prisoner in your hands, draw that poniard from your side and stab me to the heart."

Cortés embraced and used every expression to comfort him, by assurances that he held him in high estimation for the valor and firmness he had shown, and that he had required a submission from him and the people at the time that they could no longer reasonably hope for success, in order to prevent further destruction; but that was all past, and no more to be thought of it; he should continue to reign over the people as he had done before. Cortés then inquired after his queen, to which Guatimotzin replied that in consequence of the compliance of Sandoval with his request, she and her women remained in the *piraguas* until Cortés should decide as to their fate. The general then caused them to be sent for, and treated them in the best manner his situation afforded. The evening was drawing on, and it appeared likely to rain; he therefore sent the whole royal family to Cuyoacan, under the care of Sandoval. The rest of the troops then returned to their former quarters; we to ours of Tacuba, and Cortés, proceeding to Cuyoacan, took the command there, sending Sandoval to resume his station at Tepeaquilla. Thus was the siege of Mexico brought to a conclusion by the capture of Guatimotzin and his chiefs, on the thirteenth of August, at the hour of vespers, being the day of St. Hyppolitus, in the year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and twenty-one. Glorified by our Lord Jesus Christ, and Our Lady the Holy Virgin Mary his blessed mother, Amen!

Guatimotzin was of a noble appearance both in person and countenance; his features were rather large and cheerful, with lively eyes. His age was about twenty-three or four years, and his complexion very fair for an Indian. His queen, the niece of Montezuma, was young and very handsome.

The Mortality at the Conquest of Mexico

What I am going to mention is truth, and I swear and say amen to it. I have read of the destruction of Jerusalem, but I cannot conceive that the mortality there exceeded this of Mexico; for all the people from the distant provinces which belonged to this empire had concentrated themselves here, where they mostly died. The streets, the squares, the houses, and the courts of the Taltelulco were covered with dead bodies; we could not step without treading on them; the lake and canals were filled with them, and the stench was intolerable. For this reason, our troops, immediately after the capture of the royal family, retired to their former quarters. Cortés himself was for some time ill from the effect of it.

Cortés

I will now proceed to describe the person and disposition of the Marquis [Cortés]. He was of good stature and strongly built, of a rather pale complexion and serious countenance. His features were, if faulty, rather too small; his eyes mild and grave. His beard was black, thin, and scanty; his hair in the same manner. His breast and shoulders were broad, and his body very thin. He was very well limbed, and his legs rather bowed; an excellent horseman, and dexterous in the use of arms. He also possessed the heart and mind which is the principal part of the business. I have heard that when he was a lad in Hispaniola he was very wild about women, and that he had several duels with able swordsmen, in which he always came off with victory. He had the scar of a sword wound near his under lip, which appeared through his beard if closely examined, and which he received in some of those affairs. In his appearance, manners, transactions, conversation, table, and dress, everything bore the appearance of a great lord. His clothes were according to the fashion of the time; he was not fond of silks, damasks, or velvets, but everything plain, and very handsome; nor did he wear large chains of gold, but a small one of fine workmanship bearing the image of Our Lady the Blessed Virgin with her precious Son in her arms, and a Latin motto; and on the reverse, St. John the Baptist with another motto. He wore on his finger a ring with a very fine diamond, and in his cap, which according to the fashion of that day was of velvet, he bore a medal, the

head and motto of which I do not recollect; but latterly he wore a plain cloth cap without any ornament.

His table was always magnificently attended and served, with four major-domos or principal officers, a number of pages, and a great quantity of plate, both gold and silver. He dined heartily at midday, and drank a glass of wine mixed with water, of about half a pint. He was not nice in his food, nor expensive, except on particular occasions where he saw the propriety of it. He was very affable with all his captains and soldiers, especially those who accompanied him in his first expedition from Cuba. He was a Latinist, and as I have been told, a bachelor of laws. He was also something of a poet, and a very good rhetorician; very devout to Our Holy Virgin and to St. Peter, St. Jago, and St. John the Baptist, and charitable to the poor. When he swore he used to say, "By my conscience!" and when he was angry with any of us his friends, he would say, "Oh! may you repent it." When he was very angry, the veins in his throat and forehead used to swell, and when in great wrath he would not utter a syllable to any one. He was very patient under insults or injuries; for some of the soldiers were at times very rude and abusive to him; but he never resented their conduct, although he had often great reason to do so. In such cases he used only to say "Be silent!" or "Go away, in God's name, and take care not to repeat this conduct or I will have you punished." He was very determined and headstrong in all business of war, not attending to any remonstrances on account of danger; an instance of which he showed in the attack of those fortresses called the Rocks of the Marquis, which he forced us to scale, contrary to our opinions, and when neither courage, council, nor wisdom could give any rational hope of success. . .

Where we had to erect a fortress, Cortés was the hardest laborer in the trenches; when we were going into battle, he was as forward as any.

Cortés was very fond of play, both at cards and dice, and while playing he was very affable and good-humored. He used frequently at such times those cant expressions which are customary amongst persons who game. In military service he practiced the most strict attention to discipline, constantly going the rounds in person during the night, visiting the quarters of the soldiers and severely reprehending those whom he found without their armor and appointments and not ready to turn out;

repeating to them the proverb that "It is a bad sheep which cannot carry its own wool."

On our expedition to Higueras I perceived that he had acquired a habit which I had never before observed in him, and it was this: after eating, if he did not get his siesta or sleep, his stomach was affected and he fell sick. For this reason, when on the journey, let the rain be ever so heavy or the sun ever so hot, he always reposed for a short time after his repast, a carpet or cloak being spread under a tree, on which he lay down; and having slept a short time, he mounted his horse and proceeded on his journey. When we were engaged in the wars during the conquest of New Spain, he was very thin and slender; but after his return from Higueras he grew fat, and acquired a belly. He at this time trimmed his beard, which had now begun to grow white, in the short fashion. In his early life he was very liberal, but grew close latterly, some of his servants complaining that he did not pay them as he ought; and I have also to observe that in his latter undertakings he never succeeded. Perhaps such was the will of Heaven, his reward being reserved for another place; for he was a good cavalier, and very devout to the Holy Virgin, and also to St. Paul and other Holy Saints. God pardon him his sins, and me mine; and give me a good end, which is better than all conquests and victories over Indians.

Of Divine Aid in the Battle of Santa Maria de la Vitoria

In his account of this action, Gomara says that previous to the arrival of the main body of the cavalry under Cortés, Francisco de Morla appeared in the field upon a gray dappled horse, and that it was one of the holy Apostles, St. Peter or St. Jago, disguised under his person. I say that all our works and victories are guided by the hand of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that in this battle there were so many enemies to every one of us, that they could have buried us under the dust they could have held in their hands, but that the great mercy of God aided us throughout. What Gomara asserts might be the case, and I, sinner as I am, was not worthy to be permitted to see it. What I did see was Francisco de Morla, riding in company with Cortés and the rest upon a chestnut horse; and that circumstance and all the others of that day appear to me, at this moment that I am writing, as if actually passing in view of these sinful eyes. But

although I, unworthy sinner that I am, was unfit to behold either of those holy Apostles, upwards of four hundred of us were present: let their testimony be taken. Let inquiry also be made how it happened that when the town was founded on that spot, it was not named after one or other of those holy Apostles, and called St. Jago de la Vitoria, or St. Pedro de la Vitoria, as it was Santa Maria, and a church erected and dedicated to one of those holy saints. Very bad Christians were we indeed, according to the account of Gomara, who, when God sent us his Apostles to fight at our head, did not every day after acknowledge and return thanks for so great a mercy! Would to heaven that it were so; but until I read the chronicle of Gomara I never heard of it, nor was it ever mentioned amongst the conquerors who were then present.

Cortés Destroys Certain Idols

There was on the island of Cozumel a temple, and some hideous idols, to which all the Indians of the neighboring districts used to go frequently in solemn procession. . . . Cortés summoned all the caciques and chief persons to come to him, and as well as he could, by signs and interpretations, explained to them that the idols which they worshiped were not gods, but evil things which would draw their souls down to hell, and that if they wished to remain in a brotherly connection with us, they must pull them down and place in their stead the crucifix of our Lord, by whose assistance they would obtain good harvests and the salvation of their souls; with many other good and holy reasons, which he expressed very well. The priests and chiefs replied that they worshiped these gods as their ancestors had done, because they were kind to them; and that if we attempted to molest them, the gods would convince us of their power by destroying us in the sea. Cortés then ordered them to be prostrated, which we immediately did, rolling them down some steps. He next sent for lime, of which there was abundance in the place, and Indian masons, by whom under our direction a very handsome altar was constructed, whereon we placed an image of the Holy Virgin; and the carpenters having made a crucifix, which was erected in a small chapel close to the altar, mass was said by the Reverend Father Juan Diaz, and listened to by the priests, chiefs, and the rest of the natives, with great attention.

CHARLES DIBDIN

(1745–1814)

THE saying, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws," receives an interesting illustration in the sea songs of Charles Dibdin. They were written at a momentous period in English history. The splendid gallantry and skill of England's sailors, and the genius of her naval commanders, had made her mistress of the seas, and the key of all combinations against the French Cæsar. The sterling qualities of the British seaman are the inspiration of Dibdin's songs.

CHARLES DIBDIN

Many of these were first given at Dibdin's monodramatic entertainments at the Sans Souci Theatre in London, or as parts of his musical dramas. They appealed at once to Englishmen, and were sung by every ship's crew; they fired the national spirit, and played so important a part in the quickening of English patriotism that the government, recognizing their stirring force in animating the naval enthusiasm during the Napoleonic wars, granted a pension of £200 a year to the "Ocean Bard of England."

Charles Dibdin was born in 1745, in a small village near the great seaport of Southampton. His love of the salt air drew him often to the ocean's shores, where he saw the ships of all lands pass and repass, and heard the merry sailors' songs. And yet his own songs, upon which his title to a place in literature rests, were incidental products of his active mind. He was an actor, a dramatist, and a composer as well. He wrote some thirty minor plays and the once popular operettas of 'The Shepherd's Artifice,' 'The Padlock,' 'The Quaker,' and 'The Waterman.' He wrote also a 'History of the Stage,' 'Musical Tour through England,' and an autobiography which bore the title 'Professional Life.' His two novels are now forgotten, but it is interesting to recall that for the Stratford Jubilee in honor of Shakespeare, the words of which were by Garrick, Dibdin composed the much admired songs, dances, and serenades. He wrote more than thirteen hundred songs, most of which had of course only a brief existence; but there

were enough of them, burning with genuine lyric fire, to entitle him to grateful remembrance among England's poets.

In all of these songs, whether the theme be his native land or the wind-swept seas that close it round, love is the poet's real inspiration; love of old England and her sovereign, love of the wealth-bringing ocean, love of the good ship that sails its waves. This fundamental affection for the things of which he sings has endeared the songs of Dibdin to the heart of the British sailor; and in this lies the proof of their genuineness. His songs are simple and melodious; there is a manly ring in their word and rhythm; they have the swagger and the fearlessness of the typical tar; they have, too, the beat of his true heart, his kindly waggery, his sturdy fidelity to his country and his king. There is nothing quite like them in any other literature.

SEA SONG

I SAILED in the good ship the Kitty,
With a smart blowing gale and rough sea;
Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
Safe at her anchor. Yo, Yea!

She blubbered salt tears when we parted,
And cried "Now be constant to me!"
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up went the anchor. Yo, Yea!

And from that time, no worse nor no better,
I've thought on just nothing but she,
Nor could grog nor flip make me forget her,—
She's my best bower-anchor. Yo, Yea!

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard
And the storm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her should be harbored
Was my cable and anchor. Yo, Yea!

And yet, my boys, would you believe me?
I returned with no rhino from sea;
Mistress Polly would never receive me,
So again I heav'd anchor. Yo, Yea!

SONG: THE HEART OF A TAR

YET though I've no fortune to offer,
I've something to put on a par;
Come, then, and accept of my proffer,—
'Tis the kind honest heart of a tar.

Ne'er let such a trifle as this is,
Girls, be to my pleasure a bar;
You'll be rich though 'tis only in kisses,
With the kind honest heart of a tar.

Besides, I am none of your ninnies;
The next time I come from afar,
I'll give you a lapful of guineas,
With the kind honest heart of a tar.

Your lords, with such fine baby faces,
That strut in a garter and star,—
Have they, under their tambour and laces,
The kind honest heart of a tar?

POOR JACK

GO PATTER to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
And it ain't to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest topgallant-mast smack smooth should smite
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and house everything tight.
And under reef foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay;
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch;
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;

And a many fine things that proved clearly to me oft
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms ne'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I said to our Poll (for d'ye see, she would cry
When last we weighed anchor for sea),
What argufies sniveling and piping your eye?
Why, what a young fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And so if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.
What then? all's a hazard: come, don't be so soft;
Perhaps I may, laughing, come back;
For d'ye see? there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me? a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Naught's a trouble from duty that springs·
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the King's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft;
As for grief to be taken aback;
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

TOM BOWLING

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS

(1812–1870)

WHEN a great genius arises he makes his place in the world and explains himself. Criticism does not make him and cannot unmake him. He may have great defects and great faults. By exposing them and dwelling upon them, the critics may apparently nibble him all away. When the critics get through, however, he remains pretty much the force he was originally. For real genius is a sort of elemental force that enters the human world, both for good and evil, and leaves its lasting impression. It is like a new river, of waters sweet and bitter, clear and muddy, bearing on its bosom ships and wrecks, the lovely and the ugly, the incongruous elements of human life and human contrivance. When it floods and overflows, the critics run away; when it subsides the critics come back and begin to analyze it, and say, "It wasn't much of a shower."

Charles Dickens is to be judged, like any other genius, by what he created, what he brought into the world. We are not called on to say whether he was as great as Homer, as Shakespeare, as Cervantes, as Fielding, as Manzoni, as Thackeray. He was always quite himself, and followed no model, though thousands of writers have attempted to follow him and acquire the title of being Dickens-y. For over half a century he had the ear of the English-reading public the world over. It laughed with him, it cried with him, it hungered after him. Whatever he wrote, it must read; whenever he read, it crowded to hear his masterly interpretations; when he acted, it was delighted with his histrionic cleverness. In all these manifestations there was the attraction of a most winning personality.

He invented a new kind of irresistible humor, he told stories that went to the heart of humanity, he amused, he warmed, he cheered the world. We almost think that modern Christmas was his invention, such an apostle was he of kindliness and brotherly love, of sympathy with the poor and the struggling, of charity which is not condescension. He made pictures of low life, and perhaps unreal shadows of high life, and vivid scenes that lighted up great periods of history. For producing effects and holding the reader he was a wizard with his pen. And so the world hung on him, read him and re-read him, recited him, declaimed him, put him into reading-books, diffused him in common speech and in all literature. In all English literature his characters are familiar, stand for types, and need no explanation. And now, having filled itself up with him, been

saturated with him, made him in some ways as common as the air, does the world tire of him, turn on him, say that it cannot read him any more, that he is commonplace? If so, the world has made him commonplace. But the publishers' and booksellers' accounts show no diminution in his popularity with the new generation.

At a dinner where Dickens was discussed, a gentleman won distinction by this sole contribution to the conversation:—"There is no evidence in Dickens's works that he ever read a book." It is true that Dickens drew most of his material from his own observation of life, and from his fertile imagination, which was often fantastic. It is true that he could not be called in the narrow sense a literary writer, that he made no literary mosaic, and few allusions to the literature of the world. Is it not probable that he had the art to assimilate his material? For it is impossible that any writer could pour out such a great flood about the world and human nature without refreshing his own mind at the great fountains of literature. And when we turn to such a tale as 'The Tale of Two Cities,' we are conscious of the vast amount of reading and study he must have done in order to give us such a true and vivid picture of the Revolutionary period.

It has been said that Dickens did not write good English, that he could not draw a lady or a gentleman, that he often makes ear-marks and personal peculiarities stand for character, that he is sometimes turgid when he would be impressive, sometimes stilted when he would be fine, that his sentiment is often false and worked up, that his attempts at tragedy are melodramatic, and that sometimes his comedy comes near being farcical. His whole literary attitude has been compared to his boyish fondness for striking apparel.

There is some truth in all these criticisms, though they do not occur spontaneously to a fresh reader while he is under the spell of Dickens, nor were they much brought forward when he was creating a new school and setting a fashion for an admiring world. His style, which is quite a part of this singular man, can easily be pulled in pieces and condemned, and it is not a safe one to imitate. No doubt he wrought for effects, for he was a magician, and used exaggeration in high lights and low lights on his crowded canvas. Say what you will of all these defects, of his lack of classic literary training, of his tendency to melodrama, of his tricks of style, even of a ray of lime-light here and there, it remains that he is a great power, a tremendous force in modern life; half an hour of him is worth a lifetime of his self-conscious analyzers, and the world is a more cheerful and sympathetic world because of the loving and lovable presence in it of Charles Dickens.

A sketch of his life and writings, necessarily much condensed for use here, has been furnished by Mr. Laurence Hutton.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DICKENS

BY LAURENCE HUTTON

CHARLES DICKENS was born at Landport in Portsea, on the 7th of February, 1812. His childhood was a very unhappy one. He describes himself in one of his essays as "a very queer, small boy," and his biographer tells us that he was very sickly as well as very small. He had little schooling, and numberless hard knocks, and rough and toilsome was the first quarter of his journey through life. Many of the passages in 'David Copperfield' are literally true pictures of his own early experiences, and much of that work may be accepted as autobiographical. He was fond of putting himself and his own people into his books, and of drawing his scenes and his characters from real life, sometimes only slightly disguised. Tradition says that he built both Mr. Micawber and Mr. Turveydrop out of his own father; that Mrs. Nickleby was based upon his own mother; and that his wife, who was the Dora of 'Copperfield' in the beginning of their married life, became in later years the Flora of 'Little Dorrit.' The elder Dickens had unquestionably some of the traits ascribed to the unpractical friend of Copperfield's youth, and something of the cruel self-indulgence and pompous deportment of the dancing-master in 'Bleak House.' And it was during his father's imprisonment for debt when the son was but a youth, that Dickens got his intimate knowledge of the Marshalsea, and of the heart-breaking existence of its inmates. Some years before 'Copperfield' was written, he described in a fragment of actual autobiography, quoted by Forster, the following scene:—

> "My father was waiting for me in the lodge [of the Debtor's Prison]; and we went up to his room, on the top story but one, and cried very much. And he told me, I remember, to take warning by the Marshalsea, and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year, and spent nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy; but that a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched."

In these chambers Dickens afterwards put Mr. Dorrit. And while the father remained in confinement, the son lived for a time in a back attic in Lant Street, Borough, which was to become the home of the eccentric Robert Sawyer, and the scene of a famous supper party given to do honor to Mr. Pickwick "and the other chaps." "If a man wishes to abstract himself from the world, to remove himself from the reach of temptation, to place himself beyond the possibility of any inducement to look out of the window, he should by all means go to Lant Street." Lant Street still exists, as Mr. Pickwick found it, and as Dickens knew it between 1822 and 1824. He

had numerous lodgings, alone and with his family, during those hard times; all of them of the same miserable, wretched character; and it is interesting to know that the original of Mrs. Pipchin was his landlady in Camden Town, and that the original of the Marchioness waited on the elder Dickens during his stay in the Marshalsea.

The story of the unhappy drudgery of the young Copperfield is the story of the young Dickens without exaggeration.

«No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship,» he wrote in 1845 or 1846,—«compared these every-day associates with those of my happier childhood, and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more, cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget, in my dreams, that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and I wander desolately back to that time of my life.»

In the course of a few years, happily, the cloud lifted; and in 1831, when Dickens was a youth of nineteen, we find him beginning life as a reporting journalist. He wrote occasional «pieces» for the magazines, and some faint hope of growing up to be a distinguished and learned man rose again, no doubt, in his breast. N. P. Willis met him one day in 1835, when, as Willis expresses it, Dickens was a «paragraphist» for the London Morning Chronicle. The «paragraphist,» according to Willis, was lodging in the most crowded part of Holborn, in an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs, and a few books. It was up a long flight of stairs, this room; and its occupant «was dressed very much as he has since described Dick Swiveller—minus the swell look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes were scant, though jauntily cut; and after exchanging a ragged office coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door collarless and buttoned up, the very personification, I thought, of a close sailer to the wind. . . . Not long after this Macrone sent me the sheets of 'Sketches by Boz,' with a note saying they were by the gentleman [Dickens] who went with us to Newgate. I read the book with amazement at the genius displayed in it; and in my note of reply assured Macrone that I thought his fortune was made, as a publisher, if he could monopolize the author.» This picture is very graphic. But it must be accepted with a grain of salt.

The 'Sketches by Boz, Illustrative of Every-Day Life and Every-Day People,' Dickens's first printed book, appeared in 1835. A further

series of papers, bearing the same title, was published the next year. «Boz» was the nickname he had bestowed upon his younger brother Augustus, in honor of the Moses of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The word, pronounced through the nose, became «Boses,» afterwards shortened to «Boz,» which, said Dickens, «was a very familiar household word to me long before I was an author. And so I came to adopt it.» The sketches, the character of which is explained in their sub-title, were regarded as unusually clever things of their kind. They attracted at once great attention in England, and established the fact that a new star had risen in the firmament of British letters.

Dickens was married on the 2d of April, 1836, to Miss Catherine Hogarth, just a week after he had published the first shilling number of 'The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club: Edited by Boz.' The work appeared in book form the next year. Its success was phenomenal, and it brought to its author not only fame but a fixed sum per annum, which is better. It assured his comfort in the present and in the future, and it wiped out all the care and troubles of his past. It was in itself the result of an accident. Messrs. Chapman and Hall, attracted by the popularity of the Sketches, proposed to their author a series of monthly articles to illustrate certain pictures of a comic character by Robert Seymour, an artist in their employment. Dickens assented, upon the condition that «the plates were to be so modified that they would arise naturally out of the text.» And so between them Mr. Pickwick was born, although under the saddest of circumstances; for only a single number had appeared when Seymour died by his own hand. Hablot K. Browne succeeded him, signing the name of «Phiz»; and with «Boz» was «Phiz» long associated in other prosperous ventures. Mr. Pickwick is a benevolent, tender-hearted elderly gentleman, who, as the president of a club organized «for the purpose of investigating the source of the Hampstead ponds,» journeys about England in all directions with three companions, to whom he acts as guide, philosopher, and friend. He is an amiable old goose, and his companions are equally verdant and unsophisticated; but since 1837 they have been as famous as any men in fiction. The story is a long one, the pages are crowded with incidents and with characters. It is disconnected, often exaggerated, much of it is as improbable as it is impossible, but it has made the world laugh for sixty years now; and it still holds its own unique place in the hearts of men.

From this period the pen of Dickens was never idle for thirty-three years. 'Pickwick' was succeeded by 'Oliver Twist,' begun in Bentley's Magazine in January, 1837, and printed in book form in 1838. It is the story of the progress of a parish boy, and it is sad and serious in its character. The hero was born and brought up in a

workhouse. He was starved and ill-treated; but he always retained his innocence and his purity of mind. He fell among thieves,—Bill and Nancy Sykes, Fagin and the Artful Dodger, to whom much powerful description is devoted,—but he triumphed in the end. The life of the very poor and of the very degraded among the people of England during the latter end of the first half of the nineteenth century is admirably portrayed; and for the first time in their existence the British blackguards of both sexes were exhibited in fiction, clad in all their instincts of low brutality, and without that glamour of attractive romance which the earlier writers had given to Jack Sheppard, to Jonathan Wild, or to Moll Flanders.

Two dramatic compositions by Dickens, neither of them adding very much to his reputation, appeared in 1836, to wit:—'The Stranger Gentleman, A Comic Burletta in Three Acts'; and 'The Village Coquette,' a comic opera in two acts. They were presented upon the stage towards the close of that year, with fair success.

In 1838 Dickens edited the Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, a celebrated clown. His share in the composition of this work was comparatively small, and consisted of a Preface, dated February of that year. It was followed by 'Sketches of Young Gentlemen,' and by 'The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby,' both published in 1839. To this latter he signed his name, Charles Dickens, dropping from that period the pseudonym of "Boz." The titular hero is the son of a poor country gentleman. He makes his own way in the world as the usher of a Yorkshire school, as an actor in a traveling troupe, and as the clerk and finally the partner in a prosperous mercantile house in London. Smike, his pupil; Crummles, his theatrical manager; Ninetta Crummles, the Infant Phenomenon of the company, Newman Noggs, the clerk of his uncle Ralph Nickleby, the Cheeryble Brothers, his employers, are among the most successful and charming of Dickens's earlier creations. "Mr. Squeers and his school," he says, "were faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down lest they should be deemed impossible." That such establishments ceased to exist in reality in England after the appearance of 'Nickleby,' is proof enough of the good his pictures did in this and in many other ways.

In 1840–1841 appeared 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' comprising the two stories of 'The Old Curiosity Shop' and 'Barnaby Rudge,' which were subsequently printed separately. The story of Little Nell, the gentle, lovable inmate of the Curiosity Shop, is one of the most sad and tender tales in fiction, and Dickens himself confessed that he was almost heart-broken when she died. Her path was crossed by Quilp, a cunning and malicious dwarf of hideous appearance, who consumed hard-boiled eggs, shells and all, for his breakfast; ate his

prawns with their heads and their tails on, drank scalding hot tea, and performed so many horrifying acts that one almost doubted that he was human; and by Christopher Nubbles, a shock-headed, shambling, awkward, devoted lad, the only element of cheerfulness that ever came into her life. In this book appear Richard Swiveller and his Marchioness, Sampson and Sarah Brass and Mrs. Jarley, who to be appreciated must be seen and known, as Dickens has drawn them, at full length.

Barnaby Rudge was a half-witted lad, who, not knowing what he did, joined the Gordon rioters — the scenes are laid in the "No Popery" times of 1779 — because he was permitted to carry a flag and to wear a blue ribbon. The history of that exciting period of English semi-political, semi-religious excitement is graphically set down. Prominent figures in the book are Grip the raven, whose cry was "I'm a devil," "Never say die"; and Miss Dolly Varden, the blooming daughter of the Clerkenwell locksmith, who has given her name to the modern feminine costume of the Watteauesque style.

The literary results of Dickens's first visit to the United States, in 1842, when he was thirty years of age, were 'American Notes, for General Circulation'; published in that year, and containing portions of 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' which appeared in 1844. His observations in the 'Notes' upon the new country and its inhabitants gave great offense to the American people, and were perhaps not in the best taste. He saw the crude and ridiculous side of his hosts, he emphasized their faults, while he paid little attention to their virtues; and his criticisms and strictures rankled in the sensitive American mind for many years.

Martin Chuzzlewit, the hero of the novel bearing his name, spent some time in the western half-settled portion of America, with Mark Tapley, his light-hearted, optimistic friend and companion. The pictures of the morals and the manners of the men and women with whom the emigrants were brought into contact were anything but flattering, and they served to widen the temporary breach between Dickens and his many admirers in the United States. The English scenes of 'Chuzzlewit' are very powerfully drawn. Tom and Ruth Pinch, Pecksniff, Sarah Gamp, and Betsey Prig are among the leading characters in the work.

In 1843 appeared the 'Christmas Carol,' the first and perhaps the best of that series of tales of peace and good-will, with which, at the Christmas time, the name of Dickens is so pleasantly and familiarly associated. It was followed by 'The Chimes' in 1844, by 'The Cricket on the Hearth' in 1845, by 'The Haunted Man' in 1848, all the work of Dickens himself; and by other productions written by Dickens in collaboration with other men. Concerning these holiday

stories, some unknown writer said in the public press at the time of Dickens's death:—"He has not only pleased us—he has softened the hearts of a whole generation. He made charity fashionable; he awakened pity in the hearts of sixty millions of people. He made a whole generation keep Christmas with acts of helpfulness to the poor; and every barefooted boy and girl in the streets of England and America to-day fares a little better, gets fewer cuffs and more pudding, because Charles Dickens wrote."

In 1846 he produced his 'Pictures from Italy'; 'The Battle of Life, A Love Story,' and began in periodical form his 'Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son, Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation,' published in book form in 1847. Here we have the pathetic story of Little Paul, the tragic fate of Carker, the amusing episode of Jack Bunsby with his designing widow, and the devotion of Susan Nipper, Mr. Toots, Captain Cuttle, and Sol Gills to the gentle, patient, lovable Florence.

On the 'Personal History of David Copperfield,' published in 1850, and of Dickens's share in its plot, something has already been said here. It is perhaps the most popular of all his productions, containing as it does Mr. Dick, the Peggottys, the Micawbers, the Heeps, Betsey Trotwood, Steerforth, Tommy Traddles, Dora, Agnes, and Little Em'ly, in all of whom the world has been so deeply interested for so many years.

'A Child's History of England' and 'Bleak House' saw the light in 1853. The romance was written as a protest and a warning against the law's delays, as exhibited in the Court of Chancery; and it contains the tragedy of Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, and the short but touching story of Poor Jo.

'Hard Times,' a tale in one volume, was printed in 1854. It introduces the Gradgrind family.

'Little Dorrit' appeared in 1857. In this book he returns to the Debtor's Prison of Micawber and of his own father. Little Dorrit herself was "the child of the Marshalsea," in which she was born and brought up; and the whole story is an appeal against the injustice of depriving of personal liberty those who cannot pay their bills, or meet their notes, however small. Its prominent characters are the Clennams, mother and son, the Meagleses, Flintwinch, Sir Decimus Tite Barnacle, Rigaud and Little Cavalletto.

'A Tale of Two Cities,' a remarkable departure for Dickens, and unlike any of his other works, was the book of the year 1859. It is conceded, even by those who are not counted among the admirers of its author, to be a most vivid and correct picture of Paris during the time of the Revolution, when the guillotine was the king of France. Its central figure, Sydney Carton, one of the most heroic characters

CHARLES DICKENS'S LIBRARY, GADSHILL

in romance, gives his life to restore his friend to the girl whom they both love.

'The Uncommercial Traveller,' a number of sketches and stories originally published in his weekly journal All the Year Round, appeared in 1860. They were supplemented in 1868 by another volume bearing the same title, and containing eleven other papers collected from the same periodical.

'Great Expectations,' 1861, like 'Copperfield,' is the story of a boy's childhood told by the boy himself, but by a boy with feelings, sentiments, and experiences very different from those of the earlier work. The plot is not altogether a cheerful one, but many of the characters are original and charming; notably Joe Gargery, Jaggles, Wemmick, the exceedingly eccentric Miss Havisham, and the very amiable and simple Biddy.

'Somebody's Luggage,' 1862; 'Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings,' 1863; 'Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy,' 1864; Dr. Marigold's Prescription,' 1865, 'Mugby Junction,' 1866; and 'No Thoroughfare,' 1867,—Christmas stories, all of them,—were written by Dickens in collaboration with other writers.

'Our Mutual Friend,' the last completed work of Dickens, was printed in 1865. Mr. Boffin, the Golden Dustman with the great heart, Silas Wegg, Mr. Venus, the Riderhoods, Jenny Wren, the Podsnaps, the Veneerings, Betty Higden, Mrs. Wilfer, and the "Boofer Lady," are as fresh and as original as are any of his creations, and show no trace of the coming disaster.

Before the completion of 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood' Dickens died at his home, Gadshill Place, literally in harness, and without warning, on the 9th of June, 1870.

But six numbers of this last work appeared, in periodical form. Its author left no notes of what was to follow, and the Mystery has never been solved. Mr. Charles Collins, Dickens's son-in-law, however, in a private letter to Mr. Augustin Daly of New York, who had proposed to dramatize the tale, gave some general outline of the scheme for 'Edwin Drood.' "The titular character," he said, "was never to reappear, he having been murdered by Jasper. The girl Rosa, not having been really attached to Edwin, was not to lament his loss very long, and was, I believe, to admit the sailor, Mr. Tartar, to supply his place. It was intended that Jasper should urge on the search after Edwin, and the pursuit of the murderer, thus endeavoring to divert suspicion from himself, the real murderer. As to anything further, it would be purely conjectural."

Besides this immense amount of admirable work, Dickens founded, conducted, and edited two successful periodicals, Household Words, established in March 1850, and followed by All the Year Round.

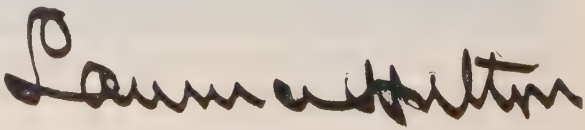
beginning in April 1859. To these he contributed many sketches and stories. He began public readings in London in 1858; and continued them with great profit to himself, and with great satisfaction to immense audiences, for upwards of twelve years. He appeared in all the leading cities of Great Britain; and he was enormously popular as a reader in America during his second and last visit in 1868.

As an after-dinner and occasional speaker Dickens was rarely equaled; and as an actor upon the amateur stage, in plays of his own composition, he was inimitable.

Of his attempts at verse, 'The Ivy Green' is the only one that is held in remembrance.

A strong argument in favor of what may be called "the staying qualities" of Dickens is the fact that his characters, even in a mutilated, unsatisfactory form, have held the stage for half a century or more, and still have power to attract and move great audiences, wherever is spoken the language in which he wrote. The dramatization of the novel is universally and justly regarded as the most ephemeral and worthless of dramatic production; and the novels of Dickens, on account of their length, of the great number of figures he introduces, of the variety and occasional exaggeration of his dialogues and his situations, have been peculiarly difficult of adaptation to theatrical purposes. Nevertheless the world laughed and cried over Micawber, Captain Cuttle, Dan'l Peggotty, and Caleb Plummer, behind the footlights, years after Dolly Spanker, Aminadab Sleek, Timothy Toodles, Alfred Evelyn, and Geoffrey Dalk, their contemporaries in the standard and legitimate drama, created solely and particularly for dramatic representation, were absolutely forgotten. And Sir Henry Irving, sixty years after the production of 'Pickwick,' drew great crowds to see his Alfred Jingle, while that picturesque and ingenious swindler Robert Macaire, Jingle's once famous and familiar confrère in plausible rascality, was never seen on the boards, except as he was burlesqued and caricatured in comic opera.

It is pretty safe to say—and not in a Pickwickian sense—that Pecksniff will live almost as long as hypocrisy lasts; that Heep will not be forgotten while mock humility exists; that Mr. Dick will go down to posterity arm-in-arm with Charles the First, whom he could not avoid in his memorial; that Barkis will be quoted until men cease to be willin'. And so long as cheap, rough coats cover faith, charity, and honest hearts, the world will remember that Captain Cuttle and the Peggottys were so clad.



THE ONE THING NEEDFUL

From 'Hard Times'

"Now what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!"

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a schoolroom, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp like a stubborn fact, as it was,—all helped the emphasis.

"In this life we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!"

The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir,

—peremptorily Thomas,—Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!

In such terms Mr. Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, substituting the words "boys and girls," for "sir," Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the little pitchers before him, who were to be filled so full of facts.

Indeed, as he eagerly sparkled at them from the cellarage before mentioned, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts, and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge. He seemed a galvanizing apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be stormed away.

"Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger; "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and courtesying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia."

"It's father as calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another courtesy.

"Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir."

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know anything about that here. You mustn't tell us about that here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

"If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

"You mustn't tell us about the ring here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horsebreaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier, and horsebreaker. Give me your definition of a horse."

(Sissy Jupe thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.)

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind, for the general behoof of all the little pitchers. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours."

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which, darting in at one of the bare windows of the intensely whitewashed room, irradiated Sissy. For the boys and girls sat on the face of the inclined plane in two compact bodies, divided up the centre by a narrow interval; and Sissy, being at the corner of a row on the sunny side, came in for the beginning of a sunbeam, of which Bitzer, being at the corner of a row on the other side, a few rows in advance, caught the end. But whereas the girl was so dark-eyed and dark-haired that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous color from the sun when it shone upon her, the boy was so light-eyed and light-haired that the selfsame rays appeared to draw out of him what little color he ever possessed. His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though if he were cut he would bleed white.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind. "Your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth; namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." Thus (and much more) Bitzer.

"Now, girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is."

She courtesied again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time. Bitzer, after rapidly blinking at Thomas Gradgrind with both eyes at once, and so catching the light upon his quivering ends of lashes that they looked like the antennæ of busy insects, put his knuckles to his freckled forehead, and sat down again.

The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying, he was; a government officer; in his way (and in most other people's too), a professed pugilist; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat like a bolus, always to be heard of at the bar of his little Public-office, ready to fight all England. To continue in fistic phraseology, he had a genius for coming up to the scratch, wherever and whatever it was, and proving himself an ugly customer. He would go in and damage any subject whatever with his right, follow up with his left, stop, exchange, counter, bore his opponent (he always fought All England) to the ropes, and fall upon him neatly. He was certain to knock the wind out of common-sense, and render that unlucky adversary deaf to the call of time. And he had it in charge from high authority to bring about the great public-office Millennium, when Commissioners should reign upon earth.

"Very well," said this gentleman, briskly smiling, and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask you girls and boys, Would you paper a room with representations of horses?"

After a pause one-half of the children cried in chorus, "Yes, sir!" Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that Yes was wrong, cried out in chorus, "No, sir!"—as the custom is in these examinations.

"Of course, No. Why wouldn't you?"

A pause. One corpulent slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured the answer, Because he wouldn't paper a room at all, but would paint it.

"You *must* paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly.

"You must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell *us* you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after another and dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, sir!" from one-half. "No, sir!" from the other.

"Of course no," said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don't have in fact. What is called Taste is only another name for Fact."

Thomas Gradgrind nodded his approbation.

"This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now, I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

There being a general conviction by this time that "No, sir!" was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of No was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said Yes; among them Sissy Jupe.

"Girl number twenty," said the gentleman, smiling in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed, and stood up.

"So you would carpet your room—or your husband's room, if you were a grown woman, and had a husband—with representations of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why would you?"

"If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl.

"And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

"It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They wouldn't crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy—"

"Ay, ay, ay! But you mustn't fancy," cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. "That's it! You are never to fancy."

"You are not, Cecilia Jupe," Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, "to do anything of that kind."

"Fact, fact, fact!" said the gentleman. And "Fact, fact, fact!" repeated Thomas Gradgrind.

"You are to be in all things regulated and governed," said the gentleman, "by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have in any object of use or ornament what would be a contradiction in fact. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don't find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use," said the gentleman, "for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures, which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste."

The girl courtesied, and sat down. She was very young, and she looked as if she were frightened by the matter-of-fact prospect the world afforded.

"Now, if Mr. M'Choakumchild," said the gentleman, "will proceed to give his first lesson here, Mr. Gradgrind, I shall be happy, at your request, to observe his mode of procedure."

Mr. Gradgrind was much obliged. "Mr. M'Choakumchild, we only wait for you."

So Mr. M'Choakumchild began in his best manner. He and some one hundred and forty other schoolmasters had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land-surveying and leveling, vocal music, and drawing from models, were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his stony way into her Majesty's most Honorable Privy Council's Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin, and Greek. He knew all about all the Water Sheds of all the world (whatever they are), and all the histories of all the peoples, and all the

names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners, and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two-and-thirty points of the compass. Ah, rather overdone, M'Choakumchild. If he had only learned a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more!

He went to work in this preparatory lesson not unlike Morgiana in the 'Forty Thieves': looking into all the vessels ranged before him, one after another, to see what they contained. Say, good M'Choakumchild. When from thy boiling store thou shalt fill each jar brim-full, by-and-by, dost thou think that thou wilt always kill outright the robber Fancy lurking within — or sometimes only maim him and distort him!

THE BOY AT MUGBY

From 'Mugby Junction'

I AM the boy at Mugby. That's about what *I* am.

You don't know what I mean? What a pity! But I think you do. I think you must. Look here. I am the Boy at what is called The Refreshment Room at Mugby Junction, and what's proudest boast is, that it never yet refreshed a mortal being.

Up in a corner of the Down Refreshment Room at Mugby Junction, in the height of twenty-seven cross draughts (I've often counted 'em while they brush the First Class hair twenty-seven ways), behind the bottles, among the glasses, bounded on the nor'west by the beer, stood pretty far to the right of a metallic object that's at times the tea-urn and at times the soup-tureen, according to the nature of the last twang imparted to its contents, which are the same groundwork, fended off from the traveler by a barrier of stale sponge-cakes erected atop of the counter, and lastly exposed sideways to the glare of Our Missis's eye — you ask a Boy so sitiwated, next time you stop in a hurry at Mugby, for anything to drink; you take particular notice that he'll try to seem not to hear you, that he'll appear in a absent manner to survey the Line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body, and that he won't serve you as long as you can possibly bear it. That's me.

What a lark it is! We are the Model Establishment, we are, at Mugby. Other Refreshment Rooms send their imperfect young ladies up to be finished off by our Missis. For some of the young ladies, when they're new to the business, come into it mild! Ah! Our Missis, she soon takes that out of 'em. Why, I originally come into the business meek myself. But Our Missis, she soon took that out of *me*.

What a delightful lark it is! I look upon us Refreshmenters as ockipying the only proudly independent footing on the Line. There's Papers, for instance,—my honorable friend, if he will allow me to call him so,—him as belongs to Smith's bookstall. Why, he no more dares to be up to our Refreshmenting games than he dares to jump atop of a locomotive with her steam at full pressure, and cut away upon her alone, driving himself, at limited-mail speed. Papers, he'd get his head punched at every compartment, first, second, and third, the whole length of a train, if he was to ventur' to imitate my demeanor. It's the same with the porters, the same with the guards, the same with the ticket clerks, the same the whole way up to the secretary, traffic manager, or very chairman. There ain't a one among 'em on the nobly independent footing we are. Did you ever catch one of *them*, when you wanted anything of him, making a system of surveying the Line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body? I should hope not.

You should see our Bandolining Room at Mugby Junction. It's led to by the door behind the counter, which you'll notice usually stands ajar, and it's the room where Our Missis and our young ladies Bandolines their hair. You should see 'em at it, betwixt trains, Bandolining away, as if they was anointing themselves for the combat. When you're telegraphed you should see their noses all agoing up with scorn, as if it was a part of the working of the same Cooke and Wheatstone electrical machinery. You should hear Our Missis give the word, "Here comes the Beast to be Fed!" and then you should see 'em indignantly skipping across the Line, from the Up to the Down, or Wicer Warsaw, and begin to pitch the stale pastry into the plates, and chuck the sawdust sangwiches under the glass covers, and get out the—ha, ha, ha!—the Sherry,—O my eye, my eye!—for your Refreshment.

It's only in the Isle of the Brave and Land of the Free (by which of course I mean to say Britannia) that Refreshmenting

is so effective, so 'olesome, so constitutional a check upon the public. There was a foreigner, which having politely, with his hat off, beseeched our young ladies and Our Missis for "a leetel gloss hoff prarndee," and having had the Line surveyed through him by all, and no other acknowledgment, was a-proceeding at last to help himself, as seems to be the custom in his own country, when Our Missis, with her hair almost a-coming un-Bandolined with rage, and her eyes omitting sparks, flew at him, cotched the decanter out of his hand, and said, "Put it down! I won't allow that!" The foreigner turned pale, stepped back with his arms stretched out in front of him, his hands clasped, and his shoulders riz, and exclaimed:—"Ah! Is it possible, this! That these disdaineous females and this ferocious old woman are placed here by the administration, not only to empoison the voyagers, but to affront them! Great Heaven! How arrives it? The English people. Or is he then a slave? Or idiot?" Another time a merry, wide-awake American gent had tried the sawdust and spit it out, and had tried the Sherry and spit that out, and had tried in vain to sustain exhausted natur' upon Butter-Scotch, and had been rather extra Bandolined and Line-surveyed through, when as the bell was ringing and he paid Our Missis, he says, very loud and good-tempered:—"I tell Yew what 'tis, ma'arm. I la'af. Theer! I la'af. I Dew. I oughter ha' seen most things, for I hail from the Onlimited side of the Atlantic Ocean, and I haive traveled right slick over the Limited, head on through Jeerusalemm and the East, and likeways France and Italy Europe Old World, and am now upon the track to the Chief Europian Village; but such an Institution as Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and Yewer fixin's solid and liquid, afore the glorious Tarnal I never did see yet! And if I hain't found the eighth wonder of monarchical Creation, in finding Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and Yewer fixin's solid and liquid, all as aforesaid, established in a country where the people air not absolute Loo-naticks, I am Extra Double Darned with a Nip and Frizzle to the innermostest grit! Wheerfur—Theer!—I la'af! I Dew, ma'arm. I la'af!" And so he went, stamping and shaking his sides, along the platform all the way to his own compartment.

I think it was her standing up agin the Foreigner as give Our Missis the idea of going over to France, and droring a comparison betwixt Refreshmenting as followed among the frog-eaters

and Refreshmenting as triumphant in the Isle of the Brave and Land of the Free (by which of course I mean to say agin, Britannia). Our young ladies, Miss Whiff, Miss Piff, and Mrs. Sniff, was unanimous opposed to her going: for, as they says to Our Missis one and all, it is well beknown to the hends of the herth as no other nation except Britain has a idea of anythink, but above all of business. Why then should you tire yourself to prove what is a'ready proved? Our Missis, however (being a teazer at all pints), stood out grim obstinate, and got a return pass by Southeastern Tidal, to go right through, if such should be her dispositions, to Marseilles.

Sniff is husband to Mrs. Sniff, and is a regular insignificant cove. He looks arter the sawdust department in a back room, and is sometimes, when we are very hard put to it, let behind the counter with a corkscrew; but never when it can be helped, his demeanor towards the public being disgusting servile. How Mrs. Sniff ever come so far to lower herself as to marry him, I don't know; but I suppose *he* does, and I should think he wished he didn't, for he leads a awful life. Mrs. Sniff couldn't be much harder with him if he was public. Similarly, Miss Whiff and Miss Piff, taking the tone of Mrs. Sniff, they shoulder Sniff about when he *is* let in with a corkscrew, and they whisk things out of his hands when in his servility he is a-going to let the public have 'em, and they snap him up when in the crawling baseness of his spirit he is a-going to answer a public question, and they drore more tears into his eyes than ever the mustard does, which he all day long lays on to the sawdust. (But it ain't strong.) Once when Sniff had the repulsiveness to reach across to get the milkpot to hand over for a baby, I see Our Missis in her rage catch him by both his shoulders, and spin him out into the Bandolining Room.

But Mrs. Sniff—how different! She's the one! She's the one as you'll notice to be always looking another away from you when you look at her. She's the one with the small waist buckled in tight in front, and with the lace cuffs at her wrists, which she puts on the edge of the counter before her, and stands a-smoothing while the public foams. This smoothing the cuffs and looking another way while the public foams is the last accomplishment taught to the young ladies as come to Mugby to be finished by Our Missis; and it's always taught by Mrs. Sniff.

When Our Missis went away upon her journey, Mrs. Sniff was left in charge. She did hold the public in check most beautiful! In all my time, I never see half so many cups of tea given without milk to people as wanted it with, nor half so many cups of tea with milk given to people as wanted it without. When foaming ensued, Mrs. Sniff would say, "Then you'd better settle it among yourselves, and change with one another." It was a most highly delicious lark. I enjoyed the Refreshmenting business more than ever, and was so glad I had took to it when young.

Our Missis returned. It got circulated among the young ladies, and it, as it might be, penetrated to me through the crevices of the Bandolining Room, that she had Orrors to reveal, if revelations so contemptible could be dignified with the name. Agitation become weakened. Excitement was up in the stirrups. Expectation stood a-tiptoe. At length it was put forth that on our slackest evening in the week, and at our slackest time of that evening betwixt trains, Our Missis would give her views of foreign Refreshmenting, in the Bandolining Room.

It was arranged tasteful for the purpose. The Bandolining table and glass was hid in a corner, a arm-chair was elevated on a packing-case for Our Missis's ockypation, a table and a tumbler of water (no sherry in it, thankee) was placed beside it. Two of the pupils, the season being autumn, and hollyhocks and daliahs being in, ornamented the wall with three devices in those flowers. On one might be read, "MAY ALBION NEVER LEARN"; on another, "KEEP THE PUBLIC DOWN"; on another, "OUR REFRESHMENTING CHARTER." The whole had a beautiful appearance, with which the beauty of the sentiments corresponded.

On Our Missis's brow was wrote Severity, as she ascended the fatal platform. (Not that that was anythink new.) Miss Whiff and Miss Piff sat at her feet. Three chairs from the Waiting Room might have been perceived by a average eye, in front of her, on which the pupils was accommodated. Behind them a very close observer might have discerned a Boy. Myself.

"Where," said Our Missis, glancing gloomily around, "is Sniff?"

"I thought it better," answered Mrs. Sniff, "that he should not be let come in. He is such an Ass."

"No doubt," assented Our Missis. "But for that reason is it not desirable to improve his mind?"

"Oh, nothing will ever improve *him*," said Mrs. Sniff.

"However," pursued Our Missis, "call him in, Ezekiel."

I called him in. The appearance of the low-minded cove was hailed with disapprobation from all sides, on account of his having brought his corkscrew with him. He pleaded "the force of habit."

"The force!" said Mrs. Sniff. "Don't let us have you talking about force, for Gracious's sake. There! Do stand still where you are, with your back against the wall."

He is a smiling piece of vacancy, and he smiled in the mean way in which he will even smile at the public if he gets a chance (language can say no meaner of him), and he stood upright near the door, with the back of his head agin the wall, as if he was a waiting for somebody to come and measure his heighth for the Army.

"I should not enter, ladies," says Our Missis, "on the revolting disclosures I am about to make, if it was not in the hope that they will cause you to be yet more implacable in the exercise of the power you wield in a constitutional country, and yet more devoted to the constitutional motto which I see before me,"—it was behind her, but the words sounded better so,—"'May Albion never learn!'"

Here the pupils as had made the motto admired it, and cried, "Hear! Hear! Hear!" Sniff, showing an inclination to join in chorus, got himself frowned down by every brow.

"The baseness of the French," pursued Our Missis, "as displayed in the fawning nature of their Refreshmenting, equals, if not surpasses, anythink as was ever heard of the baseness of the celebrated Bonaparte."

Miss Whiff, Miss Piff, and me, we drored a heavy breath, equal to saying, "We thought as much!" Miss Whiff and Miss Piff seeming to object to my droring mine along with theirs, I drored another to aggravate 'em.

"Shall I be believed," says Our Missis, with flashing eyes, "when I tell you that no sooner had I set my foot upon that treacherous shore—"

Here Sniff, either busting out mad, or thinking aloud, says, in a low voice, "Feet. Plural, you know."

The cowering that come upon him when he was spurned by all eyes, added to his being beneath contempt, was sufficient punishment for a cove so groveling. In the midst of a silence

rendered more impressive by the turned-up female noses with which it was pervaded, Our Missis went on:—

"Shall I be believed when I tell you, that no sooner had I landed," this word with a killing look at Sniff, "on that treacherous shore, then I was ushered into a Refreshment Room where there were — I do not exaggerate — actually eatable things to eat?"

A groan burst from the ladies. I not only did myself the honor of jining, but also of lengthening it out.

"Where there were," Our Missis added, "not only eatable things to eat, but also drinkable things to drink?"

A murmur, swelling almost into a scream, ariz. Miss Piff, trembling with indignation, called out, "Name!"

"I *will* name," said Our Missis. "There was roast fowls, hot and cold; there was smoking roast veal surrounded with browned potatoes; there was hot soup with (again I ask, shall I be credited?) nothing bitter in it, and no flour to choke off the consumer; there was a variety of cold dishes set off with jelly; there was salad; there was — mark me! — *fresh* pastry, and that of a light construction; there was a luscious show of fruit; there was bottles and decanters of sound small wine, of every size, and adapted to every pocket; the same odious statement will apply to brandy; and these were set out upon the counter so that all could help themselves."

Our Missis's lips so quivered, that Mrs. Sniff, though scarcely less convulsed than she were, got up and held the tumbler to them.

"This," proceeds Our Missis, "was my first unconstitutional experience. Well would it have been if it had been my last and worst. But no. As I proceeded farther into that enslaved and ignorant land, its aspect became more hideous. I need not explain to this assembly the ingredients and formation of the British Refreshment sangwich?"

Universal laughter, — except from Sniff, who as sangwich-cutter, shook his head in a state of the utmost dejection as he stood with it agin the wall.

"Well!" said Our Missis, with dilated nostrils. "Take a fresh, crisp, long, crusty penny loaf made of the whitest and best flour. Cut it longwise through the middle. Insert a fair and nicely fitting slice of ham. Tie a smart piece of ribbon round the middle of the whole to bind it together. Add at one

end a neat wrapper of clean white paper by which to hold it. And the universal French Refreshment sangwich busts on your disgusted vision."

A cry of "Shame!" from all — except Sniff, which rubbed his stomach with a soothing hand.

"I need not," said Our Missis, "explain to this assembly the usual formation and fitting of the British Refreshment room?"

No, no, and laughter; Sniff agin shaking his head in low spirits agin the wall.

"Well," said Our Missis, "what would you say to a general decoration of everythink, to hangings (sometimes elegant), to easy velvet furniture, to abundance of little tables, to abundance of little seats, to brisk bright waiters, to great convenience, to a prevailing cleanliness and tastefulness, postively addressing the public, and making the Beast thinking itself worth the pains?"

Contemptous fury on the part of all the ladies. Mrs. Sniff looking as if she wanted somebody to hold her, and everybody else looking as if they'd raypher not.

"Three times," said Our Missis, working herself into a truly terrimenjious state, — "three times did I see these shameful things, only between the coast and Paris, and not counting either: at Hazebroucke, at Arras, at Amiens. But worse remains. Tell me, what would you call a person who should propose in England that there should be kept, say at our own model Mugby Junction, pretty baskets, each holding an assorted cold lunch and dessert for one, each at a certain fixed price, and each within a passenger's power to take away, to empty in the carriage at perfect leisure, and to return at another station fifty or a hundred miles farther on?"

There was disagreement what such a person should be called. Whether revolutionist, atheist, Bright (*I* said him), or Un-English. Miss Piff screeched her shrill opinion last, in the words, "A malignant maniac!"

"I adopt," says Our Missis, "the brand set upon such a person by the righteous indignation of my friend Miss Piff. A malignant maniac. Know, then, that that malignant maniac has sprung from the congenial soil of France, and that his malignant madness was in unchecked action on this same part of my journey."

I noticed that Sniff was rubbing his hands, and that Mrs. Sniff had got her eye upon him. But I did not take more

particular notice, owing to the excited state in which the young ladies was, and to feeling myself called upon to keep it up with a howl.

"On my experience south of Paris," said Our Missis, in a deep tone, "I will not expatiate. Too loathsome were the task! But fancy this. Fancy a guard coming round, with the train at full speed, to inquire how many for dinner. Fancy his telegraphing forward the number of diners. Fancy every one expected, and the table elegantly laid for the complete party. Fancy a charming dinner, in a charming room, and the head cook, concerned for the honor of every dish, superintending in his clean white jacket and cap. Fancy the Beast traveling six hundred miles on end, very fast, and with great punctuality, yet being taught to expect all this to be done for it!"

A spirited chorus of "The Beast!"

I noticed that Sniff was agin a-rubbing his stomach with a soothing hand, and that he had drored up one leg. But agin I didn't take particular notice, looking on myself as called upon to stimilate public feeling. It being a lark besides.

"Putting everything together," said Our Missis, "French Refreshmenting comes to this, and oh, it comes to a nice total! First: eatable things to eat, and drinkable things to drink."

A groan from the young ladies, kep' up by me.

"Second: convenience, and even elegance."

Another groan from the young ladies, kep' up by me.

"Third: moderate charges."

This time a groan from me, kep' up by the young ladies.

"Fourth:—and here," says Our Missis, "I claim your angriest sympathy,—attention, common civility, nay, even politeness!"

Me and the young ladies regularly raging mad all together.

"And I cannot in conclusion," says Our Missis with her spitefullest sneer, "give you a completer pictur of that despicable nation (after what I have related), than assuring you that they wouldn't bear our constitutional ways and noble independence at Mugby Junction for a single month, and that they would turn us to the right-about and put another system in our places as soon as look at us; perhaps sooner, for I do not believe they have the good taste to care to look at us twice."

The swelling tumult was arrested in its rise. Sniff, bore away by his servile disposition, had drored up his leg with a higher and a higher relish, and was now discovered to be waving his

corkscrew over his head. It was at this moment that Mrs. Sniff, who had kep' her eye upon him like the fabled obelisk, descended on her victim. Our Missis followed them both out, and cries was heard in the sawdust department. .

You come into the Down Refreshment Room at the Junction, making believe you don't know me, and I'll pint you out with my right thumb over my shoulder which is Our Missis, and which is Miss Whiff, and which is Miss Piff, and which is Mrs. Sniff But you won't get a chance to see Sniff, because he disappeared that night. Whether he perished, tore to pieces, I cannot say; but his corkscrew alone remains to bear witness to the servility of his disposition.

THE BURNING OF NEWGATE

From 'Barnaby Rudge'

During the whole of this day, every regiment in or near the metropolis was on duty in one or other part of the town; and the regulars and militia, in obedience to the orders which were sent to every barrack and station within twenty-four hours' journey, began to pour in by all the roads. But the disturbances had attained to such a formidable height, and the rioters had grown with impunity to be so audacious, that the sight of this great force, continually augmented by new arrivals, instead of operating as a check, stimulated them to outrages of greater hardihood than any they had yet committed; and helped to kindle a flame in London the like of which had never been beheld, even in its ancient and rebellious times.

All yesterday, and on this day likewise, the commander-in-chief endeavored to arouse the magistrates to a sense of their duty, and in particular the Lord Mayor, who was the faintest-hearted and most timid of them all. With this object, large bodies of the soldiery were several times dispatched to the Mansion House to await his orders: but as he could by no threats or persuasions be induced to give any, and as the men remained in the open street,—fruitlessly for any good purpose, and thrivingly for a very bad one,—these laudable attempts did harm rather than good. For the crowd, becoming speedily acquainted with the Lord Mayor's temper, did not fail to take advantage of it by boasting that even the civil authorities were opposed to the

Papists, and could not find it in their hearts to molest those who were guilty of no other offense. These vaunts they took care to make within the hearing of the soldiers: and they, being naturally loath to quarrel with the people, received their advances kindly enough; answering, when they were asked if they desired to fire upon their countrymen, "No, they would be damned if they did;" and showing much honest simplicity and good-nature. The feeling that the military were No Popery men, and were ripe for disobeying orders and joining the mob, soon became very prevalent in consequence. Rumors of their disaffection, and of their leaning towards the popular cause, spread from mouth to mouth with astonishing rapidity; and whenever they were drawn up idly in the streets or squares there was sure to be a crowd about them, cheering, and shaking hands, and treating them with a great show of confidence and affection.

By this time the crowd was everywhere; all concealment and disguise were laid aside, and they pervaded the whole town. If any man among them wanted money, he had but to knock at the door of a dwelling-house, or walk into a shop, and demand it in the rioters' name, and his demand was instantly complied with. The peaceable citizens being afraid to lay hands upon them singly and alone, it may be easily supposed that when gathered together in bodies they were perfectly secure from interruption. They assembled in the streets, traversed them at their will and pleasure, and publicly concerted their plans. Business was quite suspended; the greater part of the shops were closed; most of the houses displayed a blue flag in token of their adherence to the popular side; and even the Jews in Houndsditch, Whitechapel, and those quarters, wrote upon their doors or window-shutters, "This House is a True Protestant." The crowd was the law, and never was the law held in greater dread or more implicitly obeyed.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when a vast mob poured into Lincoln's Inn Fields by every avenue, and divided — evidently in pursuance of a previous design — into several parties. It must not be understood that this arrangement was known to the whole crowd, but that it was the work of a few leaders who, mingling with the men as they came upon the ground, and calling to them to fall into this or that party, effected it as rapidly as if it had been determined on by a council of the whole number, and every man had known his place.

It was perfectly notorious to the assemblage that the largest body, which comprehended about two-thirds of the whole, was designed for the attack on Newgate. It comprehended all the rioters who had been conspicuous in any of their former proceedings; all those whom they recommended as daring hands and fit for the work; all those whose companions had been taken in the riots; and a great number of people who were relatives or friends of felons in the jail. This last class included not only the most desperate and utterly abandoned villains in London, but some who were comparatively innocent. There was more than one woman there, disguised in man's attire, and bent upon the rescue of a child or brother. There were the two sons of a man who lay under sentence of death, and who was to be executed along with three others, on the next day but one. There was a great party of boys whose fellow pickpockets were in the prison; and at the skirts of all, a score of miserable women, outcasts from the world, seeking to release some other fallen creature as miserable as themselves, or moved by a general sympathy perhaps — God knows — with all who were without hope and wretched.

Old swords, and pistols without ball or powder; sledge-hammers, knives, axes, saws, and weapons pillaged from the butchers' shops; a forest of iron bars and wooden clubs; long ladders for scaling the walls, each carried on the shoulders of a dozen men; lighted torches; tow smeared with pitch, and tar, and brimstone; staves roughly plucked from fence and paling; and even crutches taken from crippled beggars in the streets, composed their arms. When all was ready, Hugh and Dennis, with Simon Tappertit between them, led the way. Roaring and chafing like an angry sea, the crowd pressed after them.

Instead of going straight down Holborn to the jail, as all expected, their leaders took the way to Clerkenwell, and pouring down a quiet street, halted before a locksmith's house — the Golden Key. . . .

The locksmith was taken to the head of the crowd, and required to walk between his two conductors; the whole body was put in rapid motion; and without any shouting or noise they bore down straight on Newgate and halted in a dense mass before the prison gate.

Breaking the silence they had hitherto preserved, they raised a great cry as soon as they were ranged before the jail, and demanded to speak with the governor. Their visit was not wholly unexpected, for his house, which fronted the street, was strongly barricaded, the wicket-gate of the prison was closed up, and at no loophole or grating was any person to be seen. Before they had repeated their summons many times, a man appeared upon the roof of the governor's house, and asked what it was they wanted.

Some said one thing, some another, and some only groaned and hissed. It being now nearly dark, and the house high, many persons in the throng were not aware that any one had come to answer them, and continued their clamor until the intelligence was gradually diffused through the whole concourse. Ten minutes or more elapsed before any one voice could be heard with tolerable distinctness; during which interval the figure remained perched alone, against the summer evening sky, looking down into the troubled street.

"Are you," said Hugh at length, "Mr. Akerman, the head jailer here?"

"Of course he is, brother," whispered Dennis. But Hugh, without minding him, took his answer from the man himself.

"Yes," he said; "I am."

"You have got some friends of ours in your custody, master."

"I have a good many people in my custody." He glanced downward as he spoke, into the jail; and the feeling that he could see into the different yards, and that he overlooked everything which was hidden from their view by the rugged walls, so lashed and goaded the mob that they howled like wolves.

"Deliver up our friends," said Hugh, "and you may keep the rest."

"It's my duty to keep them all. I shall do my duty."

"If you don't throw the doors open, we shall break 'em down," said Hugh; "for we will have the rioters out."

"All I can do, good people," Akerman replied, "is to exhort you to disperse; and to remind you that the consequences of any disturbance in this place will be very severe, and bitterly repented by most of you, when it is too late."

He made as though he would retire when he had said these words, but he was checked by the voice of the locksmith.

"Mr. Akerman!" cried Gabriel, "Mr. Akerman!"

"I will hear no more from any of you," replied the governor, turning towards the speaker, and waving his hand.

"But I am not one of them," said Gabriel. "I am an honest man, Mr. Akerman; a respectable tradesman — Gabriel Varden, the locksmith. You know me?"

"You among the crowd!" cried the governor in an altered voice.

"Brought here by force — brought here to pick the lock of the great door for them," rejoined the locksmith. "Bear witness for me, Mr. Akerman, that I refuse to do it; and that I will not do it, come what may of my refusal. If any violence is done to me, please to remember this."

"Is there no way of helping you?" said the governor.

"None, Mr. Akerman. You'll do your duty, and I'll do mine. Once again, you robbers and cut-throats," said the locksmith, turning round upon them, "I refuse. Ah! Howl till you're hoarse. I refuse."

"Stay — stay!" said the jailer, hastily. "Mr. Varden, I know you for a worthy man, and one who would do no unlawful act except upon compulsion —"

"Upon compulsion, sir," interposed the locksmith, who felt that the tone in which this was said conveyed the speaker's impression that he had ample excuse for yielding to the furious multitude who beset and hemmed him in on every side, and among whom he stood, an old man, quite alone,—"upon compulsion, sir, I'll do nothing."

"Where is that man," said the keeper, anxiously, "who spoke to me just now?"

"Here!" Hugh replied.

"Do you know what the guilt of murder is, and that by keeping that honest tradesman at your side you endanger his life!"

"We know it very well," he answered; "for what else did we bring him here? Let's have our friends, master, and you shall have your friend. Is that fair, lads?"

The mob replied to him with a loud hurrah!

"You see how it is, sir," cried Varden. "Keep 'em out, in King George's name. Remember what I have said. Good-night!"

There was no more parley. A shower of stones and other missiles compelled the keeper of the jail to retire; and the mob,

pressing on, and swarming round the walls, forced Gabriel Varden close up to the door.

In vain the basket of tools was laid upon the ground before him, and he was urged in turn by promises, by blows, by offers of reward and threats of instant death, to do the office for which they had brought him there. "No," cried the sturdy locksmith, "I will not."

He had never loved his life so well as then, but nothing could move him. The savage faces that glared upon him, look where he would; the cries of those who thirsted like wild animals for his blood; the sight of men pressing forward, and trampling down their fellows, as they strove to reach him, and struck at him above the heads of other men, with axes and with iron bars; all failed to daunt him. He looked from man to man and face to face, and still, with quickened breath and lessening color, cried firmly, "I will not!"

Dennis dealt him a blow upon the face which felled him to the ground. He sprang up again like a man in the prime of life, and with blood upon his forehead caught him by the throat.

"You cowardly dog!" he said: "Give me my daughter! Give me my daughter!"

They struggled together. Some cried "Kill him!" and some (but they were not near enough) strove to trample him to death. Tug as he would at the old man's wrists, the hangman could not force him to unclinch his hands.

"Is this all the return you make me, you ungrateful monster?" he articulated with great difficulty, and with many oaths.

"Give me my daughter!" cried the locksmith, who was now as fierce as those who gathered round him; "give me my daughter!"

He was down again, and up, and down once more, and buffeting with a score of them, who bandied him from hand to hand, when one tall fellow, fresh from a slaughter-house, whose dress and great thigh-boots smoked hot with grease and blood, raised a pole-axe, and swearing a horrible oath, aimed it at the old man's uncovered head. At that instant, and in the very act, he fell himself, as if struck by lightning, and over his body a one-armed man came darting to the locksmith's side. Another man was with him, and both caught the locksmith roughly in their grasp.

"Leave him to us!" they cried to Hugh — struggling as they spoke, to force a passage backward through the crowd. "Leave him to us. Why do you waste your whole strength on such as he, when a couple of men can finish him in as many minutes! You lose time. Remember the prisoners! remember Barnaby!"

The cry ran through the mob. Hammers began to rattle on the walls; and every man strove to reach the prison, and be among the foremost rank. Fighting their way through the press and struggle, as desperately as if they were in the midst of enemies rather than their own friends, the two men retreated with the locksmith between them, and dragged him through the very heart of the concourse.

And now the strokes began to fall like hail upon the gate and on the strong building; for those who could not reach the door spent their fierce rage on anything — even on the great blocks of stone, which shivered their weapons into fragments, and made their hands and arms to tingle as if the walls were active in their stout resistance, and dealt them back their blows. The clash of iron ringing upon iron mingled with the deafening tumult and sounded high above it, as the great sledge-hammers rattled on the nailed and plated door: the sparks flew off in showers; men worked in gangs, and at short intervals relieved each other, that all their strength might be devoted to the work; but there stood the portal still, as grim and dark and strong as ever, and saving for the dints upon its battered surface, quite unchanged.

While some brought all their energies to bear upon this toilsome task, and some, rearing ladders against the prison, tried to clamber to the summit of the walls they were too short to scale, and some again engaged a body of police a hundred strong, and beat them back and trod them under foot by force of numbers, others besieged the house on which the jailer had appeared, and driving in the door, brought out his furniture and piled it up against the prison gate to make a bonfire which should burn it down. As soon as this device was understood, all those who had labored hitherto cast down their tools and helped to swell the heap, which reached half-way across the street, and was so high that those who threw more fuel on the top got up by ladders. When all the keeper's goods were flung upon this costly pile, to the last fragment, they smeared it with the pitch and tar and rosin they had brought, and sprinkled it with turpentine.

To all the woodwork round the prison doors they did the like, leaving not a joist or beam untouched. This infernal christening performed, they fired the pile with lighted matches and with blazing tow, and then stood by, awaiting the result.

The furniture being very dry and rendered more combustible by wax and oil, besides the arts they had used, took fire at once. The flames roared high and fiercely, blackening the prison wall, and twining up its lofty front like burning serpents. At first they crowded round the blaze, and vented their exultation only in their looks; but when it grew hotter and fiercer — when it crackled, leaped, and roared, like a great furnace — when it shone upon the opposite houses and lighted up not only the pale and wondering faces at the windows, but the inmost corners of each habitation — when, through the deep red heat and glow, the fire was seen sporting and toying with the door, now clinging to its obdurate surface, now gliding off with fierce inconstancy and soaring high into the sky, anon returning to fold it in its burning grasp and lure it to its ruin — when it shone and gleamed so brightly that the church clock of St. Sepulchre's, so often pointing to the hour of death, was legible as in broad day, and the vane upon its steeple-top glittered in the unwonted light like something richly jeweled — when blackened stone and sombre brick grew ruddy in the deep reflection, and windows shone like burnished gold, dotting the longest distance in the fiery vista with their specks of brightness — when wall and tower and roof and chimney-stack seemed drunk, and in the flickering glare appeared to reel and stagger — when scores of objects, never seen before, burst out upon the view, and things the most familiar put on some new aspect — then the mob began to join the whirl, and with loud yells, and shouts, and clamor, such as happily is seldom heard, bestirred themselves to feed the fire and keep it at its height.

Although the heat was so intense that the paint on the houses over against the prison parched and crackled up, and swelling into boils as it were, from excess of torture, broke and crumbled away; although the glass fell from the window-sashes, and the lead and iron on the roofs blistered the incautious hand that touched them, and the sparrows in the eaves took wing, and rendered giddy by the smoke, fell fluttering down upon the blazing pile; — still the fire was tended unceasingly by busy hands, and round it men were going always. They never slackened in their

zeal, or kept aloof, but pressed upon the flames so hard that those in front had much ado to save themselves from being thrust in; if one man swooned or dropped, a dozen struggled for his place, and that, although they knew the pain and thirst and pressure to be unendurable. Those who fell down in fainting fits, and were not crushed or burned, were carried to an inn-yard close at hand, and dashed with water from a pump; of which buckets full were passed from man to man among the crowd; but such was the strong desire of all to drink, and such the fighting to be first, that for the most part the whole contents were spilled upon the ground, without the lips of one man being moistened.

Meanwhile, and in the midst of all the roar and outcry, those who were nearest to the pile heaped up again the burning fragments that came toppling down, and raked the fire about the door, which, although a sheet of flame, was still a door fast locked and barred, and kept them out. Great pieces of blazing wood were passed, besides, above the people's heads to such as stood about the ladders, and some of these, climbing up to the topmost stave, and holding on with one hand by the prison wall, exerted all their skill and force to cast these fire-brands on the roof, or down into the yards within. In many instances their efforts were successful, which occasioned a new and appalling addition to the horrors of the scene; for the prisoners within, seeing from between their bars that the fire caught in many places and thrived fiercely, and being all locked up in strong cells for the night, began to know that they were in danger of being burned alive. This terrible fear, spreading from cell to cell and from yard to yard, vented itself in such dismal cries and wailings, and in such dreadful shrieks for help, that the whole jail resounded with the noise; which was loudly heard even above the shouting of the mob and roaring of the flames, and was so full of agony and despair that it made the boldest tremble. . . .

The women who were looking on shrieked loudly, beat their hands together, stopped their ears, and many fainted; the men who were not near the walls and active in the siege, rather than do nothing tore up the pavement of the street, and did so with a haste and fury they could not have surpassed if that had been the jail, and they were near their object. Not one living creature in the throng was for an instant still. The whole great mass were mad.

A shout! Another! Another yet, though few knew why, or what it meant. But those around the gate had seen it slowly yield, and drop from its topmost hinge. It hung on that side by but one, but it was upright still because of the bar, and its having sunk of its own weight into the heap of ashes at its foot. There was now a gap at the top of the doorway, through which could be descried a gloomy passage, cavernous and dark. Pile up the fire!

It burned fiercely. The door was red-hot, and the gap wider. They vainly tried to shield their faces with their hands, and standing as if in readiness for a spring, watched the place. Dark figures, some crawling on their hands and knees, some carried in the arms of others, were seen to pass along the roof. It was plain the jail could hold out no longer. The keeper and his officers, and their wives and children, were escaping. Pile up the fire!

The door sank down again: it settled deeper in the cinders — tottered — yielded — was down!

As they shouted again, they fell back for a moment, and left a clear space about the fire that lay between them and the jail entry. Hugh leaped upon the blazing heap, and scattering a train of sparks into the air, and making the dark lobby glitter with those that hung upon his dress, dashed into the jail.

The hangman followed. And then so many rushed upon their track that the fire got trodden down and thinly strewn about the street; but there was no need of it now, for inside and out, the prison was in flames.

During the whole course of the terrible scene which was now at its height, one man in the jail suffered a degree of fear and mental torment which had no parallel in the endurance even of those who lay under sentence of death.

When the rioters first assembled before the building, the murderer was roused from sleep — if such slumbers as his may have that blessed name — by the roar of voices, and the struggling of a great crowd. He started up as these sounds met his ear, and sitting on his bedstead, listened.

After a short interval of silence the noise burst out again. Still listening attentively, he made out in course of time that the jail was besieged by a furious multitude. His guilty conscience instantly arrayed these men against himself, and brought

the fear upon him that he would be singled out and torn to pieces.

Once impressed with the terror of this conceit, everything tended to confirm and strengthen it. His double crime, the circumstances under which it had been committed, the length of time that had elapsed, and its discovery in spite of all, made him as it were the visible object of the Almighty's wrath. In all the crime and vice and moral gloom of the great pest-house of the capital, he stood alone, marked and singled out by his great guilt, a Lucifer among the devils. The other prisoners were a host, hiding and sheltering each other — a crowd like that without the walls. He was one man against the whole united concourse; a single, solitary, lonely man, from whom the very captives in the jail fell off and shrunk appalled.

It might be that the intelligence of his capture having been bruited abroad, they had come there purposely to drag him out and kill him in the street; or it might be that they were the rioters, and in pursuance of an old design had come to sack the prison. But in either case he had no belief or hope that they would spare him. Every shout they raised and every sound they made was a blow upon his heart. As the attack went on, he grew more wild and frantic in his terror; tried to pull away the bars that guarded the chimney and prevented him from climbing up; called loudly on the turnkeys to cluster round the cell and save him from the fury of the rabble, or put him in some dungeon underground, no matter of what depth, how dark it was, or loathsome, or beset with rats and creeping things, so that it hid him and was hard to find.

But no one came, or answered him. Fearful, even while he cried to them, of attracting attention, he was silent. By-and-by he saw, as he looked from his grated window, a strange glimmering on the stone walls and pavement of the yard. It was feeble at first, and came and went, as though some officers with torches were passing to and fro upon the roof of the prison. Soon it reddened, and lighted brands came whirling down, spattering the ground with fire, and burning sullenly in corners. One rolled beneath a wooden bench and set it in a blaze; another caught a water-spout, and so went climbing up the wall, leaving a long straight track of fire behind it. After a time, a slow thick shower of burning fragments, from some upper portion of the prison which was blazing nigh, began to fall before his

door. Remembering that it opened outwards, he knew that every spark which fell upon the heap, and in the act lost its bright life and died an ugly speck of dust and rubbish, helped to entomb him in a living grave. Still, though the jail resounded with shrieks and cries for help,—though the fire bounded up as if each separate flame had had a tiger's life, and roared as though in every one there were a hungry voice—though the heat began to grow intense, and the air suffocating, and the clamor without increased, and the danger of his situation even from one merciless element was every moment more extreme,—still he was afraid to raise his voice again, lest the crowd should break in, and should, of their own ears or from the information given them by the other prisoners, get the clew to his place of confinement. Thus fearful alike of those within the prison and of those without; of noise and silence; light and darkness; of being released, and being left there to die: he was so tortured and tormented, that nothing man has ever done to man in the horrible caprice of power and cruelty, exceeds his self-inflicted punishment.

Now, now, the door was down. Now they came rushing through the jail, calling to each other in the vaulted passages; clashing the iron gates dividing yard from yard; beating at the doors of cells and wards; wrenching off bolts and locks and bars; tearing down the doorposts to get men out; endeavoring to drag them by main force through gaps and windows where a child could scarcely pass; whooping and yelling without a moment's rest; and running through the heat and flames as if they were cased in metal. By their legs, their arms, the hair upon their heads, they dragged the prisoners out. Some threw themselves upon the captives as they got towards the door, and tried to file away their irons; some danced about them with a frenzied joy, and rent their clothes, and were ready, as it seemed, to tear them limb from limb. Now a party of a dozen men came darting through the yard into which the murderer cast fearful glances from his darkened window; dragging a prisoner along the ground, whose dress they had nearly torn from his body in their mad eagerness to set him free, and who was bleeding and senseless in their hands. Now a score of prisoners ran to and fro, who had lost themselves in the intricacies of the prison, and were so bewildered with the noise and glare that they knew not where to turn or what to do, and still cried out for help as loudly as before. Anon some famished wretch,

whose theft had been a loaf of bread or scrap of butcher's meat, came skulking past, barefooted — going slowly away because that jail, his house, was burning; not because he had any other, or had friends to meet, or old haunts to revisit, or any liberty to gain but liberty to starve and die. And then a knot of highwaymen went trooping by, conducted by the friends they had among the crowd, who muffled their fetters as they went along with handkerchiefs and bands of hay, and wrapped them in coats and cloaks, and gave them drink from bottles, and held it to their lips, because of their handcuffs which there was no time to remove. All this, and Heaven knows how much more, was done amidst a noise, a hurry, and distraction, like nothing that we know of even in our dreams; which seemed forever on the rise, and never to decrease for the space of a single instant.

He was still looking down from his window upon these things, when a band of men with torches, ladders, axes, and many kinds of weapons, poured into the yard, and hammering at his door, inquired if there were any prisoner within. He left the window when he saw them coming, and drew back into the remotest corner of the cell; but although he returned them no answer, they had a fancy that some one was inside, for they presently set ladders against it, and began to tear away the bars at the casement; not only that, indeed, but with pickaxes to hew down the very stones in the wall.

As soon as they had made a breach at the window, large enough for the admission of a man's head, one of them thrust in a torch and looked all round the room. He followed this man's gaze until it rested on himself, and heard him demand why he had not answered, but made him no reply.

In the general surprise and wonder, they were used to this; without saying anything more, they enlarged the breach until it was large enough to admit the body of a man, and then came dropping down upon the floor, one after another, until the cell was full. They caught him up among them, handed him to the window, and those who stood upon the ladders passed him down upon the pavement of the yard. Then the rest came out, one after another, and bidding him fly and lose no time, or the way would be choked up, hurried away to rescue others.

It seemed not a minute's work from first to last. He staggered to his feet, incredulous of what had happened, when the

yard was filled again, and a crowd rushed on, hurrying Barnaby among them. In another minute — not so much: another minute! the same instant, with no lapse or interval between! — he and his son were being passed from hand to hand, through the dense crowd in the street, and were glancing backward at a burning pile which some one said was Newgate. . . . .

When he [the hangman] had issued his instructions relative to every other part of the building, and the mob were dispersed from end to end, and busy at their work, he took a bundle of keys from a kind of cupboard in the wall, and going by a private passage near the chapel (it joined the governor's house, and was then on fire), betook himself to the condemned cells, which were a series of small, strong, dismal rooms, opening on a low gallery, guarded at the end at which he entered by a strong iron wicket, and at its opposite extremity by two doors and a thick grate. Having double-locked the wicket and assured himself that the other entrances were well secured, he sat down on a bench in the gallery and sucked the head of his stick with an air of the utmost complacency, tranquillity, and contentment.

It would have been strange enough, a man's enjoying himself in this quiet manner while the prison was burning and such a tumult was cleaving the air, though he had been outside the walls. But here in the very heart of the building, and moreover, with the prayers and cries of the four men under sentence sounding in his ears, and their hands, stretched out through the gratings in their cell doors, clasped in frantic entreaty before his very eyes, it was particularly remarkable. Indeed, Mr. Dennis appeared to think it an uncommon circumstance, and to banter himself upon it; for he thrust his hat on one side as some men do when they are in a waggish humor, sucked the head of his stick with a higher relish, and smiled as though he would say: — "Dennis, you're a rum dog; you're a queer fellow; you're capital company, Dennis, and quite a character!"

He sat in this way for some minutes, while the four men in the cells, certain that somebody had entered the gallery but unable to see who, gave vent to such piteous entreaties as wretches in their miserable condition may be supposed to have been inspired with; urging whoever it was to set them at liberty, for the love of Heaven; and protesting with great fervor, and truly enough perhaps for the time, that if they escaped they would amend their ways, and would never, never, never again do wrong

before God or man, but would lead penitent and sober lives, and sorrowfully repent the crimes they had committed. The terrible energy with which they spoke would have moved any person, no matter how good or just (if any good or just person could have strayed into that sad place that night), to set them at liberty, and while he would have left any other punishment to its free course, to save them from this last dreadful and repulsive penalty; which never turned a man inclined to evil, and has hardened thousands who were half inclined to good.

Mr. Dennis, who had been bred and nurtured in the good old school, and had administered the good old laws on the good old plan, always once and sometimes twice every six weeks, for a long time bore these appeals with a deal of philosophy. Being at last, however, rather disturbed in his pleasant reflection by their repetition, he rapped at one of the doors with his stick, and cried,—

"Hold your noise there, will you?" . . .

Mr. Dennis resumed in a sort of coaxing tone:—

"Now look'ee here, you four. I'm come here to take care of you, and see that you ain't burnt, instead of the other thing. It's no use you making any noise, for you won't be found out by them as has broken in, and you'll only be hoarse when you come to the speeches,—which is a pity. What I say in respect to the speeches always is, 'Give it mouth.' That's my maxim. Give it mouth. I've heerd," said the hangman, pulling off his hat to take his handkerchief from the crown and wipe his face, and then putting it on again a little more on one side than before, "I've heerd a eloquence on them boards,—you know what boards I mean,—and have heerd a degree of mouth given to them speeches, that they was as clear as a bell, and as good as a play. There's a pattern! And always, when a thing of this natur's to come off, what I stand up for is a proper frame of mind. Let's have a proper frame of mind, and we can go through with it, creditable—pleasant—sociable. Whatever you do (and I address myself in particular to you in the furthest), never snivel. I'd sooner by half, though I lose by it, see a man tear his clothes a-purpose to spile 'em before they come to me, than find him sniveling. It is ten to one a better frame of mind every way!"

MONSEIGNEUR

From 'A Tale of Two Cities'

MONSEIGNEUR, one of the great lords in power at the Court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris. Monseigneur was in his inner room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries, the Holiest of Holiests to the crowd of worshipers in the suite of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate. Monseigneur could swallow a great many things with ease, and was by some few sullen minds supposed to be rather rapidly swallowing France; but his morning's chocolate could not so much as get into the throat of Monseigneur without the aid of four strong men besides the Cook.

Yes. It took four men, all four ablaze with gorgeous decoration, and the Chief of them unable to exist with fewer than two gold watches in his pocket, emulative of the noble and chaste fashion set by Monseigneur, to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One lackey carried the chocolate pot into the sacred presence; a second milled and frothed the chocolate with the little instrument he bore for that function; a third presented the favored napkin; a fourth (he of the two gold watches) poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monseigneur to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly waited on by only three men; he must have died of two.

Monseigneur had been out at a little supper last night, where the Comedy and the Grand Opera were charmingly represented. Monseigneur was out at a little supper most nights, with fascinating company. So polite and so impressible was Monseigneur, that the Comedy and the Grand Opera had far more influence with him in the tiresome articles of state affairs and state secrets than the needs of all France. A happy circumstance for France, as the like always is for all countries similarly favored! — always was for England (by way of example) in the regretted days of the merry Stuart who sold it.

Monseigneur had one truly noble idea of general public business, which was to let everything go on in its own way; of particular public business, Monseigneur had the other truly noble

idea that it must all go his way — tend to his own power and pocket. Of his pleasures, general and particular, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea, that the world was made for them. The text of his order (altered from the original by only a pronoun, which is not much) ran, "The earth and the fullness thereof are mine, saith Monseigneur."

Yet Monseigneur had slowly found that vulgar embarrassments crept into his affairs, both private and public; and he had, as to both classes of affairs, allied himself perforce with a Farmer-General. As to finances public, because Monseigneur could not make anything at all of them, and must consequently let them out to somebody who could; as to finances private, because Farmers-General were rich, and Monseigneur, after generations of great luxury and expense, was growing poor. Hence Monseigneur had taken his sister from a convent while there was yet time to ward off the impending veil, the cheapest garment she could wear, and had bestowed her as a prize upon a very rich Farmer-General, poor in family. Which Farmer-General, carrying an appropriate cane with a golden apple on the top of it, was now among the company in the outer rooms, much prostrated before by mankind — always excepting superior mankind of the blood of Monseigneur, who, his own wife included, looked down upon him with the loftiest contempt.

A sumptuous man was the Farmer-General. Thirty horses stood in his stables, twenty-four male domestics sat in his halls, six body-women waited on his wife. As one who pretended to do nothing but plunder and forage where he could, the Farmer-General — howsoever his matrimonial relations conduced to social morality — was at least the greatest reality among the personages who attended at the hotel of Monseigneur that day.

For the rooms, though a beautiful scene to look at, and adorned with every device of decoration that the taste and skill of the time could achieve, were in truth not a sound business; considered with any reference to the scarecrows in the rags and nightcaps elsewhere (and not so far off, either, but that the watching towers of Notre-Dame, almost equidistant from the two extremes, could see them both), they would have been an exceedingly uncomfortable business — if that could have been anybody's business, at the house of Monseigneur. Military officers destitute of military knowledge; naval officers with no idea of a ship; civil officers without a notion of affairs; brazen ecclesiastics,

of the worst world worldly, with sensual eyes, loose tongues, and looser lives; all totally unfit for their several callings, all lying horribly in pretending to belong to them, but all nearly or remotely of the order of Monseigneur, and therefore foisted on all public employments from which anything was to be got — these were to be told off by the score and the score. People not immediately connected with Monseigneur or the State, yet equally unconnected with anything that was real, or with lives passed in traveling by any straight road to any true earthly end, were no less abundant. Doctors who made great fortunes out of dainty remedies for imaginary disorders that never existed, smiled upon their courtly patients in the ante-chambers of Monseigneur. Projectors who had discovered every kind of remedy for the little evils with which the State was touched, except the remedy of setting to work in earnest to root out a single sin, poured their distracting babble into any ears they could lay hold of, at the reception of Monseigneur. Unbelieving Philosophers who were remodeling the world with words, and making card-towers of Babel to scale the skies with, talked with unbelieving Chemists who had an eye on the transmutation of metals, at this wonderful gathering accumulated by Monseigneur. Exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding, which was at that remarkable time — and has ever since — to be known by its fruits of indifference to every natural subject of human interest, were in the most exemplary state of exhaustion, at the hotel of Monseigneur. Such homes had these various notabilities left behind them in the fine world of Paris, that the Spies among the assembled devotees of Monseigneur — forming a goodly half of the polite company — would have found it hard to discover among the angels of that sphere one solitary wife who in her manners and appearance owned to being a mother. Indeed, except for the mere act of bringing a troublesome creature into this world — which does not go far towards the realization of the name of mother — there was no such thing known to the fashion. Peasant women kept the unfashionable babies close, and brought them up; and charming grandmammas of sixty dressed and supped as at twenty.

The leprosy of unreality disfigured every human creature in attendance upon Monseigneur. In the outermost room were half a dozen exceptional people who had had, for a few years, some vague misgiving in them that things in general were going

rather wrong. As a promising way of setting them right, half of the half-dozen had become members of a fantastic sect of Convulsionists, and were even then considering within themselves whether they should foam, rage, roar, and turn cataleptic on the spot — thereby setting up a highly intelligible finger-post to the Future for Monseigneur's guidance. Besides these Dervishes were other three who had rushed into another sect, which mended matters with a jargon about "the Centre of truth": holding that Man had got out of the Centre of truth — which did not need much demonstration — but had not got out of the Circumference, and that he was to be kept from flying out of the Circumference, and was even to be shoved back into the Centre, by fasting and seeing of spirits. Among these, accordingly, much discoursing with spirits went on — and it did a world of good which never became manifest.

But the comfort was, that all the company at the grand hotel of Monseigneur were perfectly dressed. If the Day of Judgment had only been ascertained to be a dress day, everybody there would have been eternally correct. Such frizzling and powdering and sticking-up of hair, such delicate complexions artificially preserved and mended, such gallant swords to look at, and such delicate honor to the sense of smell, would surely keep anything going for ever and ever. The exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding wore little pendent trinkets that chinked as they languidly moved; these golden fetters rang like precious little bells; and what with that ringing, and with the rustle of silk and brocade and fine linen, there was a flutter in the air that fanned Saint Antoine and his devouring hunger far away.

Dress was the one unfailing talisman and charm used for keeping all things in their places. Everybody was dressed for a Fancy Ball that was never to leave off. From the Palace of the Tuileries, through Monseigneur and the whole Court, through the Chambers, the Tribunals of Justice, and all society (except the scarecrows), the Fancy Ball descended to the Common Executioner; who in pursuance of the charm was required to officiate "frizzled, powdered, in a gold-laced coat, pumps, and white silk stockings." At the gallows and the wheel — the axe was a rarity — Monsieur Paris, — as it was the episcopal mode among his brother Professors of the provinces, Monsieur Orleans and the rest, to call him, — presided in this dainty dress. And who among the company at Monseigneur's reception in that seventeen-

hundred-and-eightieth year of our Lord could possibly doubt that a system rooted in a frizzled hangman, powdered, gold-laced, pumped, and white-silk-stockinged, would see the very stars out!

Monseigneur, having eased his four men of their burdens and taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiests to be thrown open, and issued forth. Then what submission, what cringing and fawning, what servility, what abject humiliation! As to bowing down in body and spirit, nothing in that way was left for Heaven — which may have been one among other reasons why the worshipers of Monseigneur never troubled it.

Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there, a whisper on one happy slave and a wave of the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms to the remote region of the Circumference of Truth. There Monseigneur turned and came back again, and so in due course of time got himself shut up in his sanctuary by the chocolate sprites, and was seen no more.

The show being over, the flutter in the air became quite a little storm, and the precious little bells went ringing down-stairs. There was soon but one person left of all the crowd, and he, with his hat under his arm and his snuff-box in his hand, slowly passed among the mirrors on his way out.

"I devote you," said this person, stopping at the last door on his way, and turning in the direction of the sanctuary, "to the Devil!"

With that, he shook the snuff from his fingers as if he had shaken the dust from his feet, and quietly walked down-stairs.

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner, and with a face like a fine mask. A face of a transparent paleness; every feature in it clearly defined; one set expression on it. The nose, beautifully formed otherwise, was very slightly pinched at the top of each nostril. In those two compressions, or dints, the only little change that the face ever showed, resided. They persisted in changing color sometimes, and they would be occasionally dilated and contracted by something like a faint pulsation; then they gave a look of treachery and cruelty to the whole countenance. Examined with attention, its capacity of helping such a look was to be found in the line of the mouth and the lines of the orbits of the eyes, being much too horizontal and thin; still, in the effect the face made, it was a handsome face, and a remarkable one.

Its owner went down-stairs into the courtyard, got into his carriage, and drove away. Not many people had talked with

him at the reception; he had stood in a little space apart, and Monseigneur might have been warmer in his manner. It appeared, under the circumstances, rather agreeable to him to see the common people dispersed before his horses, and often barely escaping from being run down. His man drove as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face or to the lips of the master. The complaint had sometimes made itself audible, even in that deaf city and dumb age, that in the narrow streets without footways, the fierce patrician custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere vulgar in a barbarous manner. But few cared enough for that to think of it a second time, and in this matter, as in all others, the common wretches were left to get out of their difficulties as they could.

With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood in these days, the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and men clutching each other and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience, the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on and leave their wounded behind; and why not? But the frightened valet had got down in a hurry, and there were twenty hands at the horses' bridles.

"What has gone wrong?" said Monsieur, calmly looking out.

A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it like a wild animal.

"Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis!" said a ragged and submissive man, "it is a child."

"Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis—it is a pity—yes."

The fountain was a little removed; for the street opened, where it was, into a space some ten or twelve yards square. As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground and came running at the carriage, Monsieur the Marquis clapped his hand for an instant on his sword-hilt.

"Killed!" shrieked the man in wild desperation, extending both arms at their length above his head, and staring at him. "Dead!"

The people closed round, and looked at Monsieur the Marquis. There was nothing revealed by the many eyes that looked at him but watchfulness and eagerness; there was no visible menacing or anger. Neither did the people say anything; after the first cry they had been silent, and they remained so. The voice of the submissive man who had spoken was flat and tame in its extreme submission. Monsieur the Marquis ran his eyes over them all as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes.

He took out his purse.

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is forever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses? See! Give him that."

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up, and all the heads craned forward that all the eyes might look down at it as it fell. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

He was arrested by the quick arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him, the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying and pointing to the fountain, where some women were stooping over the motionless bundle and moving gently about it. They were as silent, however, as the men.

"I know all, I know all," said the last comer. "Be a brave man, my Gaspard! It is better for the poor little plaything to die so, than to live. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily?"

"You are a philosopher, you there," said the Marquis, smiling. "How do they call you?"

"They call me Defarge."

"Of what trade?"

"Monsieur the Marquis, vendor of wine."

"Pick up that, philosopher and vendor of wine," said the Marquis, throwing him another gold coin, "and spend it as you will. The horses there; are they right?"

Without deigning to look at the assemblage a second time, Monsieur the Marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing, and had paid for it and could afford

to pay for it, when his ease was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage, and ringing on its floor.

"Hold!" said Monsieur the Marquis. "Hold the horses! Who threw that?"

He looked to the spot where Defarge the vendor of wine had stood, a moment before; but the wretched father was groveling on his face on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark stout woman, knitting.

"You dogs!" said the Marquis, but smoothly and with an unchanged front, except as to the spots on his nose: "I would ride over any of you very willingly, and exterminate you from the earth. If I knew which rascal threw at the carriage, and if that brigand were sufficiently near it, he should be crushed under the wheels."

So cowed was their condition, and so long and hard their experience of what such a man could do to them, within the law and beyond it, that not a voice, or a hand, or even an eye was raised. Among the men, not one. But the woman who stood knitting looked up steadily, and looked the Marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it; his contemptuous eyes passed over her and over all the other rats; and he leaned back in his seat again and gave the word, "Go on!"

He was driven on, and other carriages came whirling by in quick succession; the Minister, the State-Projector, the Farmer-General, the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Ecclesiastic, the Grand Opera, the Comedy, the whole Fancy Ball in a bright continuous flow, came whirling by. The rats had crept out of their holes to look on, and they remained looking on for hours; soldiers and police often passing between them and the spectacle, and making a barrier behind which they slunk, and through which they peeped. The father had long ago taken up his bundle and hidden himself away with it, when the women who had tended the bundle while it lay on the base of the fountain sat there watching the running of the water and the rolling of the Fancy Ball — when the one woman who had stood conspicuous, knitting, still knitted on with the steadfastness of Fate. The water of the fountain ran, the swift river ran, the day ran into evening, so much life in the city ran into death according to rule, time and tide waited for no man, the rats were sleeping close together in their dark holes again, the Fancy Ball was lighted up at supper, all things ran their course.

A BEAUTIFUL landscape, with the corn bright in it but not abundant. Patches of poor rye where corn should have been, patches of poor peas and beans, patches of most coarse vegetable substitutes for wheat. On inanimate nature, as on the men and women who cultivated it, a prevalent tendency towards an appearance of vegetating unwillingly—a dejected disposition to give up and wither away.

Monsieur the Marquis in his traveling carriage (which might have been lighter), conducted by four post-horses and two postilions, fagged up a steep hill. A blush on the countenance of Monsieur the Marquis was no impeachment of his high breeding; it was not from within; it was occasioned by an external circumstance beyond his control—the setting sun.

The sunset struck so brilliantly into the traveling carriage when it gained the hill-top, that its occupant was steeped in crimson. "It will die out," said Monsieur the Marquis, glancing at his hands, "directly."

In effect, the sun was so low that it dipped at the moment. When the heavy drag had been adjusted to the wheel, and the carriage slid down hill, with a cinderous smell, in a cloud of dust, the red glow departed quickly; the sun and the Marquis going down together, there was no glow left when the drag was taken off.

But there remained a broken country, bold and open, a little village at the bottom of the hill, a broad sweep and rise beyond it, a church tower, a windmill, a forest for the chase, and a crag with a fortress on it, used as a prison. Round upon all these darkening objects as the night drew on, the Marquis looked, with the air of one who was coming near home.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, poor tannery, poor tavern, poor stable-yard for relays of post-horses, poor fountain, all usual poor appointments. It had its poor people too. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at their doors, shredding spare onions and the like for supper, while many were at the fountain, washing leaves, and grasses, and any such small yieldings of the earth that could be eaten. Expressive signs of what made them poor were not wanting; the tax for the state, the tax for the church, the tax for the lord, tax local and tax general, were to be paid here and to be paid there, according to solemn inscription in the little village, until the wonder was that there was any village left unswallowed.

Few children were to be seen, and no dogs. As to the men and women, their choice on earth was stated in the prospect—Life on the lowest terms that could sustain it, down in the little village under the mill; or captivity and Death in the dominant prison on the crag.

Heralded by a courier in advance, and by the cracking of his postilions' whips, which twined snake-like about their heads in the evening air, as if he came attended by the Furies, Monsieur the Marquis drew up in his traveling carriage at the posting-house gate. It was hard by the fountain, and the peasants suspended their operations to look at him. He looked at them, and saw in them, without knowing it, the slow sure filing down of misery-worn face and figure, that was to make the meagreness of Frenchmen an English superstition which should survive the truth through the best part of a hundred years.

Monsieur the Marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him, as the like of himself had drooped before Monseigneur of the Court—only the difference was, that these faces drooped merely to suffer and not to propitiate—when a grizzled mender of the roads joined the group.

"Bring me hither that fellow!" said the Marquis to the courier.

The fellow was brought, cap in hand, and the other fellows closed round to look and listen, in the manner of the people at the Paris fountain.

"I passed you on the road?"

"Monseigneur, it is true. I had the honor of being passed on the road."

"Coming up the hill, and at the top of the hill, both?"

"Monseigneur, it is true."

"What did you look at so fixedly?"

"Monseigneur, I looked at the man."

He stooped a little, and with his tattered blue cap pointed under the carriage. All his fellows stooped to look under the carriage.

"What man, pig? And why look there?"

"Pardon, Monseigneur; he swung by the chain of the shoe—the drag."

"Who?" demanded the traveler.

"Monseigneur, the man."

"May the Devil carry away these idiots! How do you call the man? You know all the men of this part of the country. Who was he?"

"Your clemency, Monseigneur! He was not of this part of the country. Of all the days of my life, I never saw him."

"Swinging by the chain? To be suffocated?"

"With your gracious permission, that was the wonder of it, Monseigneur. His head hanging over — like this!"

He turned himself sideways to the carriage, and leaned back, with his face thrown up to the sky, and his head hanging down; then recovered himself, fumbled with his cap, and made a bow.

"What was he like?"

"Monseigneur, he was whiter than the miller. All covered with dust, white as a spectre, tall as a spectre!"

The picture produced an immense sensation in the little crowd; but all eyes, without comparing notes with other eyes, looked at Monsieur the Marquis. Perhaps to observe whether he had any spectre on his conscience.

"Truly, you did well," said the Marquis, felicitously sensible that such vermin were not to ruffle him, "to see a thief accompanying my carriage, and not open that great mouth of yours. Bah! Put him aside, Monsieur Gabelle!"

Monsieur Gabelle was the Postmaster and some other taxing functionary, united; he had come out with great obsequiousness to assist at this examination, and had held the examined by the drapery of his arm in an official manner.

"Bah! Go aside!" said Monsieur Gabelle.

"Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village to-night, and be sure that his business is honest, Gabelle."

"Monseigneur, I am flattered to devote myself to your orders."

"Did he run away, fellow? — where is that Accursed?"

The accursed was already under the carriage with some half-dozen particular friends, pointing out the chain with his blue cap. Some half-dozen other particular friends promptly haled him out, and presented him breathless to Monsieur the Marquis.

"Did the man run away, Dolt, when we stopped for the drag?"

"Monseigneur, he precipitated himself over the hill-side, head first, as a person plunges into the river."

"See to it, Gabelle. Go on!"

The half-dozen who were peering at the chain were still among the wheels, like sheep; the wheels turned so suddenly that they were lucky to save their skins and bones; they had very little else to save, or they might not have been so fortunate.

The burst with which the carriage started out of the village and up the rise beyond was soon checked by the steepness of the hill. Gradually it subsided to a foot pace, swinging and lumbering upward among the many sweet scents of a summer night. The postilions, with a thousand gossamer gnats circling about them in lieu of the Furies, quietly mended the points to the lashes of their whips; the valet walked by the horses; the courier was audible, trotting on ahead into the dim distance.

At the steepest point of the hill there was a little burial-ground, with a Cross and a new large figure of our Saviour on it; it was a poor figure in wood, done by some inexperienced rustic carver, but he had studied the figure from the life — his own life, maybe — for it was dreadfully spare and thin.

To this distressful emblem of a great distress that had long been growing worse and was not at its worst, a woman was kneeling. She turned her head as the carriage came up to her, rose quickly, and presented herself at the carriage door.

"It is you, Monseigneur! Monseigneur, a petition."

With an exclamation of impatience, but with his unchangeable face, Monseigneur looked out.

"How, then! What is it? Always petitions!"

"Monseigneur. For the love of the great God! My husband, the forester."

"What of your husband, the forester? Always the same with you people. He cannot pay something?"

"He has paid all, Monseigneur. He is dead."

"Well! He is quiet. Can I restore him to you?"

"Alas, no, Monseigneur! But he lies yonder, under a little heap of poor grass."

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, there are so many little heaps of poor grass!"

"Again, well?"

She looked an old woman, but was young. Her manner was one of passionate grief; by turns she clasped her veinous and knotted hands together with wild energy, and laid one of them on the carriage door — tenderly, caressingly, as if it had been a human breast, and could be expected to feel the appealing touch.

"Monseigneur, hear me! Monseigneur, hear my petition! My husband died of want; so many die of want; so many more will die of want."

"Again, well? Can I feed them?"

"Monseigneur, the good God knows; but I don't ask it. My petition is, that a morsel of stone or wood, with my husband's name, may be placed over him to show where he lies. Otherwise the place will be quickly forgotten; it will never be found when I am dead of the same malady; I shall be laid under some other heap of poor grass. Monseigneur, they are so many, they increase so fast, there is so much want. Monseigneur! Monseigneur!"

The valet had put her away from the door, the carriage had broken into a brisk trot, the postilions had quickened the pace; she was left far behind, and Monseigneur, again escorted by the Furies, was rapidly diminishing the league or two of distance that remained between him and his château.

The sweet scents of the summer night rose all around him, and rose, as the rain falls, impartially, on the dusty, ragged, and toil-worn group at the fountain not far away; to whom the mender of roads, with the aid of the blue cap without which he was nothing, still enlarged upon his man like a spectre as long as they could bear it. By degrees, as they could bear no more, they dropped off one by one, and lights twinkled in little casements; which lights, as the casements darkened, and more stars came out, seemed to have shot up into the sky instead of having been extinguished.

The shadow of a large high-roofed house, and of many overhanging trees, was upon Monsieur the Marquis by that time; and the shadow was exchanged for the light of a flambeau, as his carriage stopped, and the great door of his château was opened to him.

"Monsieur Charles, whom I expect; is he arrived from England?"

"Monseigneur, not yet."

The Gorgon's Head

It was a heavy mass of building, that château of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone court-yard before it, and two stone sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door. A stony business altogether, with heavy stone balustrades, and stone urns, and stone flowers, and stone faces of men, and stone heads of lions, in all directions. As if the Gorgon's head had surveyed it when it was finished two centuries ago.

Up the broad flight of shallow steps, Monsieur the Marquis, flambeau-preceded, went from his carriage, sufficiently disturbing the darkness to elicit loud remonstrance from an owl in the roof of the great pile of stable-building away among the trees. All else was so quiet that the flambeau carried up the steps, and the other flambeau held at the great door, burnt as if they were in a close room of state, instead of being in the open night air. Other sound than the owl's voice there was none, save the falling of a fountain into its stone basin; for it was one of those dark nights that hold their breath by the hour together, and then heave a long low sigh, and hold their breath again.

The great door clanged behind him, and Monsieur the Marquis crossed a hall grim with certain old boar-spears, swords, and knives of the chase; grimmer with certain heavy riding-rods and riding-whips, of which many a peasant, gone to his benefactor Death, had felt the weight when his lord was angry.

Avoiding the larger rooms, which were dark and made fast for the night, Monsieur the Marquis, with his flambeau-bearer going on before, went up the staircase to a door in a corridor. This thrown open admitted him to his own private apartment of three rooms; his bedchamber and two others. High vaulted rooms with cool uncarpeted floors, great dogs upon the hearths for the burning of wood in winter-time, and all luxuries befitting the state of a marquis in a luxurious age and country. The fashion of the last Louis but one, of the line that was never to break — the fourteenth Louis — was conspicuous in their rich furniture; but it was diversified by many objects that were illustrations of old pages in the history of France.

A supper-table was laid for two, in the third of the rooms; a round room, in one of the château's four extinguisher-topped towers. A small lofty room, with its window wide open, and the wooden jalousie-blinds closed, so that the dark night only showed in slight horizontal lines of black, alternating with their broad lines of stone-color.

"My nephew," said the Marquis, glancing at the supper preparation; "they said he was not arrived."

Nor was he; but he had been expected with Monseigneur.

"Ah! It is not probable he will arrive to-night; nevertheless, leave the table as it is. I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour."

In a quarter of an hour Monseigneur was ready, and sat down alone to his sumptuous and choice supper. His chair was

opposite to the window, and he had taken his soup and was raising his glass of Bordeaux to his lips, when he put it down.

"What is that?" he calmly asked, looking with attention at the horizontal lines of black and stone-color.

"Monseigneur? That?"

"Outside the blinds. Open the blinds."

It was done.

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, it is nothing. The trees and the night are all that are here."

The servant who spoke had thrown the blinds wide, had looked out into the vacant darkness, and stood, with that blank behind him, looking round for instructions.

"Good," said the imperturbable master. "Close them again."

That was done too, and the Marquis went on with his supper. He was half-way through it, when he again stopped with his glass in his hand, hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly, and came up to the front of the château.

"Ask who is arrived."

It was the nephew of Monseigneur. He had been some few leagues behind Monseigneur, early in the afternoon. He had diminished the distance rapidly, but not so rapidly as to come up with Monseigneur on the road. He had heard of Monseigneur, at the posting-houses, as being before him.

He was to be told (said Monseigneur) that supper awaited him then and there, and that he was prayed to come to it. In a little while he came. He had been known in England as Charles Darnay.

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands.

"You left Paris yesterday, sir?" he said to Monseigneur, as he took his seat at table.

"Yesterday. And you?"

"I come direct."

"From London?"

"Yes."

"You have been a long time coming," said the Marquis, with a smile.

"On the contrary; I come direct."

"Pardon me! I mean, not a long time on the journey; a long time intending the journey."

"I have been detained by"—the nephew stopped a moment in his answer—"various business."

"Without doubt," said the polished uncle.

So long as a servant was present, no other words passed between them. When coffee had been served and they were alone together, the nephew, looking at the uncle and meeting the eyes of the face that was like a fine mask, opened a conversation.

"I have come back, sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected peril; but it is a sacred object, and if it had carried me to death I hope it would have sustained me."

"Not to death," said the uncle; "it is not necessary to say, to death."

"I doubt, sir," returned the nephew, "whether, if it had carried me to the utmost brink of death, you would have cared to stop me there."

The deepened marks in the nose, and the lengthening of the fine straight lines in the cruel face, looked ominous as to that; the uncle made a graceful gesture of protest, which was so clearly a slight form of good breeding that it was not reassuring.

"Indeed, sir," pursued the nephew, "for anything I know, you may have expressly worked to give a more suspicious appearance to the suspicious circumstances that surrounded me."

"No, no, no," said the uncle pleasantly.

"But, however that may be," resumed the nephew, glancing at him with deep distrust, "I know that your diplomacy would stop me by any means, and would know no scruple as to means."

"My friend, I told you so," said the uncle, with a fine pulsation in the two marks. "Do me the favor to recall that I told you so, long ago."

"I recall it."

"Thank you," said the Marquis—very sweetly indeed.

His tone lingered in the air, almost like the tone of a musical instrument.

"In effect, sir," pursued the nephew, "I believe it to be at once your bad fortune, and my good fortune, that has kept me out of a prison in France here."

"I do not quite understand," returned the uncle, sipping his coffee. "Dare I ask you to explain?"

"I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the court, and had not been overshadowed by that cloud for years past, a *lettre de cachet* would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely."

"It is possible," said the uncle, with great calmness. "For the honor of the family, I could even resolve to incommode you to that extent. Pray excuse me!"

"I perceive that, happily for me, the Reception of the day before yesterday was, as usual, a cold one," observed the nephew.

"I would not say happily, my friend," returned the uncle, with refined politeness; "I would not be sure of that. A good opportunity for consideration, surrounded by the advantages of solitude, might influence your destiny to far greater advantage than you influence it for yourself. But it is useless to discuss the question. I am, as you say, at a disadvantage. These little instruments of correction, these gentle aids to the power and honor of families, these slight favors that might so incommode you, are only to be obtained now by interest and importunity. They are sought by so many, and they are granted (comparatively) to so few! It used not to be so, but France in all such things is changed for the worse. Our not remote ancestors held the right of life and death over the surrounding vulgar. From this room, many such dogs have been taken out to be hanged; in the next room (my bedroom), one fellow, to our knowledge, was poniarded on the spot for professing some insolent delicacy respecting his daughter — *his* daughter! We have lost many privileges; a new philosophy has become the mode; and the assertion of our station, in these days, might (I do not go so far as to say would, but might) cause us real inconvenience. All very bad, very bad!"

The Marquis took a gentle little pinch of snuff and shook his head; as elegantly despondent as he could becomingly be, of a country still containing himself, that great means of regeneration.

"We have so asserted our station, both in the old time and in the modern time also," said the nephew, gloomily, "that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France."

"Let us hope so," said the uncle. "Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low."

"There is not," pursued the nephew, in his former tone, "a face I can look at, in all this country round about us, which

looks at me with any deference on it but the dark deference of fear and slavery."

"A compliment," said the Marquis, "to the grandeur of the family, merited by the manner in which the family has sustained its grandeur. Hah!" And he took another gentle little pinch of snuff, and lightly crossed his legs.

But when his nephew, leaning an elbow on the table, covered his eyes thoughtfully and dejectedly with his hand, the fine mask looked at him sideways with a stronger concentration of keenness, closeness, and dislike than was comportable with its wearer's assumption of indifference.

"Repression is the only lasting philosophy. The dark deference of fear and slavery, my friend," observed the Marquis, "will keep the dogs obedient to the whip, as long as this roof," looking up to it, "shuts out the sky."

That might not be so long as the Marquis supposed. If a picture of the château as it was to be a very few years hence, and of fifty like it as they too were to be a very few years hence, could have been shown to him that night, he might have been at a loss to claim his own from the ghastly, fire-charred, plunder-wrecked ruins. As for the roof he vaunted, he might have found *that* shutting out the sky in a new way—to wit, forever, from the eyes of the bodies into which its lead was fired, out of the barrels of a hundred thousand muskets.

"Meanwhile," said the Marquis, "I will preserve the honor and repose of the family, if you will not. But you must be fatigued. Shall we terminate our conference for the night?"

"A moment more."

"An hour if you please."

"Sir," said the nephew, "we have done wrong, and are reaping the fruits of wrong."

"*We* have done wrong?" repeated the Marquis, with an inquiring smile, and delicately pointing, first to his nephew, then to himself.

"Our family; our honorable family, whose honor is of so much account to both of us, in such different ways. Even in my father's time we did a world of wrong, injuring every human creature who came between us and our pleasure, whatever it was. Why need I speak of my father's time, when it is equally yours? Can I separate my father's twin brother, joint inheritor, and next successor, from himself?"

"Death has done that!" said the Marquis.

"And has left me," answered the nephew, "bound to a system that is frightful to me, responsible for it but powerless in it; seeking to execute the last request of my dear mother's lips, and obey the last look of my dear mother's eyes, which implored me to have mercy and to redress; and tortured by seeking assistance and power in vain."

"Seeking them from me, my nephew," said the Marquis, touching him on the breast with his forefinger,—they were now standing by the hearth,—"you will forever seek them in vain, be assured."

Every fine straight line in the clear whiteness of his face was cruelly, craftily, and closely compressed, while he stood looking quietly at his nephew, with his snuff-box in his hand. Once again he touched him on the breast, as though his finger were the fine point of a small sword, with which in delicate finesse he ran him through the body, and said, "My friend, I will die perpetuating the system under which I have lived."

When he had said it, he took a culminating pinch of snuff, and put his box in his pocket.

"Better to be a rational creature," he added then, after ringing a small bell on the table, "and accept your natural destiny. But you are lost, Monsieur Charles, I see."

"This property and France are lost to me," said the nephew, sadly; "I renounce them."

"Are they both yours to renounce? France may be, but is the property? It is scarcely worth mentioning; but is it, yet?"

"I had no intention, in the words I used, to claim it yet. If it passed to me from you to-morrow—"

"Which I have the vanity to hope is not probable."

"—or twenty years hence—"

"You do me too much honor," said the Marquis; "still, I prefer that supposition."

"—I would abandon it, and live otherwise and elsewhere. It is little to relinquish. What is it but a wilderness of misery and ruin!"

"Hah!" said the Marquis, glancing round the luxurious room.

"To the eye it is fair enough here; but seen in its integrity, under the sky and by the daylight, it is a crumbling tower of waste, mismanagement, extortion, debt, mortgage, oppression, hunger, nakedness, and suffering."

"Hah!" said the Marquis again, in a well-satisfied manner.

"If it ever becomes mine, it shall be put into some hands better qualified to free it slowly (if such a thing is possible) from the weight that drags it down, so that the miserable people who cannot leave it, and who have been long wrung to the last point of endurance, may in another generation suffer less; but it is not for me. There is a curse on it, and on all this land."

"And you?" said the uncle. "Forgive my curiosity; do you, under your new philosophy, graciously intend to live?"

"I must do, to live, what others of my countrymen, even with nobility at their backs, may have to do some day — work."

"In England, for example?"

"Yes. The family honor, sir, is safe for me in this country. The family name can suffer from me in no other, for I bear it in no other."

The ringing of the bell had caused the adjoining bedchamber to be lighted. It now shone brightly through the door of communication. The Marquis looked that way, and listened for the retreating step of his valet.

"England is very attractive to you, seeing how indifferently you have prospered there," he observed then, turning his calm face to his nephew with a smile.

"I have already said that for my prospering there, I am sensible I may be indebted to you, sir. For the rest, it is my Refuge."

"They say, those boastful English, that it is the Refuge of many. You know a compatriot who has found a Refuge there? A Doctor?"

"Yes."

"With a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Yes," said the Marquis. "You are fatigued. Good-night!"

As he bent his head in his most courtly manner, there was a secrecy in his smiling face, and he conveyed an air of mystery to those words, which struck the eyes and ears of his nephew forcibly. At the same time, the thin straight lines of the setting of the eyes, and the thin straight lips, and the markings in the nose, curved with a sarcasm that looked handsomely diabolic.

"Yes," repeated the Marquis. "A Doctor with a daughter. Yes. So commences the new philosophy! You are fatigued. Good-night!"

It would have been of as much avail to interrogate any stone fence outside the château as to interrogate that face of his. The nephew looked at him in vain, in passing on to the door.

"Good-night!" said the uncle. "I look to the pleasure of seeing you again in the morning. Good repose! Light Monsieur my nephew to his chamber, there!—And burn Monsieur my nephew in his bed, if you will," he added to himself, before he rang his little bell again, and summoned his valet to his own bedroom.

The valet come and gone, Monsieur the Marquis walked to and fro in his loose chamber-robe, to prepare himself gently for sleep, that hot still night. Rustling about the room, his softly-slippered feet making no noise on the floor, he moved like a refined tiger;—looked like some enchanted marquis of the impenitently wicked sort, in story, whose periodical change into tiger form was either just going off or just coming on.

He moved from end to end of his voluptuous bedroom, looking again at the scraps of the day's journey that came unbidden into his mind; the slow toil up the hill at sunset, the setting sun, the descent, the mill, the prison on the crag, the little village in the hollow, the peasants at the fountain, and the mender of roads with his blue cap pointing out the chain under the carriage. That fountain suggested the Paris fountain, the little bundle lying on the step, the women bending over it, and the tall man with his arms up, crying, "Dead!"

"I am cool now," said Monsieur the Marquis, "and may go to bed."

So, leaving only one light burning on the large hearth, he let his thin gauze curtains fall around him, and heard the night break its silence with a long sigh as he composed himself to sleep.

The stone faces on the outer walls stared blindly at the black night for three heavy hours; for three heavy hours the horses in the stables rattled at their racks, the dogs barked, and the owl made a noise with very little resemblance in it to the noise conventionally assigned to the owl by men-poets. But it is the obstinate custom of such creatures hardly ever to say what is set down for them.

For three heavy hours the stone faces of the château, lion and human, stared blindly at the night. Dead darkness lay on all the landscape, dead darkness added its own hush to the hushing dust

on all the roads. The burial-place had got to the pass that its little heaps of poor grass were undistinguishable from one another; the figure on the Cross might have come down, for anything that could be seen of it. In the village, taxers and taxed were fast asleep. Dreaming perhaps of banquets, as the starved usually do, and of ease and rest, as the driven slave and the yoked ox may, its lean inhabitants slept soundly, and were fed and freed.

The fountain in the village flowed unseen and unheard, and the fountain at the château dropped unseen and unheard — both melting away, like the minutes that were falling from the spring of Time — through three dark hours. Then the gray water of both began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the château were opened.

Lighter and lighter, until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees, and poured its radiance over the hill. In the glow, the water of the château fountain seemed to turn to blood, and the stone faces crimsoned. The carol of the birds was loud and high, and on the weather-beaten sill of the great window of the bed-chamber of Monsieur the Marquis, one little bird sang its sweetest song with all its might. At this, the nearest stone face seemed to stare amazed, and with open mouth and dropped underjaw, looked awe-stricken.

Now the sun was full up, and movement began in the village. Casement windows opened, crazy doors were unbarred, and people came forth shivering — chilled, as yet, by the new sweet air. Then began the rarely lightened toil of the day among the village population. Some to the fountain; some to the fields; men and women here to dig and delve; men and women there to see to the poor live stock, and lead the bony cows out to such pasture as could be found by the roadside. In the church and at the Cross a kneeling figure or two; attendant on the latter prayers, the led cow, trying for a breakfast among the weeds at its foot.

The château awoke later, as became its quality, but awoke gradually and surely. First, the lonely boar-spears and knives of the chase had been reddened as of old; then had gleamed trenchant in the morning sunshine; now doors and windows were thrown open, horses in their stables looked round over their shoulders at the light and freshness pouring in at doorways, leaves sparkled and rustled at iron-grated windows, dogs pulled hard at their chains and reared, impatient to be loosed.

All these trivial incidents belonged to the routine of life and the return of morning. Surely not so the ringing of the great bell of the château, nor the running up and down the stairs, nor the hurried figures on the terrace, nor the booting and tramping here and there and everywhere, nor the quick saddling of horses and riding away?

What winds conveyed this hurry to the grizzled mender of roads, already at work on the hill-top beyond the village, with his day's dinner (not much to carry) lying in a bundle that it was worth no crow's while to peck at, on a heap of stones? Had the birds, carrying some grains of it to a distance, dropped one over him as they sow chance seeds? Whether or no, the mender of roads ran, on the sultry morning, as if for his life, down the hill, knee-high in dust, and never stopped till he got to the fountain.

All the people of the village were at the fountain, standing about in their depressed manner, and whispering low, but showing no other emotions than grim curiosity and surprise. The led cows, hastily brought in and tethered to anything that would hold them, were looking stupidly on, or lying down chewing the cud of nothing particularly repaying their trouble, which they had picked up in their interrupted saunter. Some of the people of the château, and some of those of the posting-house, and all the taxing authorities, were armed more or less, and were crowded on the other side of the little street in a purposeless way that was highly fraught with nothing. Already the mender of roads had penetrated into the midst of a group of fifty particular friends, and was smiting himself in the breast with his blue cap. What did all this portend, and what portended the swift hoisting-up of Monsieur Gabelle behind a servant on horseback, and the conveying away of the said Gabelle (double-laden though the horse was), at a gallop, like a new version of the German ballad of Leonora?

It portended that there was one stone face too many, up at the château.

The Gorgon had surveyed the building again in the night, and had added the one stone face wanting; the stone face for which it had waited through about two hundred years.

It lay back on the pillow of Monsieur the Marquis. It was like a fine mask, suddenly started, made angry, and petrified.

Driven home into the heart of the stone figure attached to it, was a knife. Round its hilt was a frill of paper, on which was scrawled:—

"*Drive him fast to his tomb. This, from* JACQUES."

THE IVY GREEN

OH, A dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim:
And the moldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak-Tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mold of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

DENIS DIDEROT

(1713–1784)

AMONG the French Encyclopædists of the eighteenth century Denis Diderot holds the place of leader. There were intellects of broader scope and of much surer balance in that famous group, but none of such versatility, brilliancy, and outbursting force. To his associates he was a marvel and an inspiration.

He was born in October 1713, in Langres, Haute-Marne, France; and died in Paris July 31st, 1784. After a classical education in Jesuit schools, he utterly disgusted his father by turning to the Bohemian life of a littérateur in Paris. Although very poor, he married at the age of thirty. The whole story of his married life — the common Parisian story in those days — reflects no credit on him; though his *liaison* with Mademoiselle Voland presents the aspects of a friendship abiding through life. Poverty spurred him to exertion. Four days of work in 1746 are said to have produced 'Pensées Philosophiques' (Philosophic Thoughts). This book, with a little essay following it, 'Interprétation de la Nature,' was his first open attack on revealed religion. Its argument, though only negative, and keeping within the bounds of theism, foretokened a class of utterances which were frequent in Diderot's later years, and whose assurance of his materialistic atheism would be complete had they not been too exclamatory for settled conviction. He contents himself with glorifying the passions, to the annulling of all ethical standards. On this point at least his convictions were stable, for long afterward he writes thus to Mademoiselle Voland: — "The man of mediocre passion lives and dies like the brute. . . . If we were bound to choose between Racine, a bad husband, a bad father, a false friend, and a sublime poet, and Racine, good father, good husband, good friend, and dull worthy man, I hold to the first. Of Racine the bad man, what remains? Nothing. Of Racine the man of genius? The work is eternal."

DENIS DIDEROT

About 1747 he produced an allegory, 'Promenade du Sceptique.' This French 'Pilgrim's Progress' scoffs at the Church of Rome for

denying pleasure, then decries the pleasures of the world, and ends by asserting the hopeless uncertainty of the philosophy which both scoffs at the Church and decries worldly pleasure. At this period he was evidently inclined to an irregular attack on the only forms of Christianity familiar to him, asceticism and pietism.

In 1749 Diderot first showed himself a thinker of original power, in his Letter on the Blind. This work, 'Lettre sur les Aveugles à l'Usage de Ceux qui Voient' (Letter on the Blind for the Use of Those who See) opened the eyes of the public to Diderot's peculiar genius, and the eyes of the authorities to the menace in his principles. The result was his imprisonment, and from that the spread of his views. His offense was, that through his ingenious supposition of the mind deprived of its use of one or more of the bodily senses, he had shown the relativity of all man's conceptions, and had thence deduced the relativity, the lack of absoluteness, of all man's ethical standards — thus invalidating the foundations of civil and social order. The broad assertion that Diderot and his philosophic group caused the French Revolution has only this basis, that these men were among the omens of its advance, feeling its stir afar but not recognizing the coming earthquake. Yet it may be conceded that Diderot anticipated things great and strange; for his mind, although neither precise nor capable of sustained and systematic thought, was amazingly original in conception and powerful in grasp. The mist, blank to his brethren, seems to have wreathed itself into wonderful shapes to his eye; he was the seer whose wild enthusiasm caught the oracles from an inner shrine. A predictive power appears in his Letter on the Blind, where he imagines the blind taught to read by touch; and nineteenth-century hypotheses gleam dimly in his random guess at variability in organisms, and at survival of those best adapted to their environment.

Diderot's monumental work, 'L'Encyclopédie,' dates from the middle of the century. It was his own vast enlargement of Ephraim Chambers's Cyclopædia of 1727, of which a bookseller had demanded a revision in French. D'Alembert was secured as his colleague, and in 1751 the first volume appeared. The list of contributors includes most of the great contemporary names in French literature. From these, Diderot and D'Alembert gathered the inner group known as the French Encyclopædists, to whose writings has been ascribed a general tendency to destroy religion and to reconstitute society. The authorities interfered repeatedly, with threats and prohibitions of the publication; but the science of government included the science of connivance for an adequate consideration, and the great work went forward. Its danger lurked in its principles; for Diderot dealt but little in the cheap flattery which the modern demagogue

addresses to the populace. D'Alembert, wearied by ten years of persecution, retired in 1759, leaving the indefatigable Diderot to struggle alone through seven years, composing and revising hundreds of articles, correcting proofs, supervising the unrivaled illustrations of the mechanic arts, while quieting the opposition of the authorities.

The Encyclopædia under Diderot followed no one philosophic path. Indeed, there are no signs that he ever gave any consideration to either the intellectual or the ethical force of consistency. His writing indicates his utter carelessness both as to the direction and as to the pace of his thought. He had an abiding conviction that Christianity was partly delusion and largely priestcraft, and was maintained chiefly for upholding iniquitous privilege. His antagonism was developed primarily from his emotions and sympathies rather than from his intellect; hence it sometimes swerved, drawing perilously near to formal orthodoxy. Moreover, this vivacious philosopher sometimes rambled into practical advice, and easily effervesced into fervid moralizings of the sentimental and almost tearful sort. His immense natural capacity for sentiment appears in his own account of his meeting with Grimm after a few months' absence. His sentimentalism, however, had its remarkable counterpoise in a most practical tendency of mind. In the Encyclopædia the interests of agriculture and of all branches of manufacture were treated with great fullness; and the reform of feudal abuses lingering in the laws of France was vigorously urged in a style more practical than cyclopædic.

Diderot gave much attention to the drama, and his 'Paradoxe sur le Comédien' (Paradox on the Actor) is a valuable discussion. He is the father of the modern domestic drama. His influence upon the dramatic literature of Germany was direct and immediate; it appeared in the plays of Lessing and Schiller, and much of Lessing's criticism was inspired by Diderot. His 'Père de Famille' (Family-Father) and 'Le Fils Naturel' (The Natural Son) marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the stage, in the midst of which we are now living. Breaking with the old traditions, Diderot abandoned the lofty themes of classic tragedy and portrayed the life of the *bourgeoisie.* The influence of England, frequently manifest in the work of the Encyclopædists, is evident also here. Richardson was then the chief force in fiction, and the sentimental element so characteristic in him reappears in the dramas of Diderot.

Goethe was strongly attracted by the genius of Diderot, and thought it worth his while not only to translate but to supply with a long and luminous commentary the latter's 'Essay on Painting.' It was by a singular trick of fortune, too, that one of Diderot's most powerful works should first have appeared in German garb, and

not in the original French until after the author's death. A manuscript copy of the book chanced to fall into the hands of Goethe, who so greatly admired it that he at once translated, annotated, and published it. This was the famous dialogue 'Le Neveu de Rameau' (Rameau's Nephew), a work which only Diderot's peculiar genius could have produced. Depicting the typical parasite, shameless, quick-witted for every species of villainy, at home in every possible meanness, the dialogue is a probably unequaled compound of satire, high æsthetics, gleaming humor, sentimental moralizing, fine musical criticism, and scientific character analysis, with passages of brutal indecency.

Among literary critics of painting, Diderot has his place in the highest rank. His nine 'Salons'—criticisms which in his good-nature he wrote for the use of his friend Grimm, on the annual exhibitions in the Paris Salon from 1759 onward—have never been surpassed among non-technical criticisms for brilliancy, freshness, and philosophic suggestiveness. They reveal the man's elemental strength; which was not in his knowledge, for he was without technical training in art and had seen scarcely any of the world's masterpieces, but in his sensuously sympathetic nature, which gave him quickness of insight and delicacy in interpretation.

He had the faculty of making and keeping friends, being unaffected, genial, amiable, enthusiastically generous and helpful to his friends, and without vindictiveness to his foes. He needed these qualities to counteract his almost utter lack of conscientiousness, his gush of sentiment, his unregulated morals, his undisciplined genius, his unbalanced thought. His style of writing, often vivid and strong, is as often awkward and dull, and is frequently lacking in finish. As a philosophic author and thinker his voluminous work is of little enduring worth, for though plentiful in original power it totally lacks organic unity; his thought rambles carelessly, his method is confused. It has been said of him that he was a master who produced no masterpiece. But as a talker, a converser, all witnesses testify that he was wondrously inspiring and suggestive, speaking sometimes as from mysterious heights of vision or out of unsearchable deeps of thought.

FROM 'RAMEAU'S NEPHEW'

BE THE weather fair or foul, it is my custom in any case at five o'clock in the afternoon to stroll in the Palais Royal. I am always to be seen alone and meditative, on the bench D'Argenson. I hold converse with myself on politics or love, on taste or philosophy, and yield up my soul entirely to its own frivolity. It may follow the first idea that presents itself, be the idea wise or foolish. In the Allée de Foi one sees our young rakes following upon the heels of some courtesan who passes on with shameless mien, laughing face, animated glance, and a pug nose; but they soon leave her to follow another, teasing them all, joining none of them. My thoughts are my courtesans.

When it is really too cold or rainy, I take refuge in the Café de la Régence and amuse myself by watching the chess-players. Paris is the place of the world and the Café de la Régence the place of Paris where the best chess is played. There one witnesses the most carefully calculated moves; there one hears the most vulgar conversation; for since it is possible to be at once a man of intellect and a great chess-player, like Légal, so also one may be at once a great chess-player and a very silly person, like Foubert or Mayot.

One afternoon I was there, observing much, speaking rarely, and hearing as little as possible, when one of the most singular personages came up to me that ever was produced by this land of ours, where surely God has never caused a dearth of singular characters. He is a combination of high-mindedness and baseness, of sound understanding and folly; in his head the conceptions of honor and dishonor must be strangely tangled, for the good qualities with which nature has endowed him he displays without boastfulness, and the bad qualities without shame. For the rest, he is firmly built, has an extraordinary power of imagination, and possesses an uncommonly strong pair of lungs. Should you ever meet him and succeed in escaping from the charm of his originality, it must be by stopping both ears with your fingers or by precipitate flight. Heavens, what terrible lungs!

And nothing is less like him than he himself. Sometimes he is thin and wasted, like a man in the last stages of consumption; you could count his teeth through his cheeks; you would

think he had not tasted food for several days, or had come from La Trappe.

A month later he is fattened and filled out as if he had never left the banquets of the rich or had been fed among the Bernardines. To-day, with soiled linen, torn trousers, clad in rags, and almost barefoot, he passes with bowed head, avoids those whom he meets, till one is tempted to call him and bestow upon him an alms. To-morrow, powdered, well groomed, well dressed, and well shod, he carries his head high, lets himself be seen, and you would take him almost for a respectable man.

So he lives from day to day, sad or merry, according to the circumstances. His first care, when he rises in the morning, is to take thought where he is to dine. After dinner he bethinks himself of some opportunity to procure supper, and with the night come new cares. Sometimes he goes on foot to his little attic, which is his home if the landlady, impatient at long arrears of rent, has not taken the key away from him. Sometimes he goes to one of the taverns in the suburbs, and there, between a bit of bread and a mug of beer, awaits the day. If he lacks the six sous necessary to procure him quarters for the night, which is occasionally the case, he applies to some cabman among his friends or to the coachman of some great lord, and a place on the straw beside the horses is vouchsafed him. In the morning he carries a part of his mattress in his hair. If the season is mild, he spends the whole night strolling back and forth on the Cours or in the Champs Élysées. With the day he appears again in the city, dressed yesterday for to-day and to-day often for the rest of the week.

For such originals I cannot feel much esteem, but there are others who make close acquaintances and even friends of them. Once in the year perhaps they are able to put their spell upon me, when I meet them, because their character is in such strong contrast to that of every-day humanity, and they break the oppressive monotony which our education, our social conventions, our traditional proprieties have produced. When such a man enters a company, he acts like a cake of yeast that raises the whole, and restores to each a part of his natural individuality. He shakes them up, brings things into motion, elicits praise or censure, drives truth into the open, makes upright men recognizable, unmasks the rogues, and there the wise man sits and listens and is enabled to distinguish one class from another.

This particular specimen I had long known; he frequented a house into which his talents had secured him the entrée. These people had an only daughter. He swore to the parents that he would marry their daughter. They only shrugged their shoulders, laughed in his face, and assured him that he was a fool. But I saw the day come when the thing was accomplished. He asked me for some money, which I gave him. He had, I know not how, squirmed his way into a few houses, where a *couvert* stood always ready for him, but it had been stipulated that he should never speak without the consent of his hosts. So there he sat and ate, filled the while with malice; it was fun to see him under this restraint. The moment he ventured to break the treaty and open his mouth, at the very first word the guests all shouted "O Rameau!" Then his eyes flashed wrathfully, and he fell upon his food again with renewed energy.

You were curious to know the man's name; there it is. He is the nephew of the famous composer who has saved us from the church music of Lulli which we have been chanting for a hundred years, . . . and who, having buried the Florentine, will himself be buried by Italian virtuosi; he dimly feels this, and so has become morose and irritable, for no one can be in a worse humor — not even a beautiful woman who in the morning finds a pimple on her nose — than an author who sees himself threatened with the fate of outliving his reputation, as Marivaux and Crébillon *fils* prove.

Rameau's nephew came up to me. "Ah, my philosopher, do I meet you once again? What are you doing here among the good-for-nothings? Are you wasting your time pushing bits of wood about?"

I — No; but when I have nothing better to do, I take a passing pleasure in watching those who push them about with skill.

He — A rare pleasure, surely. Excepting Légal and Philidor, there is no one here that understands it. . . .

I — You are hard to please. I see that only the best finds favor with you.

He — Yes, in chess, checkers, poetry, oratory, music, and such other trumpery. Of what possible use is mediocrity in these things?

I — I am almost ready to agree with you. . . .

He—You have always shown some interest in me, because I'm a poor devil whom you really despise, but who after all amuses you.

I—That is true.

He—Then let me tell you. (Before beginning, he drew a deep sigh, covered his forehead with both hands, then with calm countenance continued:—) You know I am ignorant, foolish, silly, shameless, rascally, gluttonous.

I—What a panegyric!

He—It is entirely true. Not a word to be abated; no contradiction, I pray you. No one knows me better than I know myself, and I don't tell all.

I—Rather than anger you, I will assent.

He—Now, just think, I lived with people who valued me precisely because all these qualities were mine in a high degree.

I—That is most remarkable. I have hitherto believed that people concealed these qualities even from themselves, or excused them, but always despised them in others.

He—Conceal them? Is that possible? You may be sure that when Palissot is alone and contemplates himself, he tells quite a different story. You may be sure that he and his companion make open confession to each other that they are a pair of arrant rogues. Despise these qualities in others? My people were much more reasonable, and I fared excellently well among them. I was cock of the walk. When absent, I was instantly missed. I was pampered. I was their little Rameau, their good Rameau, the shameless, ignorant, lazy Rameau, the fool, the clown, the gourmand. Each of these epithets was to me a smile, a caress, a slap on the back, a box on the ears, a kick, a dainty morsel thrown upon my plate at dinner, a liberty permitted me after dinner as if it were of no account; for I am of no account. People make of me and do before me and with me whatever they please, and I never give it a thought. . . .

I—You have been giving lessons, I understand, in accompaniment and composition?

He—Yes.

I—And you knew absolutely nothing about it?

He—No, by Heaven; and for that very reason I was a much better teacher than those who imagine they know something about it. At all events, I didn't spoil the taste nor ruin the hands

of my young pupils. If when they left me they went to a competent master, they had nothing to unlearn, for they had learned nothing, and that was just so much time and money saved.

I—But how did you do it?

He—The way they all do it. I came, threw myself into a chair:—"How bad the weather is! How tired the pavement makes one!" Then some scraps of town gossip: . . . "At the last Amateur Concert there was an Italian woman who sang like an angel. . . . Poor Dumênil doesn't know what to say or do," etc., etc. . . . "Come, mademoiselle, where is your music-book?" And as mademoiselle displays no great haste, searches every nook and corner for the book, which she has mislaid, and finally calls the maid to help her, I continue:—"Little Clairon is an enigma. There is talk of a perfectly absurd marriage of—what is her name?"—"Nonsense, Rameau, it isn't possible."—"They say the affair is all settled." . . . "There is a rumor that Voltaire is dead."—"All the better."—"Why all the better?"—"Then he is sure to treat us to some droll skit. That's a way he has, a fortnight before his death." What more should I say? I told a few scandals about the families in the houses where I am received, for we are all great scandal-mongers. In short, I played the fool; they listened and laughed, and exclaimed, "He is really too droll, isn't he?" Meanwhile the music-book had been found under a chair, where a little dog or a little cat had worried it, chewed it, and torn it. Then the pretty child sat down at the piano and began to make a frightful noise upon it. I went up to her, secretly making a sign of approbation to her mother. "Well, now, that isn't so bad," said the mother; "one needs only to make up one's mind to a thing; but the trouble is, one will not make up one's mind; one would rather kill time by chattering, trifling, running about, and God knows what. Scarcely do you turn your back but the book is closed, and not until you are at her side again is it opened. Besides, I have never heard you reprimand her." In the mean time, since something had to be done, I took her hands and placed them differently. I pretended to lose my patience; I shouted,—"Sol, sol, sol, mademoiselle, it's a *sol*." The mother: "Mademoiselle, have you no ears? I'm not at the piano, I'm not looking at your notes, but my own feeling tells me that it ought to be a *sol*. You give the gentleman infinite trouble. You remember nothing, and make no progress." To break the

force of this reproof a little, I tossed my head and said: "Pardon me, madame, pardon me. It would be better if mademoiselle would only practice a little, but after all it is not so bad."—"In your place I would keep her a whole year at one piece."—"Rest assured, I shall not let her off until she has mastered every difficulty; and that will not take so long, perhaps, as mademoiselle thinks."—"Monsieur Rameau, you flatter her; you are too good." And that is the only thing they would remember of the whole lesson, and would upon occasion repeat to me. So the lesson came to an end. My pupil handed me the fee, with a graceful gesture and a courtesy which her dancing-master had taught her. I put the money into my pocket, and the mother said, "That's very nice, mademoiselle. If Favillier were here, he would praise you." For appearance's sake I chattered for a minute or two more; then I vanished; and that is what they called in those days a lesson in accompaniment.

I—And is the case different now?

He—Heavens! I should think so. I come in, I am serious, throw my muff aside, open the piano, try the keys, show signs of great impatience, and if I am kept a moment waiting I shout as if my purse had been stolen. In an hour I must be there or there; in two hours with the Duchess So-and-so; at noon I must go to the fair Marquise; and then there is to be a concert at Baron de Bagge's, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.

I—And meanwhile no one expects you at all.

He—Certainly not. . . . And precisely because I can further my fortune through vices which come natural to me, which I acquired without labor and practice without effort, which are in harmony with the customs of my countrymen, which are quite to the taste of my patrons, and better adapted to their special needs than inconvenient virtues would be, which from morning to night would be standing accusations against them, it would be strange indeed if I should torture myself like one of the damned to twist and turn and make of myself something which I am not, and hide myself beneath a character foreign to me, and assume the most estimable qualities, whose worth I will not dispute, but which I could acquire and live up to only by great exertions, and which after all would lead to nothing,—perhaps to worse than nothing. Moreover, ought a beggar like me, who lives upon the wealthy, constantly to hold up to his patrons a mirror of good conduct? People praise virtue but hate it; they

fly from it, let it freeze; and in this world a man has to keep his feet warm. Besides, I should always be in the sourest humor: for why is it that the pious and the devotional are so hard, so repellent, so unsociable? It is because they have imposed upon themselves a task contrary to their nature. They suffer, and when a man suffers he makes others suffer. Now, that is no affair of mine or of my patrons'. I must be in good spirits, easy, affable, full of sallies, drollery, and folly. Virtue demands reverence, and reverence is inconvenient; virtue challenges admiration, and admiration is not entertaining. I have to do with people whose time hangs heavy on their hands; they want to laugh. Now consider the folly: the ludicrous makes people laugh, and I therefore must be a fool; I must be amusing, and if nature had not made me so, then by hook or by crook I should have made myself seem so. Fortunately I have no need to play the hypocrite. There are hypocrites enough of all colors without me, and not counting those who deceive themselves. . . . Should it ever occur to friend Rameau to play Cato, to despise fortune, women, good living, idleness, what would he be? A hypocrite. Let Rameau remain what he is, a happy robber among wealthy robbers, and a man without either real or boasted virtue. In short, your idea of happiness, the happiness of a few enthusiastic dreamers like you, has no charm for me. . . .

I—He earns his bread dearly, who in order to live must assail virtue and knowledge.

He—I have already told you that we are of no consequence. We slander all men and grieve none.

[The dialogue reverts to music.]

I—Every imitation has its original in nature. What is the musician's model when he breaks into song?

He—Why do you not grasp the subject higher up? What is song?

I—That, I confess, is a question beyond my powers. That's the way with us all. The memory is stored with words only, which we think we understand because we often use them and even apply them correctly, but in the mind we have only indefinite conceptions. When I use the word "song," I have no more definite idea of it than you and the majority of your kind have when you say reputation, disgrace, honor, vice, virtue, shame, propriety, mortification, ridicule

He—Song is an imitation in tones, produced either by the voice or by instruments, of a scale invented by art, or if you will, established by nature; an imitation of physical sounds or passionate utterances; and you see, with proper alterations this definition could be made to fit painting, oratory, sculpture, and poetry. Now to come to your question, What is the model of the musician or of song? It is the declamation, when the model is alive or sensate; it is the tone, when the model is insensate. The declamation must be regarded as a line, and the music as another line which twines about it. The stronger and the more genuine is this declamation, this model of song, the more numerous the points at which the accompanying music intersects it, the more beautiful will it be. And this our younger composers have clearly perceived. When one hears "Je suis un pauvre diable," one feels that it is a miser's complaint. If he didn't sing, he would address the earth in the very same tones when he intrusts to its keeping his gold: "O terre, reçois mon trésor." . . . In such works with the greatest variety of characters, there is a convincing truth of declamation that is unsurpassed. I tell you, go, go, and hear the aria where the young man who feels that he is dying, cries out, "Mon cœur s'en va." Listen to the air, listen to the accompaniment, and then tell me what difference there is between the true tones of a dying man and the handling of this music. You will see that the line of the melody exactly coincides with the line of declamation. I say nothing of the time, which is one of the conditions of song; I confine myself to the expression, and there is nothing truer than the statement which I have somewhere read, "Musices seminarium accentus,"—the accent is the seed-plot of the melody. And for that reason, consider how difficult and important a matter it is to be able to write a good recitative. There is no beautiful aria out of which a beautiful recitative could not be made; no beautiful recitative out of which a clever man could not produce a beautiful aria. I will not assert that one who recites well will also be able to sing well, but I should be much surprised if a good singer could not recite well. And you may believe all that I tell you now, for it is true.

(And then he walked up and down and began to hum a few arias from the 'Île des Fous,' etc., exclaiming from time to time, with upturned eyes and hands upraised:—) "Isn't that beautiful, great heavens! isn't that beautiful? Is it possible to have a pair

of ears on one's head and question its beauty?" Then as his enthusiasm rose he sang quite softly, then more loudly as he became more impassioned, then with gestures, grimaces, contortions of body. "Well," said I, "he is losing his mind, and I may expect a new scene." And in fact, all at once he burst out singing. . . . He passed from one aria to another, fully thirty of them,—Italian, French, tragic, comic, of every sort. Now with a deep bass he descended into hell; then, contracting his throat, he split the upper air with a falsetto, and in gait, mien, and action he imitated the different singers, by turns raving, commanding, mollified, scoffing. There was a little girl that wept, and he hit off all her pretty little ways. Then he was a priest, a king, a tyrant; he threatened, commanded, stormed; then he was a slave and submissive. He despaired, he grew tender, he lamented, he laughed, always in the tone, the time, the sense of the words, of the character, of the situation.

All the chess-players had left their boards and were gathered around him; the windows of the café were crowded with passers-by, attracted by the noise. There was laughter enough to bring down the ceiling. He noticed nothing, but went on in such a rapt state of mind, in an enthusiasm so close to madness, that I was uncertain whether he would recover, or if he would be thrown into a cab and taken straight to the mad-house; the while he sang the Lamentations of Jomelli.

With precision, fidelity, and incredible warmth, he rendered one of the finest passages, the superb obligato recitative in which the prophet paints the destruction of Jerusalem; he wept himself, and the eyes of the listeners were moist. More could not be desired in delicacy of vocalization, nor in the expression of overwhelming grief. He dwelt especially on those parts in which the great composer has shown his greatness most clearly. When he was not singing, he took the part of the instruments; these he quickly dropped again, to return to the vocal part, weaving one into the other so perfectly that the connection, the unity of the whole, was preserved. He took possession of our souls and held them in the strangest suspense I have ever experienced. Did I admire him? Yes, I admired him. Was I moved and melted? I was moved and melted, and yet something of the ludicrous mingled itself with these feelings and modified their nature.

But you would have burst out laughing at the way he imitated the different instruments. With a rough muffled tone and

puffed-out cheeks he represented horns and bassoon; for the oboe he assumed a rasping nasal tone; with incredible rapidity he made his voice run over the string instruments, whose tones he endeavored to reproduce with the greatest accuracy; the flute passages he whistled; he rumbled out the sounds of the German flute; he shouted and sang with the gestures of a madman, and so alone and unaided he impersonated the entire ballet corps, the singers, the whole orchestra,—in short, a complete performance,—dividing himself into twenty different characters, running, stopping, with the mien of one entranced, with glittering eyes and foaming mouth. . . . He was quite beside himself. Exhausted by his exertions, like a man awakening from a deep sleep or emerging from a long period of abstraction, he remained motionless, stupefied, astonished. He looked about him in bewilderment, like one trying to recognize the place in which he finds himself. He awaited the return of his strength, of his consciousness; he dried his face mechanically. Like one who upon awaking finds his bed surrounded by groups of people, in complete oblivion and profound unconsciousness of what he had been doing, he cried, "Well, gentlemen, what's the matter? What are you laughing at? What are you wondering about? What's the matter?"

I—My dear Rameau, let us talk again of music. Tell me how it comes that with the facility you display for appreciating the finest passages of the great masters, for retaining them in your memory, and for rendering them to the delight of others with all the enthusiasm with which the music inspires you,—how comes it that you have produced nothing of value yourself?

(Instead of answering me, he tossed his head, and raising his finger towards heaven, cried:—)

The stars, the stars! When nature made Leo, Vinci, Pergolese, Duni, she wore a smile; her face was solemn and commanding when she created my dear uncle Rameau, who for ten years has been called the great Rameau, and who will soon be named no more. But when she scraped his nephew together, she made a face and a face and a face.—(And as he spoke he made grimaces, one of contempt, one of irony, one of scorn. He went through the motions of kneading dough, and smiled at the ludicrous forms he gave it. Then he threw the strange pagoda from him.) So she made me and threw me down among other pagodas, some with portly well-filled paunches, short necks,

protruding goggle eyes, and an apoplectic appearance; others with lank and crooked necks and emaciated forms, with animated eyes and hawks' noses. These all felt like laughing themselves to death when they saw me, and when I saw them I set my arms akimbo and felt like laughing myself to death, for fools and clowns take pleasure in one another; seek one another out, attract one another. Had I not found upon my arrival in this world the proverb ready-made, that the money of fools is the inheritance of the clever, the world would have owed it to me. I felt that nature had put my inheritance into the purse of the pagodas, and I tried in a thousand ways to recover it.

I—I know these ways. You have told me of them. I have admired them. But with so many capabilities, why do you not try to accomplish something great?

He—That is exactly what a man of the world said to the Abbé Le Blanc. The abbé replied:—"The Marquise de Pompadour takes me in hand and brings me to the door of the Academy; then she withdraws her hand; I fall and break both legs."—"You ought to pull yourself together," rejoined the man of the world, "and break the door in with your head."—"I have just tried that," answered the abbé, "and do you know what I got for it? A bump on the head." . . . (Then he drank a swallow from what remained in the bottle and turned to his neighbor.) Sir, I beg you for a pinch of snuff. That's a fine snuff-box you have there. You are a musician? No! All the better for you. They are a lot of poor deplorable wretches. Fate made me one of them, me! Meanwhile at Montmartre there is a mill, and in the mill there is perhaps a miller or a miller's lad, who will never hear anything but the roaring of the mill, and who might have composed the most beautiful of songs. Rameau, get you to the mill, to the mill; it's there you belong. . . . But it is half-past five. I hear the vesper bell which summons me too. Farewell. It's true, is it not, philosopher, I am always the same Rameau?

I—Yes, indeed. Unfortunately.

He—Let me enjoy my misfortune forty years longer. He laughs best who laughs last.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature.'

FRANZ VON DINGELSTEDT

(1814–1881)

FRANZ VON DINGELSTEDT was born at Halsdorf, Hessen, Germany, June 30th, 1814. He attained eminence as a poet and dramatist, but his best powers were devoted to his principal calling as theatre director.

His boyhood's education was received at Rinteln. At the University of Marburg he applied himself to theology and philology, but more especially to modern languages and literature. After leaving the university he became instructor at Ricklingen, near Hanover. He was characterized, even as a young man, by his political freedom and independence of thought; and at Cassel, where in 1836 he was teacher in the Lyceum, he was on this account looked upon so much askance that it was found expedient to transfer him to the gymnasium at Fulda (1838). He resigned this position, however, in order to devote himself to writing. A collection of his poems appeared in 1838–45, and of these, 'Lieder eines Kosmopolitischen Nachtwächters' (Songs of a Cosmopolitan Night-Watchman: 1841) may be said to have produced a genuine agitation. These were not only important as literature, but as political promulgations, boldly embodying the radical sentiments of freethinking Germany.

DINGELSTEDT

In 1841 he went to Augsburg, connected himself with the Allgemeine Zeitung, and traveled as newspaper correspondent in France, Holland, Belgium, and England. 'Das Wanderbuch' (The Wander-Book), and 'Jusqu' à la Mer — Erinnerungen aus Holland' (As Far as the Sea — Remembrances of Holland: 1847), were the fruits of these journeys. He had in contemplation a voyage to the Orient, and preparatory to this he settled for a short time in Vienna; but the journey was not undertaken, for just at this time he was appointed librarian of the Royal Library of Stuttgart, and reader to the king, with the title of Court Councilor. Here in 1844 he married the celebrated singer Jenny Lutzer. He returned to Vienna, where in 1850 his drama 'Das Haus der Barneveldt' (The House of the Barneveldts)

was produced with such brilliant success that he was thereupon appointed stage manager of the National Theatre at Munich. To this for six years he devoted his best efforts, presenting in the most admirable manner the finest of the German classics. The merit of his work was recognized by the king, who ennobled him in 1857. He was pre-eminently a theatrical manager, and served successively at Weimar (1857) and at Vienna, where he was appointed director of the Court Opera House in 1867, and of the Burg Theatre in 1870. He brought the classic plays of other lands upon the stage, and his revivals of Shakespeare's historical plays and the 'Winter's Tale,' and of Molière's 'L'Avare' (The Miser), were brilliant events in the theatrical annals of Vienna. He was made Imperial Councilor by the Emperor, and raised in 1876 to the rank of baron. In 1875 he took the position of general director of both court theatres of Vienna. He died at Vienna, May 15th, 1881.

The novels 'Licht und Schatten der Liebe' (The Light and Shadow of Love: 1838); 'Heptameron,' 1841; and 'Novellenbuch,' 1855, were not wholly successful; but in contrast to these, 'Unter der Erde' (Under the Earth: 1840); 'Sieben Friedliche Erzählungen' (Seven Peaceful Tales: 1844), and 'Die Amazone' (The Amazon: 1868), are admirable.

Regarded purely as literature, Dingelstedt's best productions are his early poems, although his commentaries upon Shakespeare and Goethe are wholly praiseworthy. He was successful chiefly as a political poet, but his muse sings also the joys of domestic life. 'Hauslieder' (Household Songs: 1844), and his poems upon Chamisso and Uhland, are among the most beautiful personal poems in German literature.

A MAN OF BUSINESS

From 'The Amazon': copyrighted by G. P. Putnam's Sons

HERR KRAFFT was about to reply, but was prevented by the hasty appearance of Herr Heyboldt, the first procurist, who entered the apartment; not an antiquated comedy figure in shoe-buckles, coarse woolen socks, velvet pantaloons, and a long-tailed coat, his vest full of tobacco, and a goose-quill back of his comically flexible ear; no, but a fine-looking man, dressed in the latest style and in black, with a medal in his button-hole, and having an earnest, expressive countenance. He was house-holder, member of the City Council, and militia captain; the gold medal and colored ribbon on his left breast told of his

having saved, at the risk of his own life, a Leander who had been carried away by the current in the swimming-baths.

His announcement, urgent as it was, was made without haste, deliberate and cool, somewhat as the mate informs the captain that an ugly wind has sprung up. "Herr Principal," he said, "the crowd has broken in the barriers and one wing of the gateway; they are attacking the counting-house." "Who breaks, pays," said Krafft, with a joke; "we will charge the sport to their account."—"The police are not strong enough; they have sent to the Royal Watch for military."—"That is right, Heyboldt. No accident, no arms or legs broken?"—"Not that I know of."—"Pity for Meyer Hirsch; he would have thundered magnificently in the official Morning News against the excesses of the rage for speculation. Nor any one wounded by the police?"—"Not any, so far."—"Pity for Hirsch Meyer. The oppositional Evening Journal has missed a capital opportunity of weeping over the barbarity of the soldateska. At all events, the two papers must continue to write—one for, the other against us. Keep Hirsch Meyer and Meyer Hirsch going."—"All right, Herr Principal."—"Send each of them a polite line, to the effect that we have taken the liberty of keeping a few shares for him, to sell them at the most favorable moment, and pay him over the difference."—"It shall be attended to, Herr Principal."—"So our Southwestern Railway goes well, Heyboldt?"—"By steam, Herr Principal." The sober man smiled at his daring joke, and Herr Krafft smiled affably with him. "The amount that we have left to furnish will be exhausted before one has time to turn around. The people throw money, bank-notes, government bonds, at our cashiers, who cannot fill up the receipts fast enough. On the Bourse they fought for the blanks."—"For the next four weeks we will run the stock up, Heyboldt; after that it can fall, but slowly, with decorum."—"I understand, Herr Principal."

A cashier came rushing in without knocking. "Herr Principal," he stammered in his panic, "we have not another blank, and the people are pouring in upon us more and more violently. Wild shouts call for you." "To your place, sir," thundered Krafft at him. "I shall come when I think it time. In no case," he added more quietly, "before the military arrive. We need an interference, for the sake of the market." The messenger disappeared; but pale, bewildered countenances were to be seen in the doorways of the comptoir; the house called for

its master: the trembling daughter sent again and again for her father.

"Let us bring the play to a close," said Herr Krafft, after brief deliberation; he stepped into the middle office, flung open a window, and raising his harsh voice to its loudest tones, cried to the throng below, "You are looking for me, folks. Here I am. What do you want of me?" "Shares, subscriptions," was the noisy answer. — "You claim without any right or any manners. This is my house, a peaceable citizen's house. You are breaking in as though it were a dungeon, an arsenal, a tax-office, — as though we were in the midst of a revolution. Are you not ashamed of yourselves?" A confused murmur rang through the astonished ranks. "If you wish to do business with me," continued the merchant, "you must first learn manners and discipline. Have I invited your visit? Do I need your money, or do you need my shares? Send up some deputies to convey your requests. I shall have nothing to do with a turbulent mob." So saying, he closed the window with such violence that the panes cracked, and the fragments fell down on the heads of the assailants.

"The Principal knows how to talk to the people," said Heyboldt with pride to Roland, the mute witness of this strange scene. "He speaks their own language. He replies to a broken door with a broken window."

Meantime a company of soldiers had arrived on double-quick, with a flourish of drums. The officer's word of command rang through the crowd, now grown suddenly quiet: "Fix bayonets! form line! march!" Yard and passages were cleared, the doors guarded; in the street the low muttering tide, forced back, made a sort of dam. Three deputies, abashed and confused, appeared at Krafft's door and craved audience. The merchant received them like a prince surrounded by his court, in the midst of his clerks, in the large counting-room. The spokesman commenced: "We ask your pardon, Herr Krafft, for what has happened." — "For shame, that you should drag in soldiers as witnesses and peacemakers in a quiet little business affair among order-loving citizens." — "It was reported that we had been fooled with these subscriptions, and that the entire sum had been already disposed of on the Bourse." — "And even if that were so, am I to be blamed for it? The Southwestern Railway must raise thirty millions. Double, treble that amount is offered it. Can I prevent

the necessity of reducing the subscriptions?"—"No; but they say that we poor folks shall not get a cent's worth; the big men of the Bourse have gobbled up the best bits right before our noses."—"They say so? Who says so? Court Cooper Täubert, I ask you who says so?"—"Gracious Herr Court Banker—" "Don't Court or Gracious me. My name is Krafft, Herr Hans Heinrich Krafft. I think we know each other, Master Täubert. It is not the first time that we have done business together. You have a very snug little share in my workingmen's bank. Grain-broker Wüst, you have bought one of the houses in my street. Do I ever dun you for the installments of purchase money?" "No indeed, Herr Krafft; you are a good man, a public-spirited man, no money-maker, no leech, no Jew!" cried the triumvirate of deputies in chorus.—"I am nothing more than you are: a man of business, who works for his living, the son of a peasant, a plain simple citizen. I began in a smaller way than any of you; but I shall never forget that I am flesh of your flesh, blood of your blood. Facts have proved it. I will give you a fresh proof to-day. Go home and tell the people who have sent you, Hans Heinrich Krafft will give up the share which his house has subscribed to the Southwestern Railway, in favor of the less wealthy citizens of this city. This sum of five hundred thousand thalers shall be divided up *pro rata* among the subscriptions under five hundred dollars."

"Heaven bless you, Herr Krafft!" stammered out the court cooper, and the grain-broker essayed to shed a tear of gratitude; the confidential clerk Herr Lange, the third of the group, caught at the hand of the patron to kiss it, with emotion. Krafft drew it back angrily. "No self-abasement, Herr Lange," he said. "We are men of the people; let us behave as such God bless you, gentlemen. You know my purpose. Make it known to the good people waiting outside, and see that I am rid of my billeting. Let the subscriptions be conducted quietly and in good order. Adieu, children!" The deputation withdrew. A few minutes afterwards there was heard a thundering hurrah:—"Hurrah for Herr Krafft! Three cheers for Father Krafft!" He showed himself at the window, nodded quickly and soberly, and motioned to them to disperse.

While the tumult was subsiding, Krafft and Roland retired into the private counting-room. "You have," the latter said, "spoken nobly, acted nobly."—"I have made a bargain, nothing more,

nothing less; moreover, not a bad one." — "How so?" — "In three months I shall buy at 70, perhaps still lower, what I am now to give up to them at 90." — "You know that beforehand?" — "With mathematical certainty. The public expects an El Dorado in the Southwestern Railway, as it does in every new enterprise. The undertaking is a good one, it is true, or I should not have ventured upon it. But one must be able to wait until the fruit is ripe. The small holders cannot do that; they sow to-day, and to-morrow they wish to reap. At the first payment their heart and their purse are all right. At the second or third, both are gone. Upon the least rise they will throw the paper, for which they were ready to break each other's necks, upon the market, and so depreciate their property. But if some fortuitous circumstance should cause a pressure upon the money market, then they drop all that they have, in a perfect panic, for any price. I shall watch this moment, and buy. In a year or so, when the road is finished and its communications complete, the shares that were subscribed for at 90, and which I shall have bought at 60 to 70, will touch 100, or higher."

"That is to say," said Roland, thoughtfully, "you will gain at the expense of those people whose confidence you have aroused, then satisfied with objects of artificial value, and finally drained for yourself." "Business is business," replied the familiar harsh voice. "Unless I become a counterfeiter or a forger I can do nothing more than to convert other persons' money into my own; of course, in an honest way." — "And you do this, without fearing lest one day some one mightier and luckier than you should do the same to you?" — "I must be prepared for that; I am prepared." — "Also for the storm, — not one of your own creating, but one sent by the wrath of God, that shall scatter all this paper splendor of our times, and reduce this appalling social inequality of ours to a universal zero?" "Let us quietly abide this Last Day," laughed the banker, taking the artist by the arm.

THE WATCHMAN

The last faint twinkle now goes out
Up in the poet's attic;
And the roisterers, in merry rout,
Speed home with steps erratic.

Soft from the house-roofs showers the snow,
The vane creaks on the steeple,
The lanterns wag and glimmer low
In the storm by the hurrying people.

The houses all stand black and still,
The churches and taverns deserted,
And a body may now wend at his will,
With his own fancies diverted.

Not a squinting eye now looks this way,
Not a slanderous mouth is dissembling,
And a heart that has slept the livelong day
May now love and hope with trembling.

Dear Night! thou foe to each base end,
While the good still a blessing prove thee,
They say that thou art no man's friend,—
Sweet Night! how I therefore love thee!

DIOGENES LAERTIUS

(200–250 A. D. ?)

IT IS curious how often we are dependent, for our knowledge of some larger subject, upon a single ancient author, who would be hardly worthy of notice but for the accidental loss of the books composed by fitter and abler men. Thus, our only general description of Greece at the close of the classical period is written by a man who describes many objects that he certainly did not see, who leaves unmentioned numberless things we wish explained, and who has a genius for so misplacing an adverb as to bring confusion into the most commonplace statement. But not even to Pausanias do we proffer such grudging gratitude and such ungrateful objurgations as to Diogenes Laertius, our chief — often our sole — authority for the 'Lives and Sayings of the Philosophers.' His book is a fascinating one, and even amusing, — if we can forget what we so much wanted in its stead. At second or third hand, from the compendiums of the schools rather than from the original works of the great masters themselves, Diogenes does give us a fairly intelligible sketch, as a rule, of the outward life lived by each sage. This slight frame is crammed with anecdotes, evidently culled with most eager and uncritical hand from miscellaneous collections. Many of these stories are so fragmentary as to be pointless. Others are unquestionably attached to the wrong person. This method is at its maddest in the author's sketch of his namesake, the Recluse of the Tub. (One of Ali Baba's *jars*, by the way, would give a better notion of the real hermitage.) Since this "philosopher" had himself little character and no doctrines, the loose string of anecdotes, puns, and saucy answers suits all our needs. Throughout the work are scattered apocryphal letters, and feeble poetic epigrams composed by the compiler himself. The leaning of our most unphilosophic author was apparently toward Epicurus. The loss of that teacher's own works causes us to prize doubly the extensive fragments of them preserved in this relatively copious and serious study. The lover of the great Epicurean poem of Lucretius on the 'Nature of Things' will often be surprised to find here the source of many among the Roman poet's most striking doctrines and images. The sketch of Zeno is also an important authority on Stoicism. Instruction in these particular chapters, then, and rich diversion elsewhere, await the reader of this most gossipy, formless, and uncritical volume. The English reader, by the

way, ought to be provided with something better than the "Bohn" version. This adds a goodly harvest of ludicrous misprints and other errors of every kind to Diogenes's own mixture of borrowed wisdom and native silliness. The classical student will prefer the *Didot* edition by Cobet, with the Latin version in parallel columns.

It has been thought desirable to offer here a version, slightly abridged, of Diogenes's chapter on Socrates. The original sources, in Plato's and Xenophon's extant works, will almost always explain, or correct, the statements of Diogenes. Such wild shots as the assertion that the plague repeatedly visited Athens, striking down *every inhabitant* save the temperate Socrates, hardly need a serious rejoinder. Diogenes cannot even speak with approximate accuracy of Socrates's famous Dæmon or Inward Monitor. We know, on the best authority, that it prophesied nothing, even proposed nothing, but only vetoed the rasher impulses of its human companion. But to apply the tests of mere accuracy to Diogenes would be like criticizing Uncle Remus for his sins against English syntax.

Of the author's life we know nothing. Our assignment of him to the third century is based merely on the fact that he quotes writers of the second, and is himself in turn cited by somewhat later authors.

LIFE OF SOCRATES

From the 'Lives and Sayings of the Philosophers'

SOCRATES was the son of Sophroniscus a sculptor and Phænarete a midwife [as Plato also states in the 'Theætetus'], and an Athenian, of the deme Alopeke. He was believed to aid Euripides in composing his dramas. Hence Mnesimachus speaks thus:—

> "This is Euripides's new play, the 'Phrygians':
> And Socrates has furnished him the sticks."

And again:—

> "Euripides, Socratically patched."

Callias also, in his 'Captives,' says:—

> *A*—"Why art so solemn, putting on such airs?
> *B*— Indeed I may; the cause is Socrates."

Aristophanes, in the 'Clouds,' again, remarks:—

> "And this is he who for Euripides
> Composed the talkative wise tragedies."

He was a pupil of Anaxagoras, according to some authorities, but also of Damon, as Alexander states in his 'Successions.' After the former's condemnation he became a disciple of Archelaus the natural philosopher. But Douris says he was a slave, and carried stones. Some say, too, that the Graces on the Acropolis are his; they are clothed figures. Hence, they say, Timon in his 'Silli' declares:—

> «From them proceeded the stone-polisher,
> Prater on law, enchanter of the Greeks,
> Who taught the art of subtle argument,
> The nose-in-air, mocker of orators,
> Half Attic, the adept in irony.»

For he was also clever in discussion. But the Thirty Tyrants, as Xenophon tells us, forbade him to teach the art of arguing. Aristophanes also brings him on in comedy, making the Worse Argument seem the better. He was moreover the first, with his pupil Æschines, to teach oratory. He was likewise the first who conversed about life, and the first of the philosophers who came to his end by being condemned to death. We are also told that he lent out money. At least, investing it, he would collect what was due, and then after spending it invest again. But Demetrius the Byzantine says it was Crito who, struck by the charm of his character, took him out of the workshop and educated him.

Realizing that natural philosophy was of no interest to men, it is said, he discussed ethics, in the workshops and in the agora, and used to say he was seeking

> «Whatsoever is good in human dwellings, or evil.»

And very often, we are told, when in these discussions he conversed too violently, he was beaten or had his hair pulled out, and was usually laughed to scorn. So once when he was kicked, and bore it patiently, some one expressed surprise; but he said, «If an ass had kicked me, would I bring an action against him?»

Foreign travel he did not require, as most men do, except when he had to serve in the army. At other times, remaining in Athens, he disputed in argumentative fashion with those who conversed with him, not so as to deprive them of their belief, but to strive for the ascertainment of truth. They say Euripides gave him the work of Heraclitus, and asked him, «What do you think of it?» And he said, «What I understood is fine; I suppose what I did not understand is, too; only it needs a Delian

diver!" He attended also to physical training, and was in excellent condition. Moreover, he went on the expedition to Amphipolis, and when Xenophon had fallen from his horse in the battle of Delium he picked him up and saved him. Indeed, when all the other Athenians were fleeing he retreated slowly, turning about calmly, and on the lookout to defend himself if attacked. He also joined the expedition to Potidæa — by sea, for the war prevented a march by land; and it was there he was said once to have remained standing in one position all night. There too, it is said, he was pre-eminent in valor, but gave up the prize to Alcibiades, of whom he is stated to have been very fond. Ion of Chios says moreover that when young he visited Samos with Archelaus, and Aristotle states that he went to Delphi. Favorinus again, in the first book of his 'Commentaries,' says he went to the Isthmus.

He was also very firm in his convictions and devoted to the democracy, as was evident from his not yielding to Critias and his associates when they bade him bring Leon of Salamis, a wealthy man, to them to be put to death. He was also the only one who opposed the condemnation of the ten generals. When he could have escaped from prison, too, he would not. The friends who wept at his fate he reproved, and while in prison he composed those beautiful discourses.

He was also temperate and austere. Once, as Pamphila tells us in the seventh book of her 'Commentaries,' Alcibiades offered him a great estate, on which to build a house; and he said, "If I needed sandals, and you offered me a hide from which to make them for myself, I should be laughed at if I took it." Often, too, beholding the multitude of things for sale, he would say to himself, "How many things I do not need!" He used constantly to repeat aloud these iambic verses:—

> "But silver plate and garb of purple dye
> To actors are of use,— but not in life."

He disdained the tyrants,— Archelaus of Macedon, Scopas of Crannon, Eurylochus of Melissa,— not accepting gifts from them nor visiting them. He was so regular in his way of living that he was frequently the only one not ill when Athens was attacked by the plague.

Aristotle says he wedded two wives, the first Xanthippe, who bore him Lamprocles, and the second Myrto, daughter of

Aristides the Just, whom he received without dowry and by whom he had Sophroniscus and Menexenus. Some however say he married Myrto first; and some again that he had them both at once, as the Athenians on account of scarcity of men passed a law to increase the population, permitting any one to marry one Athenian woman and have children by another; so Socrates did this.

He was a man also able to disdain those who mocked him. He prided himself on his simple manner of living, and never exacted any pay. He used to say he who ate with best appetite had least need of delicacies, and he who drank with best appetite had least need to seek a draught not at hand; and that he who had fewest needs was nearest the gods. This indeed we may learn from the comic poets, who in their very ridicule covertly praise him. Thus Aristophanes says:—

«O thou who hast righteously set thy heart on attaining to noble wisdom, [Hellenes!
How happy the life thou wilt lead among the Athenians and the
Shrewdness and memory both are thine, and energy unwearied
Of mind; and never art thou tired from standing or from walking.
By cold thou art not vexed at all, nor dost thou long for breakfast.
Wine thou dost shun, and gluttony, and every other folly.»

Ameipsias also, bringing him upon the stage in the philosopher's cloak, says:—

«O Socrates, best among few men, most foolish of many, thou also
Art come unto us; thou'rt a patient soul; but where didst get that doublet?
That wretched thing in mockery was presented by the cobblers!
Yet though so hungry, he never however has stooped to flatter a mortal.»

This disdain and arrogance in Socrates has also been exposed by Aristophanes, who says:—

«Along the streets you haughtily strut; your eyes roll hither and thither:
Barefooted, enduring discomforts, you go with countenance solemn among us.»

And yet sometimes, suiting himself to the occasion, he dressed finely; as when for instance in Plato's 'Symposium' he goes to Agathon's.

He was a man able both to urge others to action, and to dissuade them. Thus, when he conversed with Theætetus on Knowledge, he sent him away inspired, as Plato says. Again, when Euthyphron had indicted his own father for manslaughter, by conversing with him on piety Socrates turned him from his purpose. Lysis also by his exhortations he rendered a most moral man. He was moreover skillful in fitting his arguments to the circumstances. He changed the feeling of his son Lamprocles when he was enraged with his mother, as Xenophon somewhere relates. Plato's brother Glaucon, who wished to be active in politics, he dissuaded because of his inexperience, as Xenophon states; but Charmides on the other hand, who was well fitted, he urged on. He roused the spirit of Iphicrates the general also, pointing out to him the cocks of Midias the barber fighting those of Callias. He said it was strange that every man could tell easily how many sheep he had, but could not call by name the friends whom he had acquired, so negligent were men in that regard. Once seeing Euclid devoting great pains to captious arguments, he said, "O Euclid, you will be able to manage sophists — but men, never!" For he thought hair-splitting on such matters useless, as Plato also says in his 'Euthydemus.'

When Glaucon offered him some slaves, so that he might make a profit on them, he did not take them.

He praised leisure as the best of possessions, as Xenophon also says in his 'Symposium.' He used to say, too, that there was but one good — knowledge; and one evil — ignorance. Wealth and birth, he said, had no value, but were on the contrary wholly an evil. So when some one told him Antisthenes's mother was a Thracian, "Did you think," quoth he, "so fine a man must be the child of two Athenians?" When Phædo had been captured in war and shamefully enslaved, Socrates bade Crito ransom him, and made him a philosopher.

He also learned, when already an old man, to play the lyre, saying there was no absurdity in learning what one did not know. He used to dance frequently, too, thinking this exercise helpful to health. This Xenophon tells us in the 'Symposium.'

He used to say that his Dæmon foretold future events: and that he knew nothing, except that very fact that he did know nothing. Those who bought at a great price what was out of season, he said, had no hope of living till the season came around. Once being asked what was virtue in a young man, he said,

«To avoid excess in all things.» He used to say one should study geometry (surveying) just enough to be able to measure land in buying and selling it.

When Euripides in the 'Auge' said of virtue:—

«These things were better left to lie untouched,»

he rose up and left the theatre, saying it was absurd to think it proper to seek for a slave if he was not to be found, but to let virtue perish unregarded. When his advice was asked whether to marry or not, he said, «Whichever you do, you will regret it!» He used to say that he marveled that those who made stone statues took pains to make the stone as like the man as possible, but took none with themselves, that they might not be like the stone. He thought it proper for the young to look constantly in the mirror, so that if they had beauty they might prove themselves worthy of it, and if they were ugly, that they might conceal their ugliness by their accomplishments.

When he had invited rich friends to dinner, and Xanthippe was ashamed, he said, «Do not be troubled. If they are sensible, they will bear with us. If not, we shall care nothing for them.» Most men, he said, lived to eat; but he ate to live. As to those who showed regard for the opinions of the ignoble multitude, he said it was as if a man should reject one tetradrachm [coin] as worthless, but accept a heap of such coins as good. When Æschines said, «I am poor and have nothing else, but I give you myself,» he said, «Do you then not realize you are offering me the greatest of gifts?» To him who said, «The Athenians have condemned you to death,» he responded, «And nature has condemned them also thereto:» though some ascribe this to Anaxagoras. When his wife exclaimed, «You die innocent!» he answered, «Do you wish I were guilty?»

When a vision in sleep seemed to say:—

«Three days hence thou'lt come to the fertile region of Phthia,»

he said to Æschines, «On the third day I shall die.» When he was to drink the hemlock, Apollodorus gave him a fine garment to die in: «But why,» quoth he, «is this garment of mine good enough to live in, but not to perish in?» To him who said, «So-and-so speaks ill of you,» he answered, «Yes, he has not learned to speak well.» When Antisthenes turned the ragged side of his cloak to the light, he remarked, «I see your vanity

through your cloak." He declared we ought to put ourselves expressly at the service of the comedy writers: "For if they say anything about us that is true, they will correct us; and if what they say be untrue, it does not concern us at all."

When Xanthippe had first reviled him, then drenched him with water, "Didn't I tell you," said he, "it was thundering and would soon rain?" To Alcibiades, who said Xanthippe's scolding was unbearable, he replied, "I am accustomed to it, as to a constantly creaking pulley. And you," he added, "endure the cackling of geese." Alcibiades said, "Yes, for they bring me eggs and goslings." "And Xanthippe," retorted Socrates, "bears me children." Once when she pulled off his cloak in the agora, his friends advised him to defend himself with force. "Yes," said he, "by Jove, so that as we fight, each of you may cry, 'Well done, Socrates!' 'Good for you, Xanthippe!'" He used to say he practiced on Xanthippe just as trainers do with spirited horses. "Just as they if they master them are able to control any other horse, so I who am accustomed to Xanthippe shall get on easily with any one else."

It was for such words and acts as this that the Delphic priestess bore witness in his honor, giving to Chairephon that famous response:—

"Wisest of all mankind is Socrates."

He became extremely unpopular on account of this oracle; but also because he convicted of ignorance those who had a great opinion of themselves, particularly Anytus, as Plato also says in the 'Meno.' For Anytus, enraged at the ridicule Socrates brought upon him, first urged Aristophanes and the rest on to attack him, and then induced Meletus to join in indicting him for impiety and for corrupting the young men. Plato in the 'Apology' says there were three accusers,—Anytus, Lycon, and Meletus: Anytus being incensed at him in behalf of the artisans and politicians, Lycon for the orators, and Meletus for the poets, all of whom Socrates pulled to pieces. The sworn statement of the plaintiffs ran as follows; for it is still recorded, Favorinus says, in the State archives:—"Socrates is guilty, not honoring the gods whom the State honors, but introducing other strange divinities; and he is further guilty of corrupting the young. Penalty, death."

When Lysias wrote a speech for his defense, he read it, and said, "A fine speech, Lysias, but not suited to me;" for indeed

it was rather a lawyer's plea than a philosopher's. Lysias said, "But why, if the speech is a fine one, should it not be suitable for you?" Socrates replied, "Would not fine robes, then, and sandals, be unfitting for me?"

While he was on trial, it is stated that Plato ascended the *bema* and began, "Being the youngest, O men of Athens, of all who ever came upon the bema"—but at this point the judges cried out, "Come down! come down!" So he was convicted by two hundred and eighty-one votes more than were cast for his acquittal. And when the judges considered what penalty or fine he should receive, he said he would pay five-and-twenty drachmæ. Euboulides says he agreed to pay a hundred, but when the judges expressed their indignation aloud, he said, "For what I have done, I consider the proper return to be support at the public expense in the town hall." But they condemned him to death, the vote being larger than before by eighty.

Not many days later he drank the hemlock in the prison, after uttering many noble words, recorded by Plato in the 'Phædo.' According to some, he wrote a poem beginning—

"Greeting, Apollo of Delos, and Artemis, youthful and famous."

He also versified, not very successfully, a fable of Æsop's which began—

"Æsop once to the people who dwell in the city of Corinth
Said, 'Let virtue be judged not by the popular voice.'"

So he passed from among men; but straightway the Athenians repented of their action, so that they closed the gymnasia, and exiling the other accusers, put Meletus to death. Socrates they honored with a statue of bronze, the work of Lysippus, which was set up in the Pompeion. Anytus in exile, entering Heraclea, was warned out of town that very day.

The Athenians have had the same experience not only in Socrates's case, but with many others. Indeed, it is stated that they fined Homer as a madman, and adjudged Tyrtæus to be crazy. Euripides reproves them in the 'Palamedes,' saying:—

"Ye have slain, ye have slain the all-wise, the harmless nightingale of the Muses."

That is so. But Philochorus says Euripides died before Socrates.

Socrates and Euripides were both disciples of Anaxagoras. It appears to me, too, that Socrates did talk on natural philosophy. In fact, Xenophon says so, though he states that Socrates held discourse only upon moral questions. Plato indeed, in the 'Apology,' mentioning Anaxagoras and other natural philosophers, himself says of them things whereof Socrates denies any knowledge; yet it is all ascribed to Socrates.

Aristotle states that a certain mage from Syria came to Athens, and among other prophecies concerning Socrates foretold that his death would be a violent one.

The following verses upon him are our own:—

Drink, in the palace of Zeus, O Socrates, seeing that truly
Thou by a god wert called wise, who is wisdom itself.
Foolish Athenians, who to thee offered the potion of hemlock,
Through thy lips themselves draining the cup to the dregs!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by William C. Lawton.

EXAMPLES OF GREEK WIT AND WISDOM

Bias

Once he was on a voyage with some impious men. The vessel was overtaken by a storm, and they began to call upon the gods for aid. But Bias said, "Be silent, so they may not discover that you are aboard our ship!"

He declared it was pleasanter to decide a dispute between his enemies than between friends. "For of two friends," he explained, "one is sure to become my enemy; but of two enemies I make one friend."

Plato

It is said Socrates, in a dream, seemed to be holding on his knees a cygnet, which suddenly grew wings and flew aloft, singing sweetly. Next day Plato came to him; and Socrates said he was the bird.

It is told that Plato, once seeing a man playing at dice, reproved him. "The stake is but a trifle," said the other. "Yes, but," responded Plato, "the habit is no trifle."

Once when Xenocrates came into Plato's house, the latter bade him scourge his slave for him, explaining that he could not

do it himself, because he was angry. Again, he said to one of his slaves, "You would have had a beating if I were not angry."

Aristippus

Dionysius once asked him why it is that the philosophers are seen at rich men's doors, not the rich men at the doors of the sages. Aristippus replied, "Because the wise realize what they lack, but the rich do not." On a repetition of the taunt on another occasion he retorted, "Yes, and physicians are seen at sick men's doors; yet none would choose to be the patient rather than the leech!"

Once when overtaken by a storm on a voyage to Corinth, he was badly frightened. Somebody said to him, "We ordinary folk are not afraid, but you philosophers play the coward." "Yes," was his reply, "we are not risking the loss of any such wretched life as yours."

Some one reproached him for his extravagance in food. He answered, "If you could buy these same things for threepence, wouldn't you do it?"—"Oh yes."—"Why then, 'tis not I who am too fond of the luxurious food, but you that are over-fond of your money!"

Aristotle

When asked, "What is Hope?" he answered, "The dream of a man awake." Asked what grows old quickest, he replied, "Gratitude." When told that some one had slandered him in his absence, he said, "He may beat me too—in my absence!" Being asked how much advantage the educated have over the ignorant, he replied, "As much as the living over the dead."

Some one asked him why we spend much time in the society of the beautiful. "That," he said, "is a proper question for a blind man!" [*Cf.* Emerson's 'Rhodora.']

Once being asked how we should treat our friends, he said, "As we would wish them to treat us." Asked what a friend is, he answered, "One soul abiding in two bodies."

Theophrastus

To a man who at a feast was persistently silent, he remarked, "If you are ignorant, you are acting wisely; if you are intelligent, you are behaving foolishly."

Demetrius

It was a saying of his that to friends in prosperity we should go when invited, but to those in misfortune unbidden.

When told that the Athenians had thrown down his statues, he answered, "But not my character, for which they erected them."

Antisthenes

Some one asked him what he gained from philosophy. He replied, "The power to converse with myself."

He advised the Athenians to pass a vote that asses were horses. When they thought that irrational, he said, "But certainly, your generals are not such because they have learned anything, but simply because you have elected them!"

Diogenes

He used to say that when in the course of his life he saw pilots, and physicians, and philosophers, he thought man the most sensible of animals; but when he saw interpreters of dreams, and soothsayers, and those who paid attention to them, and those puffed up by fame or wealth, he believed no creature was sillier than man.

Some said to him, "You are an old man. Take life easy now." He replied, "And if I were running the long-distance race, should I when nearing the goal slacken, and not rather exert myself?"

When he saw a child drink out of his hands, he took the cup out of his wallet and flung it away, saying, "A child has beaten me in simplicity."

He used to argue thus, "All things belong to the gods. The wise are the friends of the gods. The goods of friends are common property. Therefore all things belong to the wise."

To one who argued that *motion* was impossible, he made no answer, but rose and walked away.

When the Athenians urged him to be initiated into the Mysteries, assuring him that in Hades those who were initiated have the front seats, he replied, "It is ludicrous, if Agesilaus and Epaminondas are to abide in the mud, and some ignoble wretches who are initiated are to dwell in the Isles of the Blest!"

Plato made the definition "Man is a two-footed featherless animal," and was much praised for it. Diogenes plucked a fowl and brought it into his school, saying "This is Plato's man!" So the addition was made to the definition, "with broad nails."

When a man asked him what was the proper hour for lunch, he said, "If you are rich, when you please; if you are poor, when you can get it."

He used often to shout aloud that an easy life had been given by the gods to men, but they had covered it from sight in their search for honey-cakes and perfumes and such things.

The musician who was always left alone by his hearers he greeted with "Good morning, cock!" When the other asked him the reason, he said, "Because your music starts everybody up."

When an exceedingly superstitious man said to him, "With one blow I will break your head!" he retorted, "And with a sneeze at your left side I will make you tremble."

When asked what animal had the worst bite, he said, "Of wild beasts, the sycophant; and of tame creatures, the flatterer."

Being asked when was the proper time to marry, he responded, "For young men, not yet; and for old men, not at all."

When he was asked what sort of wine he enjoyed drinking, he answered, "Another man's." [Of a different temper was Dante, who knew too well "how salt the bread of others tastes!"]

Some one advised him to hunt up his runaway slave. But he replied, "It is ridiculous if Manes lives without Diogenes, but Diogenes cannot without Manes."

When asked why men give to beggars, but not to philosophers, he said, "Because they expect themselves to become lame and blind; but philosophers, never!"

Cleanthes

When a comic actor apologized for having ridiculed him from the stage, he answered gently, "It would be preposterous, when

Bacchus and Hercules bear the raillery of the poets without showing any anger, if I should be indignant when I chance to be attacked.»

Pythagoras

Precepts

Do NOT stir the fire with a sword.
Do not devour your heart.
Always have your bed packed up.
Do not walk in the main street.
Do not cherish birds with crooked talons.
Avoid a sharp sword.
When you travel abroad, look not back at your own borders.
[Diogenes explains this: be resigned to death.]
Consider nothing exclusively your own.
Destroy no cultivated tree, or harmless animal.
Modesty and decorum consist in never yielding to laughter, and yet not looking stern. [*Cf.* Emerson on Manners.]

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by William C. Lawton.

ISAAC D'ISRAELI

(1766–1848)

AMONG the writers whose education and whose tastes were the outcome of the classicism of the eighteenth century, yet whose literary life lapped over into the Victorian epoch, was Isaac D'Israeli, born at Enfield in May 1766. D'Israeli was of Jewish origin, his ancestors having fled from the Spanish persecutions of the fifteenth century to find a home in Venice, whence a younger branch migrated to England.

At the time of his birth his family had stood for generations among the foremost English Jews, his father having been made a citizen by special legislation. The boy, however, did not inherit the commercial spirit which had established his house. He was a lover of books and a dreamer of dreams, and so early developed literary tendencies that his frightened father sent him off to Amsterdam to school, in the hope of curing proclivities so dangerous. Here he became familiar with the works of the Encyclopædists, and adopted the theories of Rousseau. On returning to England in his nineteenth year, he replied to his father's proposition that he should enter a commercial house at Bordeaux, by a long poem in which he passionately inveighed against the commercial spirit, and avowed himself a student of philosophy and letters. His father's reluctant acquiescence was obtained at last through the good offices of the laureate Pye, to whom the youth had already dedicated his first book, 'A Defence of Poetry.'

ISAAC D'ISRAELI

At the outset of his career he found himself received with consideration by the men whose acquaintance he most desired. Following the fashion of the day, and inspired by the books of anecdotes so successfully published by his friend Douce, D'Israeli in 1791 produced anonymously a small volume entitled 'Curiosities of Literature,' the copyright of which he magnanimously presented to his publisher. The extraordinary success of this book can be accounted for only by the curious taste of the time, which still reflected the more unworthy traditions of the Addisonian era. It was an age of clubs and tea-tables, of society scandal-mongering and fireside gossip;

and the reading public welcomed a contribution whose refined dilettantism so well matched its own. The mysteries of Eleusis and the origin of wigs received the same grave attention. This popularity induced D'Israeli to buy back the copyright at a generous valuation; he enlarged the work to five volumes, which passed through twelve in his own lifetime, and still serves to illustrate a curious literary phase.

Other compilations of similar nature met the same success: 'The Calamities of Authors,' 'Quarrels of Authors,' and 'Literary Recollections'; but the 'Amenities of Literature,' his last work, is the most purely literary in form, and affords perhaps the best index to D'Israeli's abilities as a writer. The reader of to-day, however, is struck by the ephemeral nature of this criticism, which yet by a curious literary experience is keeping a place among the permanent productions of its age. The reader is everywhere impressed by the human sympathy, by the wide if rather superficial knowledge, and by innumerable felicities of expression and style, which betray the cultivated mind. To lovers of the curious the books still appeal, and they will continue to hold an honorable place among the bric-a-brac of literature.

The spirit of curiosity which characterized the mind of D'Israeli assumed its most dignified concrete form in the 'Commentaries on the Reign of Charles I.' D'Israeli had an artistic sense of the values in a historical picture, with a keen perception of the importance of side lights; and although the book is not a great contribution to the literature of history, yet it became popular, and in July 1832 earned for its author the degree of D. C. L. from Oxford.

D'Israeli's romances were tedious tales, but his hold upon the public was secure, and the vast amount of miscellaneous matter which he published always found a delighted audience. 'The Genius of Judaism,' a philosophical inquiry into the historical significance of the permanence of the Jewish race, showed the author's psychic limitations. He designed a history of English literature, for which he had gathered much material, but increasing blindness forced him to abandon it. Much of D'Israeli's popularity was unquestionably due to his qualities of heart. His nature was fine; he was an affectionate and devoted friend, and held an enviable position in the literary circles of the day. Campbell, Byron, Rogers, and Scott alike admired and loved him, while a host of lesser men eagerly sought his friendship.

Although brought up in the Jewish faith, D'Israeli affiliated early in life with the Church of England, in which his three sons and one daughter were baptized. He died in 1848, and was buried at Brandenham. Twenty years later his daughter-in-law, the Countess of Beaconsfield, erected at Hughenden a monument to his memory.

POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND ARTISTS MADE BY ACCIDENT

From 'Curiosities of Literature'

ACCIDENT has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. It was at Rome, says Gibbon, on the fifteenth of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.

Father Malebranche, having completed his studies in philosophy and theology without any other intention than devoting himself to some religious order, little expected the celebrity his works acquired for him. Loitering in an idle hour in the shop of a bookseller, and turning over a parcel of books, 'L'Homme de Descartes' fell into his hands. Having dipt into some parts, he read with such delight that the palpitations of his heart compelled him to lay the volume down. It was this circumstance that produced those profound contemplations which made him the Plato of his age.

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,' and by a continual study of poetry he became so enchanted of the Muse that he grew irrecoverably a poet.

Dr. Johnson informs us that Sir Joshua Reynolds had the first fondness of his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's Treatise.

Vaucanson displayed an uncommon genius for mechanics. His taste was first determined by an accident: when young, he frequently attended his mother to the residence of her confessor; and while she wept with repentance, he wept with weariness! In this state of disagreeable vacation, says Helvetius, he was struck with the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock in the hall. His curiosity was roused; he approached the clock-case, and studied its mechanism; what he could not discover he guessed at. He then projected a similar machine, and gradually his genius produced a clock. Encouraged by this first success, he proceeded in his various attempts; and the genius which thus could form a clock, in time formed a fluting automaton.

If Shakespeare's imprudence had not obliged him to quit his wool trade and his town; if he had not engaged with a company

of actors, and at length, disgusted with being an indifferent performer, he had not turned author, the prudent wool-seller had never been the celebrated poet.

Accident determined the taste of Molière for the stage. His grandfather loved the theatre, and frequently carried him there. The young man lived in dissipation; the father, observing it, asked in anger if his son was to be made an actor. "Would to God," replied the grandfather, "he was as good an actor as Montrose." The words struck young Molière; he took a disgust to his tapestry trade; and it is to this circumstance France owes her greatest comic writer.

Corneille loved; he made verses for his mistress, became a poet, composed 'Mélite,' and afterwards his other celebrated works. The discreet Corneille had remained a lawyer.

Thus it is that the devotion of a mother, the death of Cromwell, deer-stealing, the exclamation of an old man, and the beauty of a woman, have given five illustrious characters to Europe.

We owe the great discovery of Newton to a very trivial accident. When a student at Cambridge, he had retired during the time of the plague into the country. As he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell, and struck him a smart blow on the head. When he observed the smallness of the apple, he was surprised at the force of the stroke. This led him to consider the accelerating motion of falling bodies; from whence he deduced the principle of gravity, and laid the foundation of his philosophy.

Ignatius Loyola was a Spanish gentleman who was dangerously wounded at the siege of Pampeluna. Having heated his imagination by reading the Lives of the Saints, which were brought to him in his illness instead of a romance, he conceived a strong ambition to be the founder of a religious order; whence originated the celebrated society of the Jesuits.

Rousseau found his eccentric powers first awakened by the advertisement of the singular annual subject which the Academy of Dijon proposed for that year, in which he wrote his celebrated Declamation against the arts and sciences; a circumstance which determined his future literary efforts.

La Fontaine, at the age of twenty-two, had not taken any profession or devoted himself to any pursuit. Having accidentally heard some verses of Malherbe, he felt a sudden impulse, which

directed his future life. He immediately bought a Malherbe, and was so exquisitely delighted with this poet that after passing the nights in treasuring his verses in his memory, he would run in the daytime to the woods, where, concealing himself, he would recite his verses to the surrounding dryads.

Flamsteed was an astronomer by accident. He was taken from school on account of his illness, when Sacrobosco's book 'De Sphæra' having been lent to him, he was so pleased with it that he immediately began a course of astronomic studies. Pennant's first propensity to natural history was the pleasure he received from an accidental perusal of Willoughby's work on birds; the same accident, of finding on the table of his professor Reaumur's 'History of Insects,'—of which he read more than he attended to the lecture,—and having been refused the loan, gave such an instant turn to the mind of Bonnet that he hastened to obtain a copy, but found many difficulties in procuring this costly work. Its possession gave an unalterable direction to his future life: this naturalist indeed lost the use of his sight by his devotion to the microscope.

Dr. Franklin attributes the cast of his genius to a similar accident. "I found a work of Defoe's, entitled an 'Essay on Projects,' from which perhaps I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life."

I shall add the incident which occasioned Roger Ascham to write his 'Schoolmaster,' one of the most curious and useful treatises among our elder writers.

At a dinner given by Sir William Cecil during the plague in 1563, at his apartments at Windsor, where the Queen had taken refuge, a number of ingenious men were invited. Secretary Cecil communicated the news of the morning, that several scholars at Eton had run away on account of their master's severity, which he condemned as a great error in the education of youth. Sir William Petre maintained the contrary; severe in his own temper, he pleaded warmly in defense of hard flogging. Dr. Wootton, in softer tones, sided with the Secretary. Sir John Mason, adopting no side, bantered both. Mr. Haddon seconded the hard-hearted Sir William Petre, and adduced as an evidence that the best schoolmaster then in England was the hardest flogger. Then was it that Roger Ascham indignantly exclaimed that if such a master had an able scholar it was owing to the boy's genius and not the preceptor's rod. Secretary Cecil and

others were pleased with Ascham's notions. Sir Richard Sackville was silent; but when Ascham after dinner went to the Queen to read one of the orations of Demosthenes, he took him aside, and frankly told him that though he had taken no part in the debate he would not have been absent from that conversation for a great deal; that he knew to his cost the truth Ascham had supported, for it was the perpetual flogging of such a schoolmaster that had given him an unconquerable aversion to study. And as he wished to remedy this defect in his own children, he earnestly exhorted Ascham to write his observations on so interesting a topic. Such was the circumstance which produced the admirable treatise of Roger Ascham.

THE MARTYRDOM OF CHARLES THE FIRST

From the 'Commentaries on the Reign of Charles the First'

At Whitehall a repast had been prepared. The religious emotions of Charles had consecrated the sacrament, which he refused to mingle with human food. The Bishop, whose mind was unequal to conceive the intrepid spirit of the King, dreading lest the magnanimous monarch, overcome by the severity of the cold, might faint on the scaffold, prevailed on him to eat half a manchet of bread and taste some claret. But the more consolatory refreshment of Charles had been just imparted to him in that singular testimony from his son, who had sent a *carte blanche* to save the life of his father at any price. This was a thought on which his affections could dwell in face of the scaffold which he was now to ascend.

Charles had arrived at Whitehall about ten o'clock, and was not led to the scaffold till past one. It was said that the scaffold was not completed; it might have been more truly said that the conspirators were not ready. There was a mystery in this delay. The fate of Charles the First to the very last moment was in suspense. Fairfax, though at the time in the palace, inquired of Herbert how the King was, when the King was no more! and expressed his astonishment on hearing that the execution had just taken place. This extraordinary simplicity and abstraction from the present scene of affairs has been imputed to the General as an act of refined dissimulation, yet this seems uncertain. The Prince's *carte blanche* had been that morning confided to his

others were pleased with Ascham's notions. [illegible]
ville was silent; but when Ascham after dinn[illegible]
Queen to read one of the orations of Demosthenes, he to[illegible]
aside, and frankly told him that though he had taken [illegible]
in the debate he would not have been absent from that con[illegible]
tion for a great deal; that he knew to his cost the truth [illegible]
had supported, for it was the perpetual flogging of [illegible]
schoolmaster that had given him an unconquerable aver[illegible]
study. And as he wished to remedy this defect in his [illegible]
children, he earnestly exhorted Ascham to write his obser[illegible]
on so interesting a topic. Such was the circumstance which [illegible]
duced the admirable treatise of Roger Ascham.

THE MARTYRDOM OF CHARLES THE FIRST

CHARLES I. GOING TO EXECUTION

Photogravure from a painting by E. Crofts.

A[illegible]emotions of Charles had consecrated the sacrament, which he refused to mingle with human food. The Bishop, whose mind was unequal to conceive the intrepid spirit of the King, dreading lest the magnanimous monarch, overcome by the severity of the cold, might faint on the scaffold, prevailed on him to eat half a manchet of bread and taste some claret. But the more consolatory refreshment of Charles had been just imparted to him in that singular testimony from his son, who had sent a *carte blanche* to save the life of his father at any price. This was a thought on which his affections could dwell in face of the scaffold which he was now to ascend.

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The Prince's *carte blanche* had been that morning confided to his

hands, and he surely must have laid it before the "Grandees of the Army," as this new order of the rulers of England was called. Fairfax, whose personal feelings respecting the King were congenial with those his lady had so memorably evinced, labored to defer for a few days the terrible catastrophe; not without the hope of being able, by his own regiment and others in the army, to prevent the deed altogether. It is probable—inexplicable as it may seem to us—that the execution of Charles the First really took place unknown to the General. Fairfax was not unaccustomed to discover that his colleagues first acted, and afterwards trusted to his own discernment.

Secret history has not revealed all that passed in those three awful hours. We know, however, that the warrant for the execution was not signed till within a few minutes before the King was led to the scaffold. In an apartment in the Palace, Ireton and Harrison were in bed together, and Cromwell, with four colonels, assembled in it. Colonel Huncks refused to sign the warrant. Cromwell would have no further delay, reproaching the Colonel as "a peevish, cowardly fellow," and Colonel Axtell declared that he was ashamed for his friend Huncks, remonstrating with him, that "the ship is coming into the harbor, and now would he strike sail before we come to anchor?" Cromwell stepped to a table, and wrote what he had proposed to Huncks; Colonel Hacker, supplying his place, signed it, and with the ink hardly dry, carried the warrant in his hand and called for the King.

At the fatal summons Charles rose with alacrity. The King passed through the long gallery by a line of soldiers. Awe and sorrow seem now to have mingled in their countenances. Their barbarous commanders were intent on their own triumph, and no farther required the forced cry of "Justice and Execution." Charles stepped out of an enlarged window of the Banqueting House, where a new opening leveled it with the scaffold. Charles came forward with the same indifference as "he would have entered Whitehall on a masque night," as an intelligent observer described. The King looked towards St. James's and smiled. Curious eyes were watchful of his slightest motions; and the Commonwealth papers of the day express their surprise, perhaps their vexation, at the unaltered aspect and the firm step of the Monarch. These mean spirits had flattered themselves that he who had been cradled in royalty, who had lived years in the fields of honor, and was now, they presumed, a recreant in

imprisonment,—"the grand Delinquent of England,"—as they called him, would start in horror at the block.

This last triumph at least was not reserved for them,—it was for the King. Charles, dauntless, strode "the floor of Death," to use Fuller's peculiar but expressive phraseology. He looked on the block with the axe lying upon it, with attention; his only anxiety was that the block seemed not sufficiently raised, and that the edge of the axe might be turned by being swept by the flappings of cloaks, or blunted by the feet of some moving about the scaffold. "Take care they do not put me to pain!—Take heed of the axe! take heed of the axe!" exclaimed the King to a gentleman passing by. "Hurt not the axe; that may hurt me!" His continued anxiety concerning these *circumstances* proves that he felt not the terror of death, solely anxious to avoid the pain, for he had an idea of their cruelty. With that sedate thoughtfulness which was in all his actions, he only looked at the business of the hour. One circumstance Charles observed with a smile. They had a notion that the King would resist the executioner; on the suggestion of Hugh Peters, it is said, they had driven iron staples and ropes into the scaffold, that their victim, if necessary, might be bound down upon the block.

The King's speech has many remarkable points, but certainly nothing so remarkable as the place where it was delivered. This was the first "King's Speech" spoken from a scaffold. Time shall confirm, as history has demonstrated, his principle that "They mistook the nature of government; for people are free under a government, not by being sharers in it, but by the due administration of the laws." "It was for this," said Charles, "that now I am come here. If I could have given way to an arbitrary sway, for to have all laws changed according to the power of the sword, I need not have come here; and therefore I tell you that I am *the Martyr of the People!*"

SYDNEY DOBELL

(1824–1874)

SYDNEY DOBELL, the son of a wine merchant, was born at Cranbrook in Kent. His parents, both persons of strong individuality, believed in home training, and not one of their eight children went either to school or to university. They belonged to the Broad Church Community founded by Sydney's maternal grandfather, Samuel Thompson; a church intended to recall in its principles the primitive Christian ages. The parents looked upon Sydney, their eldest-born, as destined to become the apostle of this creed. He grew up in a kind of religious fervor, with his precocious mind unnaturally stimulated; a course of conduct which materially weakened his constitution, and made him a chronic invalid at the early age of thirty-three. He read whatever books came to hand, many of them far beyond his years. At the age of eight he filled his diary with theological discussions.

Entering his father's counting-house as a mere lad, he remained to the end of his life a business man of great energy. Notwithstanding his rare poetic endowments, he never seems to have entertained a single-minded purpose to be a poet and nothing more. On the contrary, he thought the ideal and the practical life perfectly compatible, and he strove to unite in himself the poet and the man of affairs. He wrote habitually until 1856, when regular literary work was forbidden by his physicians. With characteristic energy he now turned his thoughts into other channels; identified himself with the affairs of Gloucester, where he was living, looked after his business, and was one of the first to adopt the system of industrial co-operation. The last four years of his life, a period of suffering and helplessness, he spent at Barton-End House, above the Stroud valley, where he died in the spring of 1874.

In the work of Dobell it is curious to find so few traces of the influences under which he grew up. He had every encouragement to become a writer of religious poetry; yet much of his work is philosophic and recondite. His delicate health is in a measure responsible for his failure to achieve the success which his natural endowments promised. All his literary work was done between the ages of twenty-three and thirty-three. 'The Roman,' his first long poem, appeared in 1850. Dedicated to the Italian struggle for liberty, it showed his breadth of sympathy. In 'Balder,' finished in 1853,

Dobell is at his best both as thinker and as poet. Yet its many fine passages, its wealth of metaphor, and the exquisite songs of Amy, hardly counterbalance the remoteness of its theme, and its over-subtle analysis of morbid psychic states. It is a poem to be read in fragments, and has aptly been called a mine for poets.

With Alexander Smith he published in 1855 a series of sonnets inspired by the Crimean War. This was followed in 1856 by 'England in War Time,' a collection of Dobell's lyrical and descriptive poems, which possess more general human interest than any other of his books.

After continuous work was interdicted, he still contributed verse and prose to the periodicals. His essays have been collected by Professor Nichol, under the title 'Thoughts on Art, Philosophy, and Religion.' As a poet Dobell belongs to the so-called "spasmodic school," a school "characterized by an undercurrent of discontent with the mystery of existence, by vain effort, unrewarded struggle, skeptical unrest, and an uneasy striving after some incomprehensible end. . . . Poetry of this kind is marked by an excess of metaphor which darkens rather than illustrates, and by a general extravagance of language. On the other hand, it manifests freshness and originality, and a rich natural beauty." Dobell's descriptions of scenery are among the finest in English literature. His senses were abnormally acute, like those of a savage, a condition which intensified his appreciation of natural beauty. Possessing a vivid imagination and wide sympathies, he was often over-subtle and obscure. He strove to realize in himself his ideal of a poet, and during his years of ill-health gave himself up to promoting the welfare of his fellow-men; but of his seventeen years of inactivity he says:—"The keen perception of all that should be done, and that so bitterly cries for doing, accompanies the consciousness of all that I might but cannot do."

EPIGRAM ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD FORBES

NATURE, a jealous mistress, laid him low.
He wooed and won her; and, by love made bold,
She showed him more than mortal man should know --
Then slew him lest her secret should be told.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"HO, SAILOR of the sea!
How's my boy — my boy?" —
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John —
He that went to sea —
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from the sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But knows my John.

"How's my boy — my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no —
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no —

"Sure, his ship was the Jolly Briton —"
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?" —
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?" —
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother.
How's my boy — my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy — my boy?"

THE SAILOR'S RETURN

THIS morn I lay a-dreaming,
This morn, this merry morn;
When the cock crew shrill from over the hill,
I heard a bugle horn.

And through the dream I was dreaming,
There sighed the sigh of the sea,
And through the dream I was dreaming,
This voice came singing to me:—

"High over the breakers,
Low under the lee,
Sing ho!
The billow,
And the lash of the rolling sea!

"Boat, boat, to the billow,
Boat, boat, to the lee!
Love, on thy pillow,
Art thou dreaming of me?

"Billow, billow, breaking,
Land us low on the lee!
For sleeping or waking,
Sweet love, I am coming to thee!

"High, high, o'er the breakers,
Low, low, on the lee,
Sing ho!
The billow
That brings me back to thee!"

AFLOAT AND ASHORE

«TUMBLE and rumble, and grumble and snort,
Like a whale to starboard, a whale to port;
Tumble and rumble, and grumble and snort,
And the steamer steams thro' the sea, love!»

«I see the ship on the sea, love;
I stand alone
On this rock;
The sea does not shock
The stone;
The waters around it are swirled,
But under my feet
I feel it go down
To where the hemispheres meet
At the adamant heart of the world.
Oh that the rock would move!
Oh that the rock would roll
To meet thee over the sea, love!
Surely my mighty love
Should fill it like a soul,
And it should bear me to thee, love;
Like a ship on the sea, love,
Bear me, bear me, to thee, love!»

«Guns are thundering, seas are sundering, crowds are wondering,
Low on our lee, love.
Over and over the cannon-clouds cover brother and lover, but over and over
The whirl-wheels trundle the sea, love;
And on through the loud pealing pomp of her cloud
The great ship is going to thee, love,
Blind to her mark, like a world through the dark,
Thundering, sundering, to the crowds wondering,
Thundering over to thee, love.»

«I have come down to thee coming to me, love;
I stand, I stand
On the solid sand;
I see thee coming to me, love;
The sea runs up to me on the sand:
I start—'tis as if thou hadst stretched thine hand
And touched me through the sea, love,
I feel as if I must die,
For there's something longs to fly,
Fly and fly, to thee, love.

As the blood of the flower ere she blows
Is beating up to the sun,
And her roots do hold her down,
And it blushes and breaks undone
In a rose,
So my blood is beating in me, love!
I see thee nigh and nigher;
And my soul leaps up like sudden fire,
My life's in the air
To meet thee there,
To meet thee coming to me, love!
Over the sea,
Coming to me,
Coming, and coming to me, love!"

"The boats are lowered: I leap in first,
Pull, boys, pull! or my heart will burst!
More! more!—lend me an oar!—
I'm thro' the breakers! I'm on the shore!
I see thee waiting for me, love!"

"A sudden storm
Of sighs and tears,
A clenching arm,
A look of years.
In my bosom a thousand cries,
A flash like light before my eyes,
And I am lost in thee, love!"

THE SOUL

From 'Balder'

And as the mounting and descending bark,
Borne on exulting by the under deep,
Gains of the wild wave something not the wave,
Catches a joy of going and a will
Resistless, and upon the last lee foam
Leaps into air beyond it,—so the soul
Upon the Alpine ocean mountain-tossed,
Incessant carried up to heaven, and plunged
To darkness, and, still wet with drops of death,
Held into light eternal, and again
Cast down, to be again uplift in vast
And infinite succession, cannot stay
The mad momentum.

ENGLAND

From 'Balder'

THIS dear English land!
This happy England, loud with brooks and birds,
Shining with harvests, cool with dewy trees,
And bloomed from hill to dell: but whose best flowers
Are daughters, and Ophelia still more fair
Than any rose she weaves; whose noblest floods
The pulsing torrent of a nation's heart;
Whose forests stronger than her native oaks
Are living men; and whose unfathomed lakes,
Forever calm, the unforgotten dead
In quiet grave-yards willowed seemly round,
O'er which To-day bends sad, and sees his face.
Whose rocks are rights, consolidate of old
Through unremembered years, around whose base
The ever-surging peoples roll and roar
Perpetual, as around her cliffs the seas
That only wash them whiter; and whose mountains,
Souls that from this mere footing of the earth
Lift their great virtues through all clouds of Fate
Up to the very heavens, and make them rise
To keep the gods above us!

AMERICA

NOR force nor fraud shall sunder us! O ye
Who north or south, or east or western land,
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
For God; O ye who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative flood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance — parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsevered,— children brave and free
Of the great Mother tongue, and ye shall be
Lords of an empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

AMY'S SONG OF THE WILLOW

From 'Balder'

THE years they come, and the years they go,
Like winds that blow from sea to sea;
From dark to dark they come and go,
All in the dew-fall and the rain.
Down by the stream there be two sweet willows,
— Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—
One hale, one blighted, two wedded willows,
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

She is blighted, the fair young willow;
— Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—
She hears the spring-blood beat in the bark;
She hears the spring-leaf bud on the bough;
But she bends blighted, the wan weeping willow,
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

The stream runs sparkling under the willow,
— Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—
The summer rose-leaves drop in the stream;
The winter oak-leaves drop in the stream;
But she bends blighted, the wan weeping willow,
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

Sometimes the wind lifts the bright stream to her,
— Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—
The false stream sinks, and her tears fall faster;
Because she touched it her tears fall faster;
Over the stream her tears fall faster,
All in the sunshine or the rain.

The years they come, and the years they go;
Sing well-away, sing well-away!
And under mine eyes shines the bright life-river;
Sing well-away, sing well-away!
Sweet sounds the spring in the hale green willow,
The goodly green willow, the green waving willow,
Sweet in the willow, the wind-whispering willow;
Sing well-away, sing well-away!
But I bend blighted, the wan weeping willow,
All in the sun, and the dew, and the rain.

AUSTIN DOBSON

(1840–)

BY ESTHER SINGLETON

It is very pleasing to realize that Austin Dobson was recognized in America before the English fully appreciated the singular charm of his verse. Perhaps the reason why we were so quick to respond to the beauty of his delicately painted *genre* pictures of the eighteenth century is because that century is a «Golden Age» in our Colonial days. We like to view with Dobson that period seen through the vista of a poetic haze and divested of all that is dark, gross, and prosaic.

With the poems of Austin Dobson in hand we seem to stand before a rare collection of enamels, fan-mounts, jeweled snuff-boxes, and delicate carvings in ivory and silver; and, after delighting in the beauty and finish of these artistic curios, we seem to pass into a gallery of paintings and water-colors that suggest Watteau, Fragonard, Chardin, Greuze, and Boucher. We also wander among trim box-hedges and quaint gardens of roses and bright hollyhocks; lean by sundials to watch the shadow of Time; and enjoy the sight of gay belles, painted, patched, and powdered and dressed in brocaded gowns and «gipsy-hats.» Gallant beaux appear and hand them into sedan-chairs, or meet them at «assemblies» to lead them through stately minuets to the music of Rameau, Couperin, and Arne.

Just as the scent of rose-leaves, lavender, and musk rises from antique Chinese jars, so Dobson's delicate verse reconstructs a life

«Of fashion gone and half-forgotten ways.»

Dobson possesses all the requirements of light verse — charm, mockery, pathos, wit, and banter — and that power to reveal the strange depths of the human heart while apparently skimming the surface.

No man of letters has ever lived a more *exclusively literary life.* His whole life is in his writings, which exhibit his personality and his taste. Born in Plymouth on January 18th, 1840, the son of a civil engineer, Henry Austin Dobson received a good education and entered the Board of Trade in London at the age of sixteen. There he remained until his retirement in 1901. Every spare moment of his life has been spent in study and in the enjoyment of the quiet pleasures of his home at Ealing, a suburb of London. At an early period he chose the eighteenth century for his special line of research and absorption and concentrated all his forces upon it.

Austin Dobson soon began to experiment in the delightful old forms of French verse — the ballade, the rondeau, the villanelle, etc., and was the first poet ever to write a *ballade* in English verse. His name will always be associated with the group, including Swinburne, Henley, Andrew Lang, and Edmund Gosse, who made the models of Marot, Villon, and Théodore de Banville popular for a time. Of all these masters Austin Dobson is, perhaps, the most graceful in these forms and rhythms.

Anthony Trollope introduced Austin Dobson to the public in his magazine St. Paul's in 1868. Fame did not come until after 1873, when the scattered verses were collected as ‹Vignettes in Rhyme.› In 1877 ‹Proverbs in Porcelain› appeared. Both volumes were republished with additional poems as ‹Old World Idylls› (1883) and ‹At the Sign of the Lyre› (1885). In 1897 these books were issued in one volume of ‹Collected Poems,› with additions. In 1913 this volume reached a ninth edition.

Dobson's most characteristic poems, both with regard to the choice of matter and its manipulation and to that quality so difficult to define — *style* — are: ‹The Ballade of Beau Brocade,› ‹A Revolutionary Relic,› ‹Pompadour's Fan,› ‹Une Marquise,› ‹A Gentleman of the Old School,› ‹The Old Sedan Chair,› and ‹The Story of Rosina.› These poems are finished products of a fastidious mind and are written with a charming touch and a grace that is French rather than English.

In his biographies of noted eighteenth-century personages, such as ‹Thomas Bewick and his Pupils› (1884); ‹Fielding› (1883); ‹Steele› (1886); ‹Goldsmith› (1888); ‹Hogarth› (1891–1897); ‹Richardson› (1902), and ‹Fanny Burney› (1903), his ‹Life of Horace Walpole› (1890–1910) is the most important; for in it he has rescued Walpole from Macaulay's malevolence and put him in proper perspective. To this list of prose writings should be added: ‹Four Frenchwomen› (1890); ‹Eighteenth-Century Vignettes› (three series — 1892, 1894, and 1896); ‹A Paladin of Philanthropy› (1899); ‹Side-Walk Studies› (1902); ‹De Libris› (1902); ‹Old Kensington Palace› (1910); ‹At Prior Park› (1912); and ‹Rosalba's Journal and Other Papers› (1915).

So serious is his attitude towards art, and so large his audience, that the hope expressed in the following rondeau will certainly be realized:—

In after days, when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
    Though ill or well the world adjust
    My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky,
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must,
In after days

But yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying — *He held his pen in trust*
To Art, not serving shame or lust.
Will none? — Then let my memory die
In after days!

Esther Singleton

ON A NANKIN PLATE

Villanelle

"Ah me, but it might have been!
Was there ever so dismal a fate?"
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

"Such a maid as was never seen:
She passed, tho' I cried to her, 'Wait,'—
Ah me, but it might have been!

"I cried, 'O my Flower, my Queen,
Be mine!' — 'Twas precipitate,"
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

"But then . . . she was just sixteen,—
Long-eyed, as a lily straight,—
Ah me, but it might have been!

"As it was, from her palankeen
She laughed — 'You're a week too late!'"
(Quoth the little blue mandarin.)

"That is why, in a mist of spleen
I mourn on this Nankin Plate.
Ah me, but it might have been!"
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

THE OLD SEDAN-CHAIR

«What's not destroyed by Time's devouring Hand?
Where's Troy,—and where's the May-Pole in the Strand?»
—Bramston's 'Art of Politicks.'

It stands in the stable-yard, under the eaves,
Propped up by a broomstick and covered with leaves;
It once was the pride of the gay and the fair,
But now 'tis a ruin,—that old Sedan-chair!

It is battered and tattered,—it little avails
That once it was lacquered, and glistened with nails;
For its leather is cracked into lozenge and square
Like a canvas by Wilkie,—that old Sedan-chair.

See, here come the bearing-straps; here were the holes
For the poles of the bearers—when once there were poles;
It was cushioned with silk, it was wadded with hair,
As the birds have discovered,—that old Sedan-chair.

«Where's Troy?» says the poet! Look; under the seat
Is a nest with four eggs; 'tis a favored retreat
Of the Muscovy hen, who has hatched, I dare swear,
Quite an army of chicks in that old Sedan-chair.

And yet—Can't you fancy a face in the frame
Of the window,—some high-headed damsel or dame,
Be-patched and be-powdered, just set by the stair,
While they raise up the lid of that old Sedan-chair?

Can't you fancy Sir Plume, as beside her he stands,
With his ruffles a-droop on his delicate hands,
With his cinnamon coat, with his laced solitaire,
As he lifts her out light from that old Sedan-chair?

Then it swings away slowly. Ah, many a league
It has trotted 'twixt sturdy-legged Terence and Teague;
Stout fellows!—but prone, on a question of fare,
To brandish the poles of that old Sedan-chair!

It has waited by portals where Garrick has played;
It has waited by Heidegger's «Grand Masquerade»;
For my Lady Codille, for my Lady Bellair,
It has waited—and waited, that old Sedan-chair!

Oh, the scandals it knows! Oh, the tales it could tell
Of Drum and Ridotto, of Rake and of Belle,—
Of Cock-fight and Levee, and (scarcely more rare!)
Of Fête-days at Tyburn, that old Sedan-chair!

« *Heu! quantum mutata,* » I say as I go.
It deserves better fate than a stable-yard, though!
We must furbish it up, and dispatch it,—« With Care, »—
To a Fine-Art Museum—that old Sedan-chair.

THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME

When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,
In November fogs, in December snows,
When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars at the casement climb,
And a Rosalind-face at the lattice shows,
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
When the mind (like a beard) has a « formal cut, »—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
And the young year draws to the « golden prime, »
And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose,—
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts have a pedant-strut,
In a changing quarrel of « Ayes » and « Noes, »
In a starched procession of « If » and « But, »—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a soft glance softer grows
And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,
And the secret is told « that no one knows, »—
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

Envoy

In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
Then hey! for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

THE CURÉ'S PROGRESS

MONSIEUR THE CURÉ down the street
Comes with his kind old face,—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande Place*,"
And the tiny "*Hôtel-de-Ville*";
He smiles as he goes, to the *fleuriste* Rose,
And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns as a rule through the "*Marché*" cool,
Where the noisy fishwives call;
And his compliment pays to the "*belle Thérèse*,"
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit
Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui!*"
And a pinch from the Curé's box,

There is also a word that no one heard
To the furrier's daughter Lou;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
And a "*Bon Dieu garde M'sieu*!"

But a grander way for the *Sous Préfet*,
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
And a nod to the Sacristan:—

For ever through life the Curé goes
With a smile on his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

«GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE»

«Si vieillesse pouvait!»

SCENE.—*A small neat room. In a high Voltaire chair sits a white-haired old gentleman.*

M. VIEUXBOIS [*turning querulously*]

Day of my life! Where *can* she get?
BABETTE! I say! BABETTE!—BABETTE!

BABETTE [*entering hurriedly*]

Coming, M'sieu'! If M'sieu' speaks
So loud, he won't be well for weeks!

M. VIEUXBOIS

Where have you been?

BABETTE

Why, M'sieu' knows:—
April! . . . Ville-d' Avray! . . . . Ma'm'selle ROSE!

M. VIEUXBOIS

Ah! I am old,—and I forget.
Was the place growing green, BABETTE?

BABETTE

But of a greenness!—Yes, M'sieu'!
And then the sky so blue!—so blue!
And when I dropped my *immortelle*,
How the birds sang!
[*Lifting her apron to her eyes.*]
This poor Ma'm'selle!

M. VIEUXBOIS

You're a good girl, BABETTE, but she,—
She was an angel, verily.
Sometimes I think I see her yet
Stand smiling by the cabinet;
And once, I know, she peeped and laughed
Betwixt the curtains. . . .
Where's the draught?
[*She gives him a cup.*]
Now I shall sleep, I think, BABETTE;—
Sing me your Norman *chansonnette*.

BABETTE [*sings*]

« Once at the Angelus
(Ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious
Came to my bed;—
Angels in blue and white,
Crowned on the head.»

M. VIEUXBOIS [*drowsily*]

«She was an Angel» . . . «Once she laughed» . . .
What! was I dreaming?
Where's the draught?

BABETTE [*showing the empty cup*]

The draught, M'sieu'?

M. VIEUXBOIS

How I forget!
I am so old! But sing, BABETTE!

BABETTE [*sings*]

« One was the Friend I left
Stark in the Snow;
One was the Wife that died
Long,—long ago;
One was the Love I lost—
How could she know?»

M. VIEUXBOIS [*murmuring*]

Ah PAUL! . . . old PAUL! . . . EULALIE, too!
And ROSE . . . And O! «the sky so blue!»

BABETTE [*sings*]

« One had my Mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild;
One had my Father's face;
One was a Child:
All of them bent to me,—
Bent down and smiled!»

[He is asleep!]

M. VIEUXBOIS [*almost inaudibly*]

How I forget!
I am so old! . . . Good-night, BABETTE

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

A Proper New Ballad of the Country and the Town

«Phyllida amo ante alias.»—Virgil.

The ladies of St. James's
Go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them
With a «Stand by! Clear the way!»
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's
Wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at *Ombre*,
With candles all of wax:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She dons her russet gown,
And runs to gather May-dew
Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's!
They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
Was broken in the air:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
The breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning,
Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's!
They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays forever,
Their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her color comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily,—
It wavers like a rose.

The ladies of St. James's!
You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches,
Their phrases are so grand:

But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Her shy and simple words
Are clear as after rain-drops
  The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's!
  They have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you — for seconds;
  They frown on you — for weeks:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,
  Is always true — and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!
  I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's,
  And give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties
  Of all the world may be,—
For Phyllida, my Phyllida,
  Is all the world to me.

DORA *VERSUS* ROSE

«The Case is Proceeding»

FROM the tragic-est novels at Mudie's —
  At least on a practical plan —
  To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,
  One love is enough for a man.
But no case that I ever yet met is
  Like mine: I am equally fond
Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,
                And Dora, a blonde.

Each rivals the other in powers —
  Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints —
Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers;
  Miss Do., perpendicular saints.
In short, to distinguish is folly;
  'Twixt the pair I am come to the pass
Of Macheath, between Lucy and Polly,—
                Or Buridan's ass.

If it happens that Rosa I've singled
  For a soft celebration in rhyme,
Then the ringlets of Dora get mingled
  Somehow with the tune and the time;
Or I painfully pen me a sonnet
  To an eyebrow intended for Do.'s,
And behold I am writing upon it
  The legend, "To Rose."

Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter
  Is all over scrawled with her head),
If I fancy at last that I've got her,
  It turns to her rival instead;
Or I find myself placidly adding
  To the rapturous tresses of Rose
Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding,
  Ineffable nose.

Was there ever so sad a dilemma?
  For Rose I would perish (*pro tem.*);
For Dora I'd willingly stem a—
  (Whatever might offer to stem);
But to make the invidious election,—
  To declare that on either one's side
I've a scruple,—a grain,—more affection,
  I *cannot* decide.

And as either so hopelessly nice is,
  My sole and my final resource
Is to wait some indefinite crisis,—
  Some feat of molecular force,
To solve me this riddle conducive
  By no means to peace or repose,
Since the issue can scarce be inclusive
  Of Dora *and* Rose.

(After-thought)

But perhaps if a third (say, a Norah),
  Not quite so delightful as Rose,
Nor wholly so charming as Dora,
  Should appear, is it wrong to suppose,—
As the claims of the others are equal,—
  And flight—in the main—is the best,—
That I might . . . But no matter,—the sequel
  Is easily guessed.

UNE MARQUISE

A Rhymed Monologue in the Louvre

« Belle Marquise, vos beaux yeux me font mourir d'amour.»
— Molière.

I

As you sit there at your ease,
O Marquise!
And the men flock round your knees
Thick as bees,
Mute at every word you utter,
Servants to your least frill-flutter,
« *Belle Marquise!* »
As you sit there, growing prouder,
And your ringed hands glance and go,
And your fan's *frou-frou* sounds louder,
Aud your « *beaux yeux* » flash and glow;—
Ah, you used them on the Painter,
As you know,
For the Sieur Larose spoke fainter,
Bowing low,
Thanked Madame and Heaven for Mercy
That each sitter was not Circe,—
Or at least he told you so;—
Growing proud, I say, and prouder
To the crowd that come and go,
Dainty Deity of Powder,
Fickle Queen of Fop and Beau,
As you sit where lustres strike you,
Sure to please,
Do we love you most, or like you,
« *Belle Marquise!* »

II

You are fair; oh yes, we know it
Well, Marquise;
For he swore it, your last poet,
On his knees;
And he called all heaven to witness
Of his ballad and its fitness,
« *Belle Marquise!* »
You were everything in *ère*
(With exception of *sévère*),—

You were *cruelle* and *rebelle*,
With the rest of rhymes as well;
You were "*Reine*" and "*Mère d'Amour*",
  You were "*Vénus à Cythère*";
"*Sappho mise en Pompadour*,"
  And "*Minerve en Parabère*";
You had every grace of heaven
  In your most angelic face,
With the nameless finer leaven
  Lent of blood and courtly race;
And he added, too, in duty,
Ninon's wit and Boufflers's beauty;
And La Vallière's *yeux veloutés*
                Followed these;
And you liked it, when he said it
                (On his knees),
And you kept it, and you read it,
                "*Belle Marquise!*"

III

Yet with us your toilet graces
                Fail to please,
And the last of your last faces,
                And your *mise*,
For we hold you just as real,
                "*Belle Marquise!*"
As your *Bergers* and *Bergères*,
Tes d'Amour and *Batelières;*
As your *pares*, and your Versailles,
Gardens, grottoes, and *socailles;*
As your Naiads and your trees;—
Just as near the old ideal
                Calm and ease,
As the Venus there by Coustou,
  That a fan would make quite flighty
Is to her the gods were used to,—
  Is to grand Greek Aphroditè,
                Sprung from seas
You are just a porcelain trifle,
                "*Belle Marquise!*"
Just a thing of puffs and patches
Made for madrigals and catches,
Not for heart-wounds, but for scratches,
                O Marquise!

Just a pinky porcelain trifle,
"*Belle Marquise!*"
Wrought in rarest *rose-Dubarry*,
Quick at verbal point and parry,
Clever, doubtless;—but to marry,
No, Marquise!

IV

For your Cupid, you have clipped him,
Rouged and patched him, nipped and snipped him,
And with *chapeau-bras* equipped him,
"*Belle Marquise!*"
Just to arm you through your wife-time,
And the languors of your lifetime,
"*Belle Marquise!*"
Say, to trim your toilet tapers
Or—to twist your hair in papers,
Or—to wean you from the vapors;—
As for these,
You are worth the love they give you,
Till a fairer face outlive you,
Or a younger grace shall please;
Till the coming of the crows'-feet,
And the backward turn of beaux' feet,
"*Belle Marquise!*"
Till your frothed-out life's commotion
Settles down to Ennui's ocean,
Or a dainty sham devotion,
"*Belle Marquise!*"

V

No: we neither like nor love you,
"*Belle Marquise!*"
Lesser lights we place above you,—
Milder merits better please.
We have passed from *Philosophe*-dom
Into plainer modern days,—
Grown contented in our oafdom,
Giving grace not all the praise;
And, *en partant, Arsinoé*,—
Without malice whatsoever,—
We shall counsel to our Chloë
To be rather good than clever:

For we find it hard to smother
Just one little thought, Marquise!
Wittier perhaps than any other,—
You were neither Wife nor Mother,
«Belle Marquise!»

A BALLAD TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

Of the Spanish Armada

King Philip had vaunted his claims;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us;
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us;
Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
And shatter our ships on the main;
But we had bold Neptune to back us,—
And where are the galleons of Spain?

His carackes were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us;
With his saints and his gilded stern-frames,
He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us;
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus,—
For where are the galleons of Spain?

Let his Majesty hang to St. James
The axe that he whetted to hack us:
He must play at some lustier games.
Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us;
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain;
Alas! that his Greatness should lack us!—
But where are the galleons of Spain?

Envoy

Gloriana!—the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain;
He must reach us before he can rack us, . . .
And where are the galleons of Spain?

THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE

From 'Four Frenchwomen'

A TENDER wife, a loving daughter, and a loyal friend,—shall we not here lay down upon the grave of Marie de Lamballe our reverential tribute, our little chaplet of *immortelles*, in the name of all good women, wives, and daughters?

"*Elle était mieux femme que les autres.*"* To us that apparently indefinite, exquisitely definite sentence most fitly marks the distinction between the subjects of the two preceding papers and the subject of the present. It is a transition from the stately figure of a marble Agrippina to the breathing, feeling woman at your side; it is the transition from the statuesque Rachelesque heroines of a David to the "small sweet idyl" of a Greuze. And, we confess it, we were not wholly at ease with those tragic, majestic figures. We shuddered at the dagger and the bowl which suited them so well. We marveled at their bloodless serenity, their superhuman self-sufficiency; inly we questioned if they breathed and felt. Or was their circulation a matter of machinery—a mere dead-beat escapement? We longed for the *sexe prononcé* of Rivarol—we longed for the showman's "female woman!" We respected and we studied, but we did not love them. With Madame de Lamballe the case is otherwise. Not grand like this one, not heroic like that one, "*elle est mieux femme que les autres.*"

She at least is woman—after a fairer fashion—after a truer type. Not intellectually strong like Manon Philipon, not Spartan-souled like Marie de Corday, she has still a rare intelligence, a courage of affection. She has that *clairvoyance* of the heart which supersedes all the stimulants of mottoes from Reynel or maxims from Rousseau; she has that "angel instinct" which is a juster lawgiver than Justinian. It was thought praise to say of the Girondist lady that she was a greater man than her husband; it is praise to say of this queen's friend that she was more woman than Madame Roland. Not so grand, not so great, we like the princess best. *Elle est mieux femme que les autres.*

* She was more woman than the others.

MARY MAPES DODGE

(1840?–1905)

To write a story which in thirty years should pass through more than a hundred editions, which should attain the apotheosis of an *edition de luxe*, which should be translated into at least four foreign languages, be allotted the Montyon prize of 1500 francs for moral as well as literary excellence, and be crowned by the French Academy — this is a piece of good fortune which falls to the lot of few story-tellers. The book which has deserved so well is 'Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates,' a story of life in Holland. Its author, born in New York, was a daughter of Professor James Jay Mapes, an eminent chemist and inventor, an accomplished writer and brilliant talker.

Mary Mapes Dodge

In a household where music, art, and literature were cultivated, and where the most agreeable society came, talents were not likely to be overlooked. Mrs. Dodge, very early widowed, began writing before she was twenty, publishing short stories, sketches, and poems in various periodicals. 'Hans Brinker' appeared in 1864,—her delight in Motley's histories and their appeal to her own Dutch blood inspiring her to write it. Of this book Mr. Frank R. Stockton says:—

«There are strong reasons why the fairest orange groves, the loftiest mountain peaks, or the inspiriting waves of the rolling sea, could not tempt average boys and girls from the level stretches of the Dutch canals, until they had skated through the sparkling story, warmed with a healthy glow.

«This is not only a tale of vivid description, interesting and instructive; it is a romance. There are adventures, startling and surprising, there are mysteries of buried gold, there are the machinations of the wicked, there is the heroism of the good, and the gay humor of happy souls. More than these, there is love — that sentiment which glides into a good story as naturally as into a human life; and whether the story be for old or young, this element gives it an ever-welcome charm. Strange fortune and good fortune come to Hans and to Gretel, and to many other deserving characters in the tale, but there is nothing selfish about these heroes and heroines. As soon as

a new generation of young people grows up to be old enough to enjoy this perennial story, all these characters return to the days of their youth, and are ready to act their parts again to the very end, and to feel in their own souls, as everybody else feels, that their story is just as new and interesting as when it was first told.»

Besides this book, Mrs. Dodge published several volumes of juvenile verse, such as 'Rhymes and Jingles,' and 'When Life was Young'; a volume of serious verse, 'Along the Way'; a volume of satirical and humorous sketches, 'Theophilus and Others'; a second successful story for young people, 'Donald and Dorothy,' and a number of other works. Her stories evince an unusual faculty of construction and marked inventiveness,—inherited perhaps from her father,—truthful characterization, literary feeling, a strong sense of humor, and a high ethical standard. Her whimsical character sketch, 'Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question,' which has been reprinted thousands of times and repeated by every elocutionist in the land, is in its way as searching a satire as Bret Harte's 'Heathen Chinee.'

From its beginning in 1873 until a short time before her death, which occurred at Tannersville, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1905, Mrs. Dodge edited the St. Nicholas Magazine.

THE RACE

From 'Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates.' Copyright 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons

THE 20th of December came at last, bringing with it the perfection of winter weather. All over the level landscape lay the warm sunlight. It tried its power on lake, canal, and river; but the ice flashed defiance, and showed no sign of melting. The very weathercocks stood still to enjoy the sight. This gave the windmills a holiday. Nearly all the past week they had been whirling briskly; now, being rather out of breath, they rocked lazily in the clear still air. Catch a windmill working when the weathercocks have nothing to do!

There was an end to grinding, crushing, and sawing for that day. It was a good thing for the millers near Broek. Long before noon, they concluded to take in their sails and go to the race. Everybody would be there. Already the north side of the frozen Y was bordered with eager spectators; the news of the great skating-match had traveled far and wide. Men, women, and children, in holiday attire, were flocking toward the spot. Some wore furs and wintry cloaks or shawls; but many,

consulting their feelings rather than the almanac, were dressed as for an October day.

The site selected for the race was a faultless plain of ice near Amsterdam, on that great *arm* of the Zuyder Zee, which Dutchmen of course must call the Eye. The townspeople turned out in large numbers. Strangers in the city deemed it a fine chance to see what was to be seen. Many a peasant from the northward had wisely chosen the 20th as the day for the next city-trading. It seemed that everybody, young and old, who had wheels, skates, or feet at command, had hastened to the scene.

There were the gentry in their coaches, dressed like Parisians fresh from the Boulevards; Amsterdam children in charity uniforms; girls from the Roman Catholic Orphan House, in sable gowns and white head-bands; boys from the Burgher Asylum, with their black tights and short-skirted harlequin coats. There were old-fashioned gentlemen in cocked hats and velvet knee-breeches; old-fashioned ladies too, in stiff quilted skirts and bodices of dazzling brocade. These were accompanied by servants bearing foot-stoves and cloaks. There were the peasant folk, arrayed in every possible Dutch costume,—shy young rustics in brazen buckles; simple village maidens concealing their flaxen hair under fillets of gold; women whose long narrow aprons were stiff with embroidery; women with short corkscrew curls hanging over their foreheads; women with shaved heads and close-fitting caps, and women in striped skirts and windmill bonnets; men in leather, in homespun, in velvet and broadcloth; burghers in modern European attire, and burghers in short jackets, wide trousers, and steeple-crowned hats.

There were beautiful Friesland girls in wooden shoes and coarse petticoats, with solid gold crescents encircling their heads, finished at each temple with a golden rosette, and hung with lace a century old. Some wore necklaces, pendants, and earrings of the purest gold. Many were content with gilt, or even with brass; but it is not an uncommon thing for a Friesland woman to have all the family treasure in her headgear. More than one rustic lass displayed the value of two thousand guilders upon her head that day.

Scattered throughout the crowd were peasants from the Island of Marken, with sabots, black stockings, and the widest of breeches; also women from Marken, with short blue petticoats, and black jackets gayly figured in front. They wore red sleeves,

white aprons, and a cap like a bishop's mitre over their golden hair.

The children often were as quaint and odd-looking as their elders. In short, one-third of the crowd seemed to have stepped bodily from a collection of Dutch paintings.

Everywhere could be seen tall women and stumpy men, lively-faced girls, and youths whose expressions never changed from sunrise to sunset.

There seemed to be at least one specimen from every known town in Holland. There were Utrecht water-bearers, Gouda cheese-makers, Delft pottery-men, Schiedam distillers, Amsterdam diamond-cutters, Rotterdam merchants, dried-up herring-packers, and two sleepy-eyed shepherds from Texel. Every man of them had his pipe and tobacco pouch. Some carried what might be called the smoker's complete outfit,—a pipe, tobacco, a pricker with which to clean the tube, a silver net for protecting the bowl, and a box of the strongest of brimstone matches.

A true Dutchman, you must remember, is rarely without his pipe on any possible occasion. He may for a moment neglect to breathe; but when the pipe is forgotten, he must be dying indeed. There were no such sad cases here. Wreaths of smoke were rising from every possible quarter. The more fantastic the smoke-wreath, the more placid and solemn the smoker.

Look at those boys and girls on stilts! That is a good idea. They can look over the heads of the tallest. It is strange to see those little bodies high in the air, carried about on mysterious legs. They have such a resolute look on their round faces, what wonder that nervous old gentlemen with tender feet wince and tremble while the long-legged little monsters stride past them!

You will read in certain books that the Dutch are a quiet people. So they are, generally. But listen! did you ever hear such a din? All made up of human voices—no, the horses are helping somewhat, and the fiddles are squeaking pitifully; (how it must pain fiddles to be tuned!) but the mass of the sound comes from the great *vox humana* that belongs to a crowd.

That queer little dwarf, going about with a heavy basket, winding in and out among the people, helps not a little. You can hear his shrill cry above all other sounds, "Pypen en tabac! Pypen en tabac!"

Another, his big brother, though evidently some years younger, is selling doughnuts and bonbons. He is calling on all pretty

children, far and near, to come quickly or the cakes will be gone.

You know quite a number among the spectators. High up in yonder pavilion, erected upon the border of the ice, are some persons whom you have seen very lately. In the centre is Madame Van Gleck. It is her birthday, you remember; she has the post of honor. There is Mynheer Van Gleck, whose meerschaum has not really grown fast to his lips; it only appears so. There are Grandfather and Grandmother, whom you met at the St. Nicholas fête. All the children are with them. It is so mild, they have brought even the baby. The poor little creature is swaddled very much after the manner of an Egyptian mummy; but it can crow with delight, and when the band is playing, open and shut its animated mittens in perfect time to the music.

Grandfather, with his pipe and spectacles and fur cap, makes quite a picture as he holds Baby upon his knee. Perched high upon their canopied platforms, the party can see all that is going on. No wonder the ladies look complacently at the glassy ice; with a stove for a footstool, one might sit cosily beside the North Pole.

There is a gentleman with them, who somewhat resembles St. Nicholas as he appeared to the young Van Glecks on the fifth of December. But the Saint had a flowing white beard, and this face is as smooth as a pippin. His Saintship was larger round the body too, and (between ourselves) he had a pair of thimbles in his mouth, which this gentleman certainly has not. It cannot be St. Nicholas, after all.

Near by in the next pavilion sit the Van Holps, with their son and daughter (the Van Gends) from The Hague. Peter's sister is not one to forget her promises. She has brought bouquets of exquisite hot-house flowers for the winners.

These pavilions,—and there are others beside,—have all been erected since daylight. That semicircular one, containing Mynheer Korbes's family, is very pretty, and proves that the Hollanders are quite skilled at tent-making; but I like the Van Glecks' best,—the centre one, striped red and white, and hung with evergreens.

The one with the blue flags contains the musicians. Those pagoda-like affairs, decked with sea-shells and streamers of every possible hue, are the judges' stands; and those columns and flagstaffs upon the ice mark the limit of the race-course. The two

white columns twined with green, connected at the top by that long floating strip of drapery, form the starting-point. Those flagstaffs, half a mile off, stand at each end of the boundary line, cut sufficiently deep to be distinct to the skaters, though not deep enough to trip them when they turn to come back to the starting-point.

The air is so clear, it seems scarcely possible that the columns and flagstaffs are so far apart. Of course the judges' stands are but little nearer together. Half a mile on the ice, when the atmosphere is like this, is but a short distance after all, especially when fenced with a living chain of spectators.

The music has commenced. How melody seems to enjoy itself in the open air! The fiddles have forgotten their agony, and everything is harmonious. Until you look at the blue tent, it seems that the music springs from the sunshine, it is so boundless, so joyous. Only the musicians are solemn.

Where are the racers? All assembled together near the white columns. It is a beautiful sight,—forty boys and girls in picturesque attire, darting with electric swiftness in and out among each other, or sailing in pairs and triplets, beckoning, chatting, whispering, in the fullness of youthful glee.

A few careful ones are soberly tightening their straps; others, halting on one leg, with flushed eager faces, suddenly cross the suspected skate over their knee, give it an examining shake, and dart off again. One and all are possessed with the spirit of motion. They cannot stand still. Their skates are a part of them, and every runner seems bewitched.

Holland is the place for skaters, after all. Where else can nearly every boy and girl perform feats on the ice that would attract a crowd if seen on Central Park? Look at Ben! I did not see him before. He is really astonishing the natives; no easy thing to do in the Netherlands. Save your strength, Ben; you will need it soon. Now other boys are trying! Ben is surpassed already. Such jumping, such poising, such spinning, such india-rubber exploits generally! That boy with a red cap is the lion now; his back is a watch-spring, his body is cork—no, it is iron, or it would snap at that. He is a bird, a top, a rabbit, a corkscrew, a sprite, a flesh-ball, all in an instant. When you think he is erect, he is down; and when you think he is down, he is up. He drops his glove on the ice, and turns a somerset as he picks it up. Without stopping, he snatches the cap from

Jacob Poot's astonished head, and claps it back again "hind side before." Lookers-on hurrah and laugh. Foolish boy! It is arctic weather under your feet, but more than temperate overhead. Big drops already are rolling down your forehead. Superb skater as you are, you may lose the race.

A French traveler, standing with a notebook in his hand, sees our English friend Ben buy a doughnut of the dwarf's brother, and eat it. Thereupon he writes in his note-book that the Dutch take enormous mouthfuls, and universally are fond of potatoes boiled in molasses.

There are some familiar faces near the white columns. Lambert, Ludwig, Peter, and Carl are all there, cool, and in good skating order. Hans is not far off. Evidently he is going to join in the race, for his skates are on,—the very pair that he sold for seven guilders. He had soon suspected that his fairy godmother was the mysterious "friend" who bought them. This settled, he had boldly charged her with the deed; and she, knowing well that all her little savings had been spent in the purchase, had not had the face to deny it. Through the fairy god-mother, too, he had been rendered amply able to buy them back again. Therefore Hans is to be in the race. Carl is more indignant than ever about it; but as three other peasant boys have entered, Hans is not alone.

Twenty boys and twenty girls. The latter by this time are standing in front, braced for the start; for they are to have the first "run." Hilda, Rychie, and Katrinka are among them. Two or three bend hastily to give a last pull at their skate-straps. It is pretty to see them stamp, to be sure that all is firm. Hilda is speaking pleasantly to a graceful little creature in a red jacket and a new brown petticoat. Why, it is Gretel! What a difference those pretty shoes make; and the skirt and the new cap! Annie Bouman is there too. Even Janzoon Kolp's sister has been admitted; but Janzoon himself has been voted out by the directors because he killed the stork, and only last summer was caught in the act of robbing a bird's nest,—a legal offense in Holland.

This Janzoon Kolp, you see, was— There, I cannot tell the story just now. The race is about to commence.

Twenty girls are formed in a line. The music has ceased.

A man whom we shall call the crier stands between the columns and the first judges' stand. He reads the rules in a loud voice:—

"The girls and boys are to race in turn, until one girl and one boy have beaten twice. They are to start in a line from the united columns, skate to the flagstaff line, turn, and then come back to the starting-point; thus making a mile at each run."

A flag is waved from the judges' stand. Madame Van Gleck rises in her pavilion. She leans forward with a white handkerchief in her hand. When she drops it, a bugler is to give the signal for them to start.

The handkerchief is fluttering to the ground. Hark!

They are off!

No. Back again. Their line was not true in passing the judges' stand.

The signal is repeated.

Off again. No mistake this time. Whew! how fast they go

The multitude is quiet for an instant, absorbed in eager, breathless watching.

Cheers spring up along the line of spectators. Huzza! five girls are ahead. Who comes flying back from the boundary mark? We cannot tell. Something red, that is all. There is a blue spot flitting near it, and a dash of yellow nearer still. Spectators at this end of the line strain their eyes, and wish they had taken their post nearer the flagstaff.

The wave of cheers is coming back again. Now we can see. Katrinka is ahead!

She passes the Van Holp pavilion. The next is Madame Van Gleck's. That leaning figure gazing from it is a magnet. Hilda shoots past Katrinka, waving her hand to her mother as she passes. Two others are close now, whizzing on like arrows. What is that flash of red and gray? Hurrah, it is Gretel! She too waves her hand, but toward no gay pavilion. The crowd is cheering; but she hears only her father's voice, "Well done, little Gretel!" Soon Katrinka, with a quick merry laugh, shoots past Hilda. The girl in yellow is gaining now. She passes them all,—all except Gretel. The judges lean forward without seeming to lift their eyes from their watches. Cheer after cheer fills the air; the very columns seem rocking. Gretel has passed them. She has won.

"GRETEL BRINKER, ONE MILE!" shouts the crier.

The judges nod. They write something upon a tablet which each holds in his hand.

While the girls are resting,—some crowding eagerly around our frightened little Gretel, some standing aside in high disdain, —the boys form in a line.

Mynheer Van Gleck drops the handkerchief this time. The buglers give a vigorous blast. Off start the boys!

Half-way already. Did ever you see the like!

Three hundred legs flashing by in an instant. But there are only twenty boys. No matter; there were hundreds of legs, I am sure. Where are they now? There is such a noise one gets bewildered. What are the people laughing at? Oh! at that fat boy in the rear. See him go! See him! He'll be down in an instant; no, he won't. I wonder if he knows he is all alone: the other boys are nearly at the boundary line. Yes, he knows it. He stops. He wipes his hot face. He takes off his cap, and looks about him. Better to give up with a good grace. He has made a hundred friends by that hearty, astonished laugh. Good Jacob Poot!

The fine fellow is already among the spectators, gazing as eagerly as the rest.

A cloud of feathery ice flies from the heels of the skaters as they «bring to,» and turn at the flagstaffs.

Something black is coming now,—one of the boys; it is all we know. He has touched the *vox humana* stop of the crowd; it fairly roars. Now they come nearer; we can see the red cap. There's Ben, there's Peter, there's Hans!

Hans is ahead. Young Madame Van Gend almost crushes the flowers in her hand: she had been quite sure that Peter would be first. Carl Schummel is next, then Ben, and the youth with the red cap. The others are pressing close. A tall figure darts from among them. He passes the red cap, he passes Ben, then Carl. Now it is an even race between him and Hans. Madame Van Gend catches her breath.

It is Peter! He is ahead! Hans shoots past him. Hilda's eyes fill with tears: Peter *must* beat. Annie's eyes flash proudly. Gretel gazes with clasped hands: four strokes more will take her brother to the columns.

He is there! Yes; but so was young Schummel just a second before. At the last instant, Carl, gathering his powers, had whizzed between them, and passed the goal.

«Carl Schummel, one mile!» shouts the crier.

Soon Madame Van Gleck rises again. The falling handkerchief starts the bugle, and the bugle, using its voice as a bowstring, shoots off twenty girls like so many arrows.

It is a beautiful sight; but one has not long to look: before we can fairly distinguish them they are far in the distance. This time they are close upon one another. It is hard to say, as they come speeding back from the flagstaff, which will reach the columns first. There are new faces among the foremost,—eager glowing faces, unnoticed before. Katrinka is there, and Hilda; but Gretel and Rychie are in the rear. Gretel is wavering, but when Rychie passes her she starts forward afresh. Now they are nearly beside Katrinka. Hilda is still in advance: she is almost "home." She has not faltered since that bugle note sent her flying: like an arrow, still she is speeding toward the goal. Cheer after cheer rises in the air. Peter is silent, but his eyes shine like stars. "Huzza! Huzza!"

The crier's voice is heard again.

"Hilda Van Gleck, one mile!"

A loud murmur of approval runs through the crowd, catching the music in its course, till all seems one sound, with a glad rhythmic throbbing in its depths. When the flag waves all is still.

Once more the bugle blows a terrific blast. It sends off the boys like chaff before the wind,—dark chaff, I admit, and in big pieces.

It is whisked around at the flagstaff, driven faster yet by the cheers and shouts along the line. We begin to see what is coming. There are three boys in advance this time, and all abreast, — Hans, Peter, and Lambert. Carl soon breaks the ranks, rushing through with a whiff. Fly, Hans; fly, Peter; don't let Carl beat again! — Carl the bitter, Carl the insolent. Van Mounen is flagging, but you are as strong as ever. Hans and Peter, Peter and Hans; which is foremost? We love them both. We scarcely care which is the fleeter.

Hilda, Annie, and Gretel, seated upon the long crimson bench, can remain quiet no longer. They spring to their feet, so different! and yet one in eagerness. Hilda instantly reseats herself: none shall know how interested she is; none shall know how anxious, how filled with one hope. Shut your eyes then, Hilda, hide your face rippling with joy. Peter has beaten.

«PETER VAN HOLP, ONE MILE!» calls the crier.

The same buzz of excitement as before, while the judges take notes, the same throbbing of music through the din; but something is different. A little crowd presses close about some object near the column. Carl has fallen. He is not hurt, though somewhat stunned. If he were less sullen, he would find more sympathy in these warm young hearts. As it is, they forget him as soon as he is fairly on his feet again.

The girls are to skate their third mile.

How resolute the little maidens look, as they stand in a line! Some are solemn with a sense of responsibility; some wear a smile, half bashful, half provoked; but one air of determination pervades them all.

This third mile may decide the race. Still, if neither Gretel nor Hilda win, there is yet a chance among the rest for the silver skates.

Each girl feels sure that this time she will accomplish the distance in one-half the time. How they stamp to try their runners! How nervously they examine each strap! How erect they stand at last, every eye upon Madame Van Gleck!

The bugle thrills through them again. With quivering eagerness they spring forward, bending, but in perfect balance. Each flashing stroke seems longer than the last.

Now they are skimming off in the distance.

Again the eager straining of eyes; again the shouts and cheering; again the thrill of excitement, as after a few moments, four or five in advance of the rest come speeding back, nearer, nearer to the white columns.

Who is first? Not Rychie, Katrinka, Annie, nor Hilda, nor the girl in yellow, but Gretel,—Gretel, the fleetest sprite of a girl that ever skated. She was but playing in the earlier race: *now* she is in earnest, or rather, something within her has determined to win. That blithe little form makes no effort; but it cannot stop,—not until the goal is passed!

In vain the crier lifts his voice: he cannot be heard. He has no news to tell: it is already ringing through the crowd,—*Gretel has won the silver skates!*

Like a bird she has flown over the ice; like a bird she looks about her in a timid, startled way. She longs to dart to the sheltered nook where her father and mother stand. But Hans is beside her; the girls are crowding round. Hilda's kind, joyous

voice breathes in her ear. From that hour none will despise her. Goose-girl or not, Gretel stands acknowledged Queen of the Skaters.

With natural pride, Hans turns to see if Peter Van Holp is witnessing his sister's triumph. Peter is not looking toward them at all. He is kneeling, bending his troubled face low, and working hastily at his skate-strap. Hans is beside him at once.

"Are you in trouble, mynheer?"

"Ah, Hans! that you? Yes; my fun is over. I tried to tighten my strap to make a new hole, and this botheration of a knife has cut it nearly in two."

"Mynheer," said Hans, at the same time pulling off a skate, "you must use my strap!"

"Not I, indeed, Hans Brinker!" cried Peter, looking up; "though I thank you warmly. Go to your post, my friend: the bugle will sound in a minute."

"Mynheer," pleaded Hans in a husky voice, "you have called me your friend. Take this strap—quick! There is not an instant to lose. I shall not skate this time: indeed, I am out of practice. Mynheer, you *must* take it;" and Hans, blind and deaf to any remonstrance, slipped his strap into Peter's skate, and implored him to put it on.

"Come, Peter!" cried Lambert from the line: "we are waiting for you."

"For Madame's sake," pleaded Hans, "be quick! She is motioning to you to join the racers. There, the skate is almost on: quick, mynheer, fasten it. I could not possibly win. The race lies between Master Schummel and yourself."

"You are a noble fellow, Hans!" cried Peter, yielding at last. He sprang to his post just as the handkerchief fell to the ground. The bugle sends forth its blast, loud, clear, and ringing.

Off go the boys!

"Mein Gott!" cries a tough old fellow from Delft. "They beat everything, these Amsterdam youngsters. See them!"

See them, indeed! They are winged Mercuries, every one of them. What mad errand are they on? Ah, I know; they are hunting Peter Van Holp. He is some fleet-footed runaway from Olympus. Mercury and his troop of winged cousins are in full chase. They will catch him! Now Carl is the runaway. The pursuit grows furious. Ben is foremost!

The chase turns in a cloud of mist. It is coming this way. Who is hunted now? Mercury himself. It is Peter, Peter Van Holp! Fly, Peter! Hans is watching you. He is sending all his fleetness, all his strength, into your feet. Your mother and sister are pale with eagerness. Hilda is trembling, and dare not look up. Fly, Peter! The crowd has not gone deranged; it is only cheering. The pursuers are close upon you. Touch the white column! It beckons; it is reeling before you — it —

"Huzza! Huzza! Peter has won the silver skates!"

"PETER VAN HOLP!" shouted the crier. But who heard him? "Peter Van Holp!" shouted a hundred voices; for he was the favorite boy of the place. "Huzza! Huzza!"

Now the music was resolved to be heard. It struck up a lively air, then a tremendous march. The spectators, thinking something new was about to happen, deigned to listen and to look.

The racers formed in single file. Peter, being tallest, stood first. Gretel, the smallest of all, took her place at the end. Hans, who had borrowed a strap from the cake-boy, was near the head.

Three gayly twined arches were placed at intervals upon the river, facing the Van Gleck pavilion.

Skating slowly, and in perfect time to the music, the boys and girls moved forward, led on by Peter. It was beautiful to see the bright procession glide along like a living creature. It curved and doubled, and drew its graceful length in and out among the arches; whichever way Peter, the head, went, the body was sure to follow. Sometimes it steered direct for the centre arch; then, as if seized with a new impulse, turned away and curled itself about the first one; then unwound slowly, and bending low, with quick snake-like curvings, crossed the river, passing at length through the farthest arch.

When the music was slow, the procession seemed to crawl like a thing afraid; it grew livelier, and the creature darted forward with a spring, gliding rapidly among the arches, in and out, curling, twisting, turning, never losing form, until at the shrill call of the bugle rising above the music it suddenly resolved itself into boys and girls, standing in double semicircle before Madame Van Gleck's pavilion.

Peter and Gretel stand in the centre, in advance of the others. Madame Van Gleck rises majestically. Gretel trembles, but feels

that she must look at the beautiful lady. She cannot hear what is said, there is such a buzzing all around her. She is thinking that she ought to try and make a courtesy, such as her mother makes to the *meester*, when suddenly something so dazzling is placed in her hand that she gives a cry of joy.

Then she ventures to look about her. Peter too has something in his hands. "Oh, oh! how splendid!" she cries; and "Oh! how splendid!" is echoed as far as people can see.

Meantime the silver skates flash in the sunshine, throwing dashes of light upon those two happy faces.

"Mevrouw Van Gend sends a little messenger with her bouquets,— one for Hilda, one for Carl, and others for Peter and Gretel."

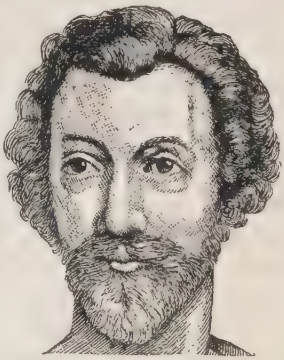
At sight of the flowers, the Queen of the Skaters becomes uncontrollable. With a bright stare of gratitude, she gathers skates and bouquet in her apron, hugs them to her bosom, and darts off to search for her father and mother in the scattering crowd.

JOHN DONNE

(1573–1631)

"THE memory of Dr. Donne must not, cannot die, as long as men speak English," wrote Izaak Walton, "whilst his conversation made him and others happy. His life ought to be the example of more than that age in which he died."

Born in 1573, all the influences of the age in which Donne lived nourished his large nature and genius. Shakespeare and Marlowe were nine years older than he; Chapman fourteen; Spenser, Lyly, and Richard Hooker each twenty; while Sir Philip Sidney counted one year less. Lodge and Puttenham were grown men, and Greene and Nash riotous boys. In the following year Ben Jonson "came forth to warm our ears," and soon after we have his future co-worker Inigo Jones. It was the time of a multitude of poets,—Drayton, the Fletchers, Beaumont, Wither, Herrick, Carew, Suckling, and others. Imagination was foremost, and was stimulated by vast discoveries. Debates upon ecclesiastical reform, led by Wyclif, Tyndal, Knox, Foxe, Sternhold, Hopkins, and others, had prepared the way; and the luminous literatures of Greece and Italy, but recently brought into England, had made men's spirits receptive and creative. It was a period of vast conceptions, when men discovered themselves and the world afresh.



JOHN DONNE

Under such outward conditions Donne was born, in London, "of good and virtuous parents," says Walton, being descended on his mother's side from no less distinguished a personage than Sir Thomas More. In 1584, when he was eleven years old, with a good command both of French and Latin, he passed from the hands of tutors at home to Hare Hall, a much frequented college at Oxford. Here he formed a friendship with Henry Wotton, who, after the poet's death, collected the material from which Walton wrote his tender and sincere 'Life of Donne.'

After leaving Oxford he traveled for three years on the Continent, and on his return in 1592 became a member of Lincoln's Inn, with intent to study law; but his law never, says Walton, "served him

for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction.» While a member of Lincoln's Inn he became one of the coterie of the poets of his youth. To this time are to be referred those of his 'Divine Poems' which show him a sincere Catholic. Stirred by the increasing differences between the Romanist and the Anglican denominations, Donne turned toward theological questions, and finally cast his lot with the new doctrines. His large nature, impetuously reacting from the asceticism to which he had been bred, turned to excess and overboldness in action, and an occasional coarseness of phrasing in his poems.

The first of his famous 'Satires' are dated 1593, and all were probably written before 1601. During this time also he squandered his father's legacy of £3000. In 1596, when the Earl of Essex defeated the Spanish navy and pillaged Cadiz, Donne, now one of the first poets of the time, was among his followers. «Not long after his return into England . . . the Lord Ellesmere, the Keeper of the Great Seal, . . . taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his person and behavior, took him to be his chief secretary, supposing and intending it to be an introduction to some weighty employment in the State; . . . and did always use him with much courtesy, appointing him a place at his own table.» Here he met the niece of Lady Ellesmere, — the daughter of Sir George More, Lord Lieutenant of the Tower, — whom at Christmas, 1600, he married, despite the opposition of her father. Sir George, transported with wrath, obtained Donne's imprisonment; but the poet finally regained his liberty and his wife, Sir George in the end forgiving the young couple. «Mr. Donne's estate was the greatest part spent in many chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience, he [being] out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife.» The depth and intensity of Donne's feeling for this beautiful and accomplished woman are manifested, says Mr. Norton, in all the poems known to be addressed to her, such as 'The Anniversary' and 'The Token.'

Of 'The Valediction Forbidding Mourning' Walton declares: — «I beg leave to tell that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them;» while from Lowell's unpublished 'Lecture on Poetic Diction' Professor Norton quotes the opinion that «This poem is a truly sacred one, and fuller of the soul of poetry than a whole Alexandrian Library of common love verses.»

During this period of writing for court favors, Donne wrote many of his sonnets and studied the civil and canon law. After the death of his patron Sir Francis in 1606, Donne divided his time between Mitcham, whither he had removed his family, and London, where he frequented distinguished and fashionable drawing-rooms. At this

time he wrote his admirable epistles in verse, 'The Litany,' and funeral elegies on Lady Markham and Mistress Bulstrode; but those poems are merely "occasional," as he was not a poet by profession. At the request of King James he wrote the 'Pseudo-Martyr,' published in 1610. In 1611 appeared his funeral elegy 'An Anatomy of the World,' and one year later another of like texture, 'On the Progress of the Soul,' both poems being exalted and elaborate in thought and fancy.

The King, desiring Donne to enter into the ministry, denied all requests for secular preferment, and the unwilling poet deferred his decision for almost three years. All that time he studied textual divinity, Greek, and Hebrew. He was ordained about the beginning of 1615. The King made him his chaplain in ordinary, and promised other preferments. "Now," says Walton, "the English Church had gained a second St. Austin, for I think none was so like him before his conversion, none so like St. Ambrose after it; and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellences of the other, the learning and holiness of both."

In 1621 the King made him Dean of St. Paul's, and vicar of St. Dunstan in the West. By these and other ecclesiastical emoluments "he was enabled to become charitable to the poor and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their or his profession or quality."

His first printed sermons appeared in 1622. The epigrammatic terseness and unexpected turns of imagination which characterize the poems, are found also in his discourses. Three years later, during a dangerous illness, he composed his 'Devotion.' He died on the 31st of March, 1631.

"Donne is full of salient verses," says Lowell in his 'Shakespeare Once More,' "that would take the rudest March winds of criticism with their beauty; of thoughts that first tease us like charades, and then delight us with the felicity of their solution." There are few in which an occasional loftiness is sustained throughout, but this occasional excellence is original, condensed, witty, showing a firm and strong mind, clear to a degree almost un-English. His poetry has somewhat of the stability of the Greeks, though it may lack their sweetness and art. His grossness was the heritage of his time. He is classed, among the "metaphysical poets," of whom Dr. Johnson wrote:—"They were of very little care to clothe their notions with elegance of dress, and therefore miss the notice and the praise which are often gained by those who think less, but are more diligent to adorn their thoughts." It was in obedience to such a dictum, and to Dryden's suggestion, doubtless, that Pope and Parnell recast and re-versified the 'Satires.'

The first edition of Donne's poems appeared two years after his death. Several editions succeeded during the seventeenth century. In the more artificial eighteenth century his harsh and abrupt versification and remote theorems made him difficult to understand. The best editions are by Dr. Alexander Grosart (1872); Charles Eliot Norton (1895); E. K. Chambers (1896); H. J. C. Grierson (1912). See also ‹Life and Letters› by Edmund Gosse (1899). The citations in this volume are taken from Norton's text.

THE UNDERTAKING

I HAVE done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now t' impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he which can have learned the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuff to work upon there is)
Would love but as before:

But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes;
For he who color loves, and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue attired in women see,
And dare love that and say so too,
And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placèd so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride;

Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
"The breath goes now," and some say "No"

So let us melt and make no noise,
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears;
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assurèd of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one.
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansiòn,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

SONG

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee;
Then, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear,
Nowhere
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not: I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet;
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

LOVE'S GROWTH

I scarce believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude and season as the grass;
Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
My love was infinite, if spring make it more.
But if this medicine love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not only be no quintessence
But mixed of all stuffs paining soul or sense,
And of the sun his working vigor borrow,

Love's not so pure and abstract as they use
To say, which have no mistress but their muse,
But as all else, being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the spring is grown;
As in the firmament
Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown,
Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From love's awakened root do bud out now.
If, as in water stirred, more circles be
Produced by one, love such additions take,
Thou, like so many spheres, but one heaven make,
For they are all concentric unto thee;
And though each spring do add to love new heat,
As princes do in times of action 'get
New taxes and remit them not in peace,
No winter shall abate the spring's increase.

SONG

SWEETEST Love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter Love for me:
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
To use myself in jest
Thus by feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way.
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

Oh, how feeble is man's power,
That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!

But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste;
Thou art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfill;
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep;
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

FEODOR MIKHAILOVITCH DOSTOÉVSKY

(1821–1881)

BY ISABEL F. HAPGOOD

IN CERTAIN respects Dostoévsky is the most characteristically national of Russian writers. Precisely for that reason, his work does not appeal to so wide a circle outside of his own country as does the work of Turgénieff and Count L. N. Tolstoy. This result flows not only from the natural bent of his mind and temperament, but also from the peculiar vicissitudes of his life as compared with the comparatively even tenor of their existence, and the circumstances of the time in which he lived. These circumstances, it is true, were felt by the writers mentioned; but practically they affected him far more deeply than they did the others, with their rather one-sided training; and his fellow-countrymen — especially the young of both sexes — were not slow to express their appreciation of the fact. His special domain was the one which Turgénieff and Tolstoy did not understand, and have touched not at all, or only incidentally, — the great middle class of society, or what corresponds thereto in Russia.

FEODOR DOSTOÉVSKY

Through his father, Mikhail Andréevitch Dostoévsky, Feodor Mikhailovitch belonged to the class of «nobles,» — that is to say, to the gentry; through his mother, to the respectable, well-to-do merchant class, which is still distinct from the other, and was even more so during the first half of the present century; and in personal appearance he was a typical member of the peasant class. The father was resident physician in the Marie Hospital for the Poor in Moscow, having entered the civil service at the end of the war of 1812, during which he had served as a physician in the army. In the very contracted apartment which he occupied in the hospital, Feodor was born — one of a family of seven children, all of whom, with the exception of the eldest and the youngest, were born there — on October 30th (November 11th), 1821. The parents were very upright, well-educated, devoutly religious people; and as Feodor expressed it many years later to his elder brother, after their father

died, "Do you know, our parents were very superior people, and they would have been superior even in these days." The children were brought up at home as long as possible, and received their instruction from tutors and their father. Even after the necessity of preparing the two elder boys for a government institution forced the parents to send them to a boarding-school during the week, they continued their strict supervision over their associates, discouraged nearly all friendships with their comrades, and never allowed them to go into the street unaccompanied, after the national custom in good families, even at the age of seventeen or more.

Feodor, according to the account of his brothers and relatives, was always a quiet, studious lad, and he with his elder brother Mikhail spent their weekly holidays chiefly in reading, Walter Scott and James Fenimore Cooper being among their favorite authors; though Russian writers, especially Pushkin, were not neglected. During many of these years the mother and children passed the summers on a little estate in the country which the father bought, and it was there that Feodor Mikhailovitch first made acquaintance with the beauties of nature, to which he eloquently refers in after life, and especially with the peasants, their feelings and temper, which greatly helped him in his psychological studies and in his ability to endure certain trials which came upon him. There can be no doubt that his whole training contributed not only to the literary tastes which the famous author and his brother cherished throughout their lives, but to the formation of that friendship between them which was stronger than all others, and to the sincere belief in religion and the profound piety which permeated the spirit and the books of Feodor Mikhailovitch.

In 1837 the mother died, and the father took his two eldest sons to St. Petersburg to enter them in the government School of Engineers. But the healthy Mikhail was pronounced consumptive by the doctor, while the sickly Feodor was given a certificate of perfect health. Consequently Mikhail was rejected, and went to the Engineers' School in Revel, while Feodor, always quiet and reserved, was left lonely in the St. Petersburg school. Here he remained for three years, studying well, but devoting a great deal of time to his passionately beloved literary subjects, and developing a precocious and penetrating critical judgment on such matters. It is even affirmed that he began or wrote the first draft of his famous book 'Poor People,' by night, during this period; though in another account he places its composition later. After graduating well as ensign in 1841, he studied for another year, and became an officer with the rank of sub-lieutenant, and entered on active service, attached to the draughting department of the Engineers' School, in August 1843.

A little more than a year later he resigned from the service, in order that he might devote himself wholly to literature. His father had died in the mean time, and had he possessed any practical talent he might have lived in comfort on the sums which his guardian sent him. But throughout his life people seemed to fleece him at will; he lost large sums at billiards with strangers, and otherwise; he was generous and careless; in short, he was to the end nearly always in debt, anxiety, and difficulties. Then came the first important crisis in his life. He wrote (or re-wrote) 'Poor People'; and said of his state of mind, as he reckoned up the possible pecuniary results, that he could not sleep for nights together, and "If my undertaking does not succeed, perhaps I shall hang myself." The history of that success is famous and stirring. His only acquaintance in literary circles was his old comrade D. V. Grigorovitch (also well known as a writer), and to him he committed the manuscript. His friend took it to the poet and editor Nekrásoff, in the hope that it might appear in the 'Collection' which the latter was intending to publish. Dostoévsky was especially afraid of the noted critic Byelinsky's judgment on it: "He will laugh at my 'Poor People,' said he; "but I wrote it with passion, almost with tears."

He spent the evening with a friend, reading with him, as was the fashion of the time, Gogol's 'Dead Souls,' and returned home at four o'clock in the morning. It was one of the "white nights" of early summer, and he sat down by his window. Suddenly the door-bell rang, and in rushed Grigorovitch and Nekrásoff, who flung themselves upon his neck. They had begun to read his story in the evening, remarking that "ten pages would suffice to show its quality." But they had gone on reading, relieving each other as their voices failed them with fatigue and emotion, until the whole was finished. At the point where Pokrovsky's old father runs after his coffin, Nekrásoff pounded the table with the manuscript, deeply affected, and exclaimed, "Deuce take him!" Then they decide to hasten to Dostoévsky: "No matter if he is asleep—we will wake him up. *This* is above sleep."

This sort of glory and success was exactly of that pure, unmixed sort which Dostoévsky had longed for. When Nekrásoff went to Byelinsky with the manuscript of 'Poor People,' and announced, "A new Gogol has made his appearance!" the critic retorted with severity, "Gogols spring up like mushrooms among us." But when he had read the story he said, "Bring him hither, bring him quickly;" and welcomed Dostoévsky when he came, with extreme dignity and reserve, but exclaimed in a moment, "Do you understand yourself what sort of a thing this is that you have written?" From that moment the young author's fame was assured, and he became known

and popular even in advance of publication in a wide circle of literary and other people, as was the fashion of those days in Russia. When the story appeared, the public rapturously echoed the judgment of the critics.

The close friendship which sprang up between Byelinsky and Dostoévsky was destined, however, to exert an extraordinary influence upon Dostoévsky's career, quite apart from its critical aspect. Byelinsky was an atheist and a socialist, and Dostoévsky was brought into relations with persons who shared those views, although he himself never wavered, apparently, in his religious faith, and was never in harmony with any other aspirations of his associates except that of freeing the serfs. Notwithstanding this, he became involved in the catastrophe which overtook many visitors, occasional or constant, of the « circles » at whose head stood Petrashevsky. The whole affair is known as the Conspiracy of Petrashevsky. During the '40's the students at the St. Petersburg University formed small gatherings where sociological subjects were the objects of study, and read the works of Stein, Haxthausen, Louis Blanc, Fourier, Proudhon, and other similar writers. Gradually assemblies of this sort were formed outside of the University. Petrashevsky, an employee of the Department of Foreign Affairs, who had graduated from the Lyceum and the University, and who was ambitious of winning power and a reputation for eccentricity, learned of these little clubs and encouraged their growth. He did not however encourage their close association among themselves, but rather, entire dependence on himself, as the centre of authority, the guide; and urged them to inaugurate a sort of propaganda. Dostoévsky himself declared, about thirty years later, that « the socialists sprang from the followers of Petrashevsky; they sowed much seed.» He has dealt with them and their methods in his novel 'Demons'; though perhaps not with exact accuracy. But they helped him to an elucidation of the contemporary situation, which Turgénieff had treated in 'Virgin Soil.' The chief subject of their political discussions was the emancipation of the serfs, and many of Petrashevsky's followers reckoned upon a rising of the serfs themselves, though it was proved that Dostoévsky maintained the propriety and necessity of the reform proceeding from the government. This was no new topic; the Emperor Nicholas I. had already begun to plan the Emancipation, and it is probable that it would have taken place long before it did, had it not been for this very conspiracy. From the point of view of the government, the movement was naturally dangerous, especially in view of what was taking place in Europe at that epoch. Dostoévsky bore himself critically toward the socialistic writings and doctrines, maintaining that in their own Russian system of workingmen's guilds with reciprocal

bonds there existed surer and more normal foundations than in all the dreams of Saint-Simon and all his school. He did not even visit very frequently the circle to which he particularly belonged, and was rarely at the house of Petrashevsky, whom many personally disliked.

But on one occasion, as he was a good reader, he was asked to read aloud Byelinsky's famous letter to Gogol, which was regarded as a victorious manifest of "Western" (*i. e.*, of socialistic) views. This, technically, was propagating revolution, and was the chief charge against him when the catastrophe happened, and he, together with over thirty other "Petrashevtzi," was arrested on April 23d (May 5th), 1849. In the Peter-Paul Fortress prison, where he was kept for eight months pending trial, Dostoévsky wrote 'The Little Hero,' two or three unimportant works having appeared since 'Poor People.' At last he, with several others, was condemned to death and led out for execution. The history of that day, and the analysis of his sensations and emotions, are to be found in several of his books: 'Crime and Punishment,' 'The Idiot,' 'The Karamazoff Brothers.' At the last moment it was announced to them that the Emperor had commuted their sentence to exile in varying degrees, and they were taken to Siberia. Alexei Pleshtcheeff, then twenty-three years of age, the man who sent Byelinsky's letter to Dostoévsky, was banished for a short term of years to the disciplinary brigade in Orenburg; and when I saw him in St. Petersburg forty years later, I was able to form a faint idea of what Dostoévsky's popularity must have been, by the way in which he,—a man of much less talent, originality, and personal power,—was surrounded, even in church, by adoring throngs of young people. Dostoévsky's sentence was "four years at forced labor in prison; after that, to serve as a common soldier"; but he did not lose his nobility and his civil rights, being the first noble to retain them under such circumstances.

The story of what he did and suffered during his imprisonment is to be found in his 'Notes from the House of the Dead,' where, under the disguise of a man sentenced to ten years' labor for the murder of his wife, he gives us a startling, faithful, but in some respects a consoling picture of life in a Siberian prison. His own judgment as to his exile was, "The government only defended itself;" and when people said to him, "How unjust your exile was!" he replied, even with irritation, "No, it was just. The people themselves would have condemned us." Moreover, he did not like to give benefit readings in later years from his 'Notes from the House of the Dead,' lest he might be thought to complain. Besides, this catastrophe was the making of him, by his own confession; he had become a confirmed hypochondriac, with a host of imaginary afflictions and ills, and had this affair not saved him from himself he said that

he "should have gone mad." It seems certain, from the testimony of his friend and physician, that he was already subject to the epileptic fits which he himself was wont to attribute to his imprisonment; and which certainly increased in severity as the years went on, until they occurred once a month or oftener, in consequence of overwork and excessive nervous strain. In his novel 'The Idiot,' whose hero is an epileptic, he has made a psychological study of his sensations before and after such fits, and elsewhere he makes allusions to them.

After serving in the ranks and being promoted officer when he had finished his term of imprisonment, he returned to Russia in 1859, and lived first at Tver; afterward, when permitted in St. Petersburg. The history of his first marriage — which took place in Siberia, to the widow of a friend — is told with tolerable accuracy in his 'Humbled and Insulted,' which also contains a description of his early struggles and the composition of 'Poor People,' the hero who narrates the tale of his love and sacrifice being himself. Like that hero, he tried to facilitate his future wife's marriage to another man. He was married to his second wife, by whom he had four children, in 1867, and to her he owed much happiness and material comfort. It will be seen that much is to be learned concerning our author from his own novels, though it would hardly be safe to write a biography from them alone. Even in 'Crime and Punishment,' his greatest work in a general way, he reproduces events of his own life, meditations, wonderfully accurate descriptions of the third-rate quarter of the town in which he lived after his return from Siberia, while engaged on some of his numerous newspaper and magazine enterprises.

This journalistic turn of mind, combined in nearly equal measures with the literary talent, produced several singular effects. It rendered his periodical 'Diary of a Writer' the most enormously popular publication of the day, and a success when previous ventures had failed, though it consisted entirely of his own views on current topics of interest, literary questions, and whatever came into his head. On his novels it had a rather disintegrating effect. Most of them are of great length, are full of digressions from the point, and there is often a lack of finish about them which extends not only to the minor characters but to the style in general. In fact, his style is neither jewel-like in its brilliancy, as is Turgénieff's, nor has it the elegance, broken by carelessness, of Tolstoy's. But it was popular, remarkably well adapted to the class of society which it was his province to depict, and though diffuse, it is not possible to omit any of the long psychological analyses, or dreams, or series of ratiocinations, without injuring the web of the story and the moral, as chain armor is spoiled by the rupture of a link. This indeed is one of the great difficulties

which the foreigner encounters in an attempt to study Dostoévsky: the translators have been daunted by his prolixity, and have often cut his works down to a mere skeleton of the original. Moreover, he deals with a sort of Russian society which it is hard for non-Russians to grasp, and he has no skill whatever in presenting aristocratic people or society, to which foreigners have become accustomed in the works of his great contemporaries Turgénieff and Tolstoy; while he never, despite all his genuine admiration for the peasants and keen sympathy with them, attempts any purely peasant tales like Turgénieff's 'Notes of a Sportsman' or Tolstoy's 'Tales for the People.' Naturally, this is but one reason the more why he should be studied. His types of hero, and of feminine character, are peculiar to himself. Perhaps the best way to arrive at his ideal — and at his own character, *plus* a certain irritability and tendency to suspicion of which his friends speak — is to scrutinize the pictures of Prince Myshkin ('The Idiot'), Ivan ('Humbled and Insulted'), and Alyosha ('The Karamazoff Brothers'). Pure, delicate both physically and morally, as Dostoévsky himself is described by those who knew him best; devout, gentle, intensely sympathetic, strongly masculine yet with a large admixture of the feminine element — such are these three; such is also, in his way, Raskolnikoff ('Crime and Punishment'). His feminine characters are the precise counterparts of these in many respects, but are often also quixotic even to boldness and wrong-headedness, like Aglaya ('The Idiot'), or to shame, like Sonia ('Crime and Punishment'), and the heroine of 'Humbled and Insulted.' But Dostoévsky could not sympathize with and consequently could not draw an aristocrat; his frequently recurring type of the dissolute petty noble or rich merchant is frequently brutal; and his unclassed women, though possibly quite as true to life as these men, are painful in their callousness and recklessness. His earliest work, 'Poor People,' written in the form of letters, is worthy of all the praises which have been bestowed upon it, simple as is the story of the poverty-stricken clerk who is almost too humble to draw his breath, who pleads that one must wear a coat and boots which do not show the bare feet, during the severe Russian winter, merely because public opinion forces one thereto; and who shares his rare pence with a distant but equally needy relative who is in a difficult position. As a compact, subtle psychological study, his 'Crime and Punishment' cannot be overrated, repulsive as it is in parts. The poor student who kills the aged usurer with intent to rob, after prolonged argument with himself that great geniuses, like Napoleon I. and the like, are justified in committing any crime, and that he has a right to relieve his poverty; and who eventually surrenders himself to the authorities and accepts his exile as moral salvation, — is one of the

strongest in Russian literature, though wrong-headed and easily swayed, like all the author's characters.

In June 1880 Dostoévsky made a speech at the unveiling of Pushkin's monument in Moscow, which completely overshadowed the speeches of Turgénieff and Aksakoff, and gave rise to what was probably the most extraordinary literary ovation ever seen in Russia. By that time he had become the object of pilgrimages, on the part of the young especially, to a degree which no other Russian author has ever experienced, and the recipient of confidences, both personal and written, which pressed heavily on his time and strength. That ovation has never been surpassed, save by the astonishing concourse at his funeral. He died of a lesion of the brain on January 28th (February 8th), 1881. Thousands followed his coffin for miles, but there was no "demonstration," as that word is understood in Russia. Nevertheless it was a demonstration in an unexpected way, since all classes of society, even those which had not seemed closely interested or sympathetic, now joined in the tribute of respect, which amounted to loving enthusiasm.

The works which I have mentioned are the most important, though he wrote also 'The Stripling' and numerous shorter stories. His own characterization of his work, when reproached with its occasional lack of continuity and finish, was that his aim was to make his point, and the exigencies of money and time under which he labored were to blame for the defects which, with his keen literary judgment, he perceived quite as clearly as did his critics. If that point be borne in mind, it will help the reader to appreciate his literary-journalistic style, and to pardon shortcomings for the sake of the pearls of principle and psychology which can be fished up from the profound depths of his voluminous tomes, and of his analysis. The gospel which Dostoévsky consistently preached, from the beginning of his career to the end, was love, self-sacrifice even to self-effacement. That was and is the secret of his power, even over those who did not follow his precepts.

Isabel F. Hapgood

FROM 'POOR PEOPLE'

Letter from Varvara Dobrosyeloff to Makar Dyevushkin

Pokrovsky was a poor, very poor young man; his health did not permit of his attending regularly to his studies, and so it was only by way of custom that we called him a student. He lived modestly, peaceably, quietly, so that we could not even hear him from our room. He was very queer in appearance; he walked so awkwardly, bowed so uncouthly, spoke in such a peculiar manner, that at first I could not look at him without laughing. Moreover, he was of an irritable character, was constantly getting angry, flew into a rage at the slightest trifle, shouted at us, complained of us, and often went off to his own room in a fit of wrath without finishing our lesson. He had a great many books, all of them expensive, rare books. He gave lessons somewhere else also, received some remuneration, and just as soon as he had a little money, he went off and bought more books.

In time I learned to understand him better. He was the kindest, the most worthy man, the best man I ever met. My mother respected him highly. Later on, he became my best friend — after my mother, of course. . . .

From time to time a little old man made his appearance at our house — a dirty, badly dressed, small, gray-haired, sluggish, awkward old fellow; in short, he was peculiar to the last degree. At first sight one would have thought that he felt ashamed of something, that his conscience smote him for something. He writhed and twisted constantly; he had such tricks of manner and ways of shrugging his shoulders, that one would not have been far wrong in assuming that he was a little crazy. He would come and stand close to the glazed door in the vestibule, and not dare to enter. As soon as one of us, Sasha or I or one of the servants whom he knew to be kindly disposed toward him, passed that way, he would begin to wave his hands, and beckon us to him, and make signs; and only when we nodded to him or called to him, — the signal agreed upon, that there was no stranger in the house and that he might enter when he pleased, — only then would the old man softly open the door, with a joyous smile, rubbing his hands together with delight, and betake himself to Pokrovsky's room. He was his father.

Afterward I learned in detail the story of this poor old man. Once upon a time he had been in the government service somewhere or other, but he had not the slightest capacity, and his place in the service was the lowest and most insignificant of all. When his first wife died (the mother of the student Pokrovsky), he took it into his head to marry again, and wedded a woman from the petty-merchant class. Under the rule of this new wife, everything was at sixes and sevens in his house; there was no living with her; she drew a tight rein over everybody. Student Pokrovsky was a boy at that time, ten years of age. His stepmother hated him. But fate was kind to little Pokrovsky. Bykoff, a landed proprietor, who was acquainted with Pokrovsky the father and had formerly been his benefactor, took the child under his protection and placed him in a school. He took an interest in him because he had known his dead mother, whom Anna Feodorovna had befriended while she was still a girl, and who had married her off to Pokrovsky. From school young Pokrovsky entered a gymnasium, and then the University, but his impaired health prevented his continuing his studies there. Mr. Bykoff introduced him to Anna Feodorovna, recommended him to her, and in this way young Pokrovsky had been taken into the house as a boarder, on condition that he should teach Sasha all that was necessary.

But old Pokrovsky fell into the lowest dissipation through grief at his wife's harshness, and was almost always in a state of drunkenness. His wife beat him, drove him into the kitchen to live, and brought matters to such a point that at last he got used to being beaten and ill-treated, and made no complaint. He was still far from being an old man, but his evil habits had nearly destroyed his mind. The only sign in him of noble human sentiments was his boundless love for his son. It was said that young Pokrovsky was as like his dead mother as two drops of water to each other. The old man could talk of nothing but his son, and came to see him regularly twice a week. He dared not come more frequently, because young Pokrovsky could not endure his father's visits. Of all his failings, the first and greatest, without a doubt, was his lack of respect for his father. However, the old man certainly was at times the most intolerable creature in the world. In the first place he was dreadfully inquisitive; in the second, by his chatter and questions he interfered with his son's occupations; and lastly, he

sometimes presented himself in a state of intoxication. The son broke the father, in a degree, of his faults,—of his inquisitiveness and his chattering; and ultimately brought about such a condition of affairs that the latter listened to all he said as to an oracle, and dared not open his mouth without his permission.

There were no bounds to the old man's admiration of and delight in his Petinka, as he called his son. When he came to visit him he almost always wore a rather anxious, timid expression, probably on account of his uncertainty as to how his son would receive him, and generally could not make up his mind for a long time to go in; and if I happened to be present, he would question me for twenty minutes: How was Petinka? Was he well? In what mood was he, and was not he occupied in something important? What, precisely, was he doing? Was he writing, or engaged in meditation? When I had sufficiently encouraged and soothed him, the old man would at last make up his mind to enter, and would open the door very, very softly, very, very cautiously, and stick his head in first; and if he saw that his son was not angry, and nodded to him, he would step gently into the room, take off his little coat, and his hat, which was always crumpled, full of holes and with broken rims, and hang them on a hook, doing everything very softly, and inaudibly. Then he would seat himself cautiously on a chair and never take his eyes from his son, but would watch his every movement in his desire to divine the state of his Petinka's temper. If the son was not exactly in the right mood, and the old man detected it, he instantly rose from his seat and explained, "I only ran in for a minute, Petinka. I have been walking a good ways, and happened to be passing by, so I came in to rest myself." And then silently he took his poor little coat and his wretched little hat, opened the door again very softly, and went away, forcing a smile in order to suppress the grief which was seething up in his soul, and not betray it to his son.

But when the son received his father well, the old man was beside himself with joy. His satisfaction shone forth in his face, in his gestures, in his movements. If his son addressed a remark to him, the old man always rose a little from his chair, and replied softly, cringingly, almost reverently, and always made an effort to employ the most select, that is to say, the most ridiculous expressions. But he had not the gift of language; he always

became confused and frightened, so that he did not know what to do with his hands, or what to do with his person, and went on, for a long time afterward, whispering his answer to himself, as though desirous of recovering his composure. But if he succeeded in making a good answer, the old man gained courage, set his waistcoat to rights, and his cravat and his coat, and assumed an air of personal dignity. Sometimes his courage rose to such a point, his daring reached such a height, that he rose gently from his chair, went up to the shelf of books, took down a book. He did all this with an air of artificial indifference and coolness, as though he could always handle his son's books in this proprietary manner, as though his son's caresses were no rarity to him. But I once happened to witness the old man's fright when Pokrovsky asked him not to touch his books. He became confused, hurriedly replaced the book upside down, then tried to put it right, turned it round and set it wrong side to, leaves out, smiled, reddened, and did not know how to expiate his crime.

One day old Pokrovsky came in to see us. He chatted with us for a long time, was unusually cheerful, alert, talkative; he laughed and joked after his fashion, and at last revealed the secret of his raptures, and announced to us that his Petinka's birthday fell precisely a week later, and that it was his intention to call upon his son, without fail, on that day; that he would don a new waistcoat, and that his wife had promised to buy him some new boots. In short, the old man was perfectly happy, and chattered about everything that came into his head.

His birthday! That birthday gave me no peace, either day or night. I made up my mind faithfully to remind Pokrovsky of my friendship, and to make him a present. But what? At last I hit upon the idea of giving him some books. I knew that he wished to own the complete works of Pushkin, in the latest edition. I had thirty rubles of my own, earned by my handiwork. I had put this money aside for a new gown. I immediately sent old Matryona, our cook, to inquire the price of a complete set. Alas! The price of the eleven volumes, together with the expenses of binding, would be sixty rubles at the very least. I thought and thought, but could not tell what to do. I did not wish to ask my mother. Of course she would have helped me; but, in that case every one in the house would have known about our gift; moreover, the gift would have been converted

into an expression of gratitude, a payment for Pokrovsky's labors for the whole year. My desire was to make the present privately, unknown to any one. And for his toilsome lessons to me I wished to remain forever indebted to him, without any payment whatever. At last I devised an escape from my predicament. I knew that one could often buy at half price from the old booksellers in the Gostinny Dvor, if one bargained well, little used and almost entirely new books. I made up my mind to go to the Gostinny Dvor myself. So it came about; the very next morning both Anna Feodorovna and we needed something. Mamma was not feeling well, and Anna Feodorovna, quite opportunely, had a fit of laziness, so all the errands were turned over to me, and I set out with Matryona.

To my delight I soon found a Pushkin, and in a very handsome binding. I began to bargain for it. How I enjoyed it! But alas! My entire capital consisted of thirty rubles in paper, and the merchant would not consent to accept less than ten rubles in silver. At last I began to entreat him, and I begged and begged, until eventually he yielded. But he only took off two rubles and a half, and swore that he had done so only for my sake, because I was such a nice young lady, and that he would not have come down in his price for any one else. Two rubles and a half were still lacking! I was ready to cry with vexation. But the most unexpected circumstance came to my rescue in my grief. Not far from me, at another stall, I caught sight of old Pokrovsky. Four or five old booksellers were clustered about him; he had completely lost his wits, and they had thoroughly bewildered him. Each one was offering him his wares, and what stuff they were offering, and what all was he not ready to buy! I stepped up to him and asked him what he was doing there? The old man was very glad to see me; he loved me unboundedly,—no less than his Petinka, perhaps. "Why, I am buying a few little books, Varvara Alexievna," he replied; "I am buying some books for Petinka." I asked him if he had much money? "See here,"—and the poor old man took out all his money, which was wrapped up in a dirty scrap of newspaper; "here's a half-ruble, and a twenty-kopek piece, and twenty kopeks in copper coins." I immediately dragged him off to my bookseller. "Here are eleven books, which cost altogether thirty-two rubles and a half; I have thirty; put your two rubles and a half with mine, and we will buy all these

books and give them to him in partnership." The old man was quite beside himself with joy, and the bookseller loaded him down with our common library.

The next day the old man came to see his son, sat with him a little while, then came to us and sat down beside me with a very comical air of mystery. Every moment he grew more sad and uneasy; at last he could hold out no longer.

"Listen, Varvara Alexievna," he began timidly, in a low voice: "do you know what, Varvara Alexievna?" The old man was dreadfully embarrassed. "You see, when his birthday comes, do you take ten of those little books and give them to him yourself, that is to say, from yourself, on your own behalf; then I will take the eleventh and give it from myself, for my share. So you see, you will have something to give, and I shall have something to give; we shall both have something to give."

I was awfully sorry for the old man. I did not take long to think it over. The old man watched me anxiously. "Listen to me, Zakhar Petrovitch," I said: "do you give him all."—"How all? Do you mean all the books?"—"Yes, certainly, all the books."—"And from myself?"—"From yourself."—"From myself alone—that is, in my own name?"—"Yes, in your own name." I thought I was expressing myself with sufficient clearness, but the old man could not understand me for a long time.

"You see," he explained to me at last, "I sometimes indulge myself, Varvara Alexievna,—that is to say, I wish to state to you that I nearly always indulge myself,—I do that which is not right,—that is, you know, when it is cold out of doors, and when various unpleasant things happen at times, or when I feel sad for any reason, or something bad happens,—then sometimes, I do not restrain myself, and I drink too much. This is very disagreeable to Petrushka, you see, Varvara Alexievna; he gets angry, and he scolds me and reads me moral lectures. So now I should like to show him by my gift that I have reformed, and am beginning to conduct myself well; that I have been saving up my money to buy a book, saving for a long time, because I hardly ever have any money, except when it happens that Petrushka gives me some now and then. He knows that. Consequently, he will see what use I have made of my money, and he will know that I have done this for his sake alone." . . .

"Well, yes," he said, after thinking it over, "yes! That will be very fine, that would be very fine indeed,—only, what are

you going to do, Varvara Alexievna?"—"Why, I shall not give anything."—"What!" cried the old man almost in terror; "so you will not give Petinka anything, so you do not wish to give him anything?" He was alarmed. At that moment it seemed as though he were ready to relinquish his own suggestions, so that I might have something to give his son. He was a kind-hearted old man! I explained that I would be glad to give something, only I did not wish to deprive him of the pleasure.

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On the festive day he made his appearance at precisely eleven o'clock, straight from the mass, in his dress coat, decently patched, and actually in a new waistcoat and new boots. We were all sitting in the hall with Anna Feodorovna, and drinking coffee (it was Sunday). The old man began, I believe, by saying that Pushkin was a good poet; then he lost the thread of his discourse and got confused, and suddenly jumped to the assertion that a man must behave well, and that if he does not behave himself well, then it simply means that he indulges himself; he even cited several terrible examples of intemperance, and wound up by stating that for some time past he had been entirely a reformed character, and that he now behaved with perfect propriety. That even earlier he had recognized the justice of his son's exhortations, and had treasured them all in his heart, and had actually begun to be sober. In proof of which he now presented these books, which had been purchased with money which he had been hoarding up for a long time.

I could not refrain from tears and laughter, as I listened to the poor old fellow; he knew well how to lie when the occasion demanded! The books were taken to Pokrovsky's room and placed on the shelf. Pokrovsky immediately divined the truth.

. . . . . .

Pokrovsky fell ill, two months after the events which I have described above. During those two months he had striven incessantly for the means of existence, for up to that time he had never had a settled position. Like all consumptives, he bade farewell only with his last breath to the hope of a very long life. . . . Anna Feodorovna herself made all the arrangements about the funeral. She bought the very plainest sort of a coffin, and hired a truckman. In order to repay herself for her

expenditure, Anna Feodorovna took possession of all the dead man's books and effects. The old man wrangled with her, raised an uproar, snatched from her as many books as possible, stuffed all his pockets with them, thrust them into his hat and wherever he could, carried them about with him all the three days which preceded the funeral, and did not even part with them when the time came to go to the church. During all those days he was like a man stunned, who has lost his memory, and he kept fussing about near the coffin with a certain strange anxiety; now he adjusted the paper band upon the dead man's brow, now he lighted and snuffed the candles. It was evident that he could not fix his thoughts in orderly manner on anything. Neither my mother nor Anna Feodorovna went to the funeral services in the church. My mother was ill, but Anna Feodorovna quarreled with old Pokrovsky just as she was all ready to start, and so stayed away. The old man and I were the only persons present. A sort of fear came over me during the services — like the presentiment of something which was about to happen. I could hardly stand out the ceremony in church. At last they put the lid on the coffin and nailed it down, placed it on the cart and drove away. I accompanied it only to the end of the street. The truckman drove at a trot. The old man ran after the cart, weeping aloud; the sound of his crying was broken and shaken by his running. The poor man lost his hat and did not stop to pick it up. His head was wet with the rain; the sleet lashed and cut his face. The old man did not appear to feel the bad weather, but ran weeping from one side of the cart to the other. The skirts of his shabby old coat waved in the wind like wings. Books protruded from every one of his pockets; in his hands was a huge book, which he held tightly clutched. The passers-by removed their hats and made the sign of the cross. Some halted and stared in amazement at the poor old man. Every moment the books kept falling out of his pockets into the mud. People stopped him, and pointed out his losses to him; he picked them up, and set out again in pursuit of the coffin. At the corner of the street an old beggar woman joined herself to him to escort the coffin. At last the cart turned the corner, and disappeared from my eyes. I went home. I flung myself, in dreadful grief, on my mother's bosom.

LETTER FROM MAKAR DYEVUSHKIN TO VARVARA ALEXIEVNA DOBROSYELOFF

SEPTEMBER 9TH.

My dear Varvara Alexievna!

I am quite beside myself as I write this. I am utterly upset by a most terrible occurrence. My head is whirling. I feel as though everything were turning in dizzy circles round about me. Ah, my dearest, what a thing I have to tell you now! We had not even a presentiment of such a thing. No, I don't believe that I did not have a presentiment — I foresaw it all. My heart forewarned me of this whole thing! I even dreamed of something like it not long ago.

This is what has happened! I will relate it to you without attempting fine style, and as the Lord shall put it into my soul. I went to the office to-day. When I arrived, I sat down and began to write. But you must know, my dear, that I wrote yesterday also. Well, yesterday Timofei Ivan'itch came to me, and was pleased to give me a personal order. "Here's a document that is much needed," says he, "and we're in a hurry for it. Copy it, Makar Alexievitch," says he, "as quickly and as neatly and carefully as possible: it must be handed in for signature to-day." I must explain to you, my angel, that I was not quite myself yesterday, and didn't wish to look at anything; such sadness and depression had fallen upon me! My heart was cold, my mind was dark; you filled all my memory, and incessantly, my poor darling. Well, so I set to work on the copy; I wrote clearly and well, only,— I don't know exactly how to describe it to you, whether the Evil One himself tangled me up, or whether it was decreed by some mysterious fate, or simply whether it was bound to happen so, but I omitted a whole line, and the sense was utterly ruined. The Lord only knows what sense there was — simply none whatever. They were late with the papers yesterday, so they only gave this document to his Excellency for signature this morning. To-day I presented myself at the usual hour, as though nothing at all were the matter, and set myself down alongside Emelyan Ivanovitch.

I must tell you, my dear, that lately I have become twice as shamefaced as before, and more mortified. Of late I have ceased to look at any one. As soon as any one's chair squeaks, I am more dead than alive. So to-day I crept in, slipped humbly into

my seat, and sat there all doubled up, so that Efim Akimovitch (he's the greatest tease in the world) remarked in such a way that all could hear him, "Why do you sit so like a y-y-y, Makar Alexievitch?" Then he made such a grimace that everybody round him and me split with laughter, and of course at my expense. They kept it up interminably! I drooped my ears and screwed up my eyes, and sat there motionless. That's my way; they stop the quicker. All at once I heard a noise, a running and a tumult; I heard — did my ears deceive me? They were calling for me, demanding me, summoning Dyevushkin. My heart quivered in my breast, and I didn't know myself what I feared, for nothing of the sort had ever happened to me in the whole course of my life. I was rooted to my chair,— as though nothing had occurred, as though it were not I. But then they began again, nearer at hand, and nearer still. And here they were, right in my very ear: "Dyevushkin! Dyevushkin!" they called; "where's Dyevushkin?" I raise my eyes, and there before me stands Evstafiy Ivanovitch; he says: — "Makar Alexievitch, hasten to his Excellency as quickly as possible! You've made a nice mess with that document!"

That was all he said, but it was enough, wasn't it, my dear, — quite enough to say? I turned livid, and grew as cold as ice, and lost my senses; I started, and I simply didn't know whether I was alive or dead as I went. They led me through one room, and through another room, and through a third room, to the private office, and I presented myself! Positively, I cannot give you any account of what I was thinking about. I saw his Excellency standing there, with all of them around him. It appears that I did not make my salute; I forgot it completely. I was so scared that my lips trembled and my legs shook. And there was sufficient cause, my dear. In the first place, I was ashamed of myself; I glanced to the right, at a mirror, and what I beheld therein was enough to drive any man out of his senses. And in the second place, I have always behaved as though there were no place for me in the world. So that it is not likely that his Excellency was even aware of my existence. It is possible that he may have heard it cursorily mentioned that there was a person named Dyevushkin in the department, but he had never come into any closer relations.

He began angrily, "What's the meaning of this, sir? What are you staring at? Here's an important paper, needed in haste,

and you go and spoil it. And how did you come to permit such a thing?" Here his Excellency turned on Evstafiy Ivanovitch. I only listen, and the sounds of the words reach me: "It's gross carelessness. Heedlessness! You'll get yourself into trouble!" I tried to open my mouth for some purpose or other. I seemed to want to ask forgiveness, but I couldn't; to run away, but I didn't dare to make the attempt: and then — then, my dearest, something so dreadful happened that I can hardly hold my pen even now for the shame of it. My button — deuce take it — my button, which was hanging by a thread, suddenly broke loose, jumped off, skipped along (evidently I had struck it by accident), clattered and rolled away, the cursed thing, straight to his Excellency's feet, and that in the midst of universal silence. And that was the whole of my justification, all my excuse, all my answer, everything which I was preparing to say to his Excellency!

The results were terrible! His Excellency immediately directed his attention to my figure and my costume. I remembered what I had seen in the mirror; I flew to catch the button! A fit of madness descended upon me! I bent down and tried to grasp the button, but it rolled and twisted, and I couldn't get hold of it, in short, and I also distinguished myself in the matter of dexterity. Then I felt my last strength fail me, and knew that all, all was lost! My whole reputation was lost, the whole man ruined! And then, without rhyme or reason, Teresa and Faldoni began to ring in both my ears. At last I succeeded in seizing the button, rose upright, drew myself up in proper salute, but like a fool, and stood calmly there with my hands lined down on the seams of my trousers! No, I didn't, though. I began to try to fit the button on the broken thread, just as though it would stick fast by that means; and moreover, I began to smile and went on smiling.

At first his Excellency turned away; then he scrutinized me again, and I heard him say to Evstafiy Ivanovitch: — "How's this? See what a condition he is in! What a looking man! What's the matter with him?" Ah, my own dearest, think of that — "What a looking man!" and "What's the matter with him!" — "He has distinguished himself!" I heard Evstafiy say; "he has no bad marks, no bad marks on any score, and his conduct is exemplary; his salary is adequate, in accordance with the rates." "Well then, give him some sort of assistance," says his

Excellency; "make him an advance on his salary."—"But he has had it, he has taken it already, for ever so long in advance. Probably circumstances have compelled him to do so; but his conduct is good, and he has received no reprimands, he has never been rebuked." My dear little angel, I turned hot and burned as though in the fires of the bad place! I was on the point of fainting. "Well," says his Excellency in a loud voice, "the document must be copied again as quickly as possible; come here, Dyevushkin, make a fresh copy without errors; and listen to me;" here his Excellency turned to the others and gave them divers orders, and sent them all away. As soon as they were all gone, his Excellency hastily took out his pocket-book, and from it drew a hundred-ruble bank-note. "Here," said he, "this is all I can afford, and I am happy to help to that extent; reckon it as you please, take it,"--and he thrust it into my hand. I trembled, my angel, my whole soul was in a flutter; I didn't know what was the matter with me; I tried to catch his hand and kiss it. But he turned very red in the face, my darling, and—I am not deviating from the truth by so much as a hair's-breadth—he took my unworthy hand, and shook it, indeed he did; he took it and shook it as though it were of equal rank with his own, as though it belonged to a General like himself. "Go," says he; "I am glad to do what I can. Make no mistakes, but now do it as well as you can."

Now, my dear, this is what I have decided: I beg you and Feodor—and if I had children I would lay my commands upon them—to pray to God for him; though they should not pray for their own father, that they should pray daily and forever, for his Excellency! One thing more I will say, my dearest, and I say it solemnly,—heed me well, my dear,—I swear that, no matter in what degree I may be reduced to spiritual anguish in the cruel days of our adversity, as I look on you and your poverty, on myself, on my humiliation and incapacity,—in spite of all this, I swear to you that the hundred rubles are not so precious to me as the fact that his Excellency himself deigned to press my unworthy hand, the hand of a straw, a drunkard! Thereby he restored my self-respect. By that deed he brought to life again my spirit, he made my existence sweeter forevermore, and I am firmly convinced that, however sinful I may be in the sight of the Almighty, yet my prayer for the happiness and prosperity of his Excellency will reach his throne!

My dearest, I am at present in the most terrible state of spiritual prostration, in a horribly overwrought condition. My heart beats as though it would burst out of my breast, and I seem to be weak all over. I send you forty-five rubles, paper money. I shall give twenty rubles to my landlady, and keep thirty-five for myself; with twenty I will get proper clothes, and the other fifteen will go for my living expenses. But just now all the impressions of this morning have shaken my whole being to the foundations. I am going to lie down for a bit. Nevertheless, I am calm, perfectly calm. Only, my soul aches, and down there, in the depths, my soul is trembling and throbbing and quivering. I shall go to see you; but just now I am simply intoxicated with all these emotions. God sees all, my dearest, my own darling, my precious one.

Your worthy friend,

MAKAR DYEVUSHKIN.

Translation of Isabel F. Hapgood.

THE BIBLE READING

From 'Crime and Punishment'

RASKOLNIKOFF went straight to the water-side, where Sonia was living. The three-storied house was an old building, painted green. The young man had some difficulty in finding the dvornik, and got from him vague information about the quarters of the tailor Kapernasumoff. After having discovered in a corner of the yard the foot of a steep and gloomy staircase, he ascended to the second floor, and followed the gallery facing the court-yard. Whilst groping in the dark, and asking himself how Kapernasumoff's lodgings could be reached, a door opened close to him; he seized it mechanically.

"Who is there?" asked a timid female voice.

"It is I. I am coming to see you," replied Raskolnikoff, on entering a small ante-room. There on a wretched table stood a candle, fixed in a candlestick of twisted metal.

"Is that you? Good heavens!" feebly replied Sonia, who seemed not to have strength enough to move from the spot.

"Where do you live? Is it here?" And Raskolnikoff passed quickly into the room, trying not to look the girl in the face.

A moment afterwards Sonia rejoined him with the candle, and remained stock still before him, a prey to an indescribable agitation. This unexpected visit had upset her — nay, even frightened her. All of a sudden her pale face colored up, and tears came into her eyes. She experienced extreme confusion, united with a certain gentle feeling. Raskolnikoff turned aside with a rapid movement and sat down on a chair, close to the table. In the twinkling of an eye he took stock of everything in the room.

This room was large, with a very low ceiling, and was the only one let out by the Kapernasumoffs; in the wall, on the left-hand side, was a door giving access to theirs. On the opposite side, in the wall on the right, there was another door, which was always locked. That was another lodging, having another number. Sonia's room was more like an out-house, of irregular rectangular shape, which gave it an uncommon character. The wall, with its three windows facing the canal, cut it obliquely, forming thus an extremely acute angle, in the back portion of which nothing could be seen, considering the feeble light of the candle. On the other hand, the other angle was an extremely obtuse one. This large room contained scarcely any furniture. In the right-hand corner was the bed; between the bed and the door, a chair; on the same side, facing the door of the next set, stood a deal table, covered with a blue cloth; close to the table were two rush chairs. Against the opposite wall, near the acute angle, was placed a small chest of drawers of unvarnished wood, which seemed out of place in this vacant spot. This was the whole of the furniture. The yellowish and worn paper had everywhere assumed a darkish color, probably the effect of the damp and coal smoke. Everything in the place denoted poverty. Even the bed had no curtains. Sonia silently considered the visitor, who examined her room so attentively and so unceremoniously.

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"Her lot is fixed," thought he,—"a watery grave, the madhouse, or a brutish existence!" This latter contingency was especially repellent to him, but skeptic as he was, he could not help believing it a possibility. "Is it possible that such is really the case?" he asked himself. "Is it possible that this creature, who still retains a pure mind, should end by becoming deliberately mire-like? Has she not already become familiar with it, and if up to the present she has been able to bear with such a

life, has it not been so because vice has already lost its hideousness in her eyes? Impossible again!» cried he, on his part, in the same way as Sonia had cried a moment ago. «No, that which up to the present has prevented her from throwing herself into the canal has been the fear of sin and its punishment. May she not be mad after all? Who says she is not so? Is she in full possession of all her faculties? Is it possible to speak as she does? Do people of sound judgment reason as she reasons? Can people anticipate future destruction with such tranquillity, turning a deaf ear to warnings and forebodings? Does she expect a miracle? It must be so. And does not all this seem like signs of mental derangement?»

To this idea he clung obstinately. Sonia mad! Such a prospect displeased him less than the other ones. Once more he examined the girl attentively. «And you — you often pray to God, Sonia?» he asked her.

No answer. Standing by her side, he waited for a reply. «What could I be, what should I be without God?» cried she in a low-toned but energetic voice, and whilst casting on Raskolnikoff a rapid glance of her brilliant eyes, she gripped his hand.

«Come, I was not mistaken!» he muttered to himself.—«And what does God do for you?» asked he, anxious to clear his doubts yet more.

For a long time the girl remained silent, as if incapable of reply. Emotion made her bosom heave. «Stay! Do not question me! You have no such right!» exclaimed she, all of a sudden, with looks of anger.

«I expected as much!» was the man's thought.

«God does everything for me!» murmured the girl rapidly, and her eyes sank.

«At last I have the explanation!» he finished mentally, whilst eagerly looking at her.

He experienced a new, strange, almost unhealthy feeling on watching this pale, thin, hard-featured face, these blue and soft eyes which could yet dart such lights and give utterance to such passion; in a word, this feeble frame, yet trembling with indignation and anger, struck him as weird,— nay, almost fantastic. «Mad! she must be mad!» he muttered once more. A book was lying on the chest of drawers. Raskolnikoff had noticed it more than once whilst moving about the room. He took it and examined it. It was a Russian translation of the Gospels, a well-thumbed leather-bound book.

"Where does that come from?" asked he of Sonia, from the other end of the room.

The girl still held the same position, a pace or two from the table. "It was lent me," replied Sonia, somewhat loth, without looking at Raskolnikoff.

"Who lent it you?"

"Elizabeth—I asked her to!"

"Elizabeth. How strange!" he thought. Everything with Sonia assumed to his mind an increasingly extraordinary aspect. He took the book to the light, and turned it over. "Where is mention made of Lazarus?" asked he abruptly.

Sonia, looking hard on the ground, preserved silence, whilst moving somewhat from the table.

"Where is mention made of the resurrection of Lazarus? Find me the passage, Sonia."

The latter looked askance at her interlocutor. "That is not the place—it is the Fourth Gospel," said she dryly, without moving from the spot.

"Find me the passage and read it out!" he repeated, and sitting down again rested his elbow on the table, his head on his hand, and glancing sideways with gloomy look, prepared to listen.

Sonia at first hesitated to draw nearer to the table. The singular wish uttered by Raskolnikoff scarcely seemed sincere. Nevertheless she took the book. "Have you ever read the passage?" she asked him, looking at him from out the corners of her eyes. Her voice was getting harder and harder.

"Once upon a time. In my childhood. Read!"

"Have you never heard it in church?"

"I—I never go there. Do you go often yourself?"

"No," stammered Sonia.

Raskolnikoff smiled. "I understand, then, you won't go tomorrow to your father's funeral service?"

"Oh, yes! I was at church last week. I was present at a requiem mass."

"Whose was that?"

"Elizabeth's. She was assassinated by means of an axe."

Raskolnikoff's nervous system became more and more irritated. He was getting giddy. "Were you friends with her?"

"Yes. She was straightforward. She used to come and see me—but not often. She was not able. We used to read and chat. She sees God."

Raskolnikoff became thoughtful. "What," asked he himself, "could be the meaning of the mysterious interviews of two such idiots as Sonia and Elizabeth? Why, I should go mad here myself!" thought he. "Madness seems to be in the atmosphere of the place!—Read!" he cried all of a sudden, irritably.

Sonia kept hesitating. Her heart beat loud. She seemed afraid to read. He considered "this poor demented creature" with an almost sad expression. "How can that interest you, since you do not believe?" she muttered in a choking voice.

"Read! I insist upon it! Used you not to read to Elizabeth?"

Sonia opened the book and looked for the passage. Her hands trembled. The words stuck in her throat. Twice did she try to read without being able to utter the first syllable.

"Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany," she read, at last, with an effort; but suddenly, at the third word, her voice grew wheezy, and gave way like an overstretched chord. Breath was deficient in her oppressed bosom. Raskolnikoff partly explained to himself Sonia's hesitation to obey him; and in proportion as he understood her better, he insisted still more imperiously on her reading. He felt what it must cost the girl to lay bare to him, to some extent, her heart of hearts. She evidently could not, without difficulty, make up her mind to confide to a stranger the sentiments which probably since her teens had been her support, her *viaticum*—when, what with a sottish father and a stepmother demented by misfortune, to say nothing of starving children, she heard nothing but reproach and offensive clamor. He saw all this, but he likewise saw that notwithstanding this repugnance, she was most anxious to read,—to read to him, and that now,—let the consequences be what they may! The girl's look, the agitation to which she was a prey, told him as much, and by a violent effort over herself Sonia conquered the spasm which parched her throat, and continued to read the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. She thus reached the nineteenth verse:—

"And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother. Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him; but Mary sat still in the house. Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee."

Here she paused, to overcome the emotion which once more caused her voice to tremble.

«Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto him,» —

and although she had difficulty in breathing, Sonia raised her voice, as if in reading the words of Martha she was making her own confession of faith: —

«Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.»

She stopped, raised her eyes rapidly on him, but cast them down on her book, and continued to read. Raskolnikoff listened without stirring, without turning toward her, his elbows resting on the table, looking aside. Thus the reading continued till the thirty-second verse.

«Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see. Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him. And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?»

Raskolnikoff turned towards her and looked at her with agitation. His suspicion was a correct one. She was trembling in all her limbs, a prey to fever. He had expected this. She was getting to the miraculous story, and a feeling of triumph was taking possession of her. Her voice, strengthened by joy, had a metallic ring. The lines became misty to her troubled eyes, but fortunately she knew the passage by heart. At the last line, «Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind —» she lowered her voice, emphasizing passionately the doubt, the blame, the reproach of these unbelieving and blind Jews, who a moment after fell as if struck by lightning on their knees, to sob and to believe. «Yes,» thought she, deeply affected by this

joyful hope, "yes, he — he who is blind, who dares not believe — he also will hear — will believe in an instant, immediately, now, this very moment!"

"Jesus therefore, again groaning in himself, cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days."

She strongly emphasized the word *four*.

"Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God? Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me. And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. *And he that was dead came forth,*"—

(on reading these words Sonia shuddered, as if she herself had been witness to the miracle)

"bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go. *Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on him.*"

She read no more, — such a thing would have been impossible to her, — closed the book, and briskly rising, said in a low-toned and choking voice, without turning toward the man she was talking to, "So much for the resurrection of Lazarus." She seemed afraid to raise her eyes on Raskolnikoff, whilst her feverish trembling continued. The dying piece of candle dimly lit up this low-ceiled room, in which an assassin and a harlot had just read the Book of books.

EDWARD DOWDEN

(1843-1913)

"WE ARE all hunters, skillful or skilless, in literature — hunters for our spiritual good or for our pleasure," says Edward Dowden; and to his earnest research and careful exposition many readers owe a more thorough appreciation of literature. He was educated at Queen's College, Cork (his birthplace), and then at Trinity College, Dublin, where he received the Vice-Chancellor's prize in both English verse and English prose, and also the first English Moderatorship in logic and ethics. For two years he studied divinity. Then he obtained by examination a professorship of oratory at the University of Dublin, where he was afterwards elected professor of English literature. The scholarship of his literary work won for him many honors. In 1888 he was chosen president of the English Goethe Society, to succeed Professor Müller. The following year he was appointed first Taylorian lecturer in the Taylor Institute, Oxford. The Royal Irish Academy later bestowed the Cunningham gold medal upon him, and he has also received the honorary degree LL. D. of the University of Edinburgh, and from Princeton University.

Very early in life Professor Dowden began to express his feeling for literature, and the instinct which led him to account for a work by study of its author's personality. For more than twenty years English readers have known him as a frequent contributor of critical essays to the leading reviews. These have been collected into the delightful volumes 'Studies in Literature' and 'Transcripts and Studies.' His has been called "an honest method, wholesome as sweet." He would offer more than a mere résumé of what his author expresses. He would be one of the interpreters and transmitters of new forms of thought to the masses of readers who lack time or ability to discover values for themselves. Very widely read himself, he was fitted for just comparisons and comprehensive views. As has been pointed out, he was fond of working from a general consideration of a period with its formative influences, to the particular case of the author with whom he was dealing. Saintsbury tells us that Mr. Dowden's procedure is to ask his author a series of questions which were to him of vital importance, and find out how he would answer them.

Dowden's style is careful, clear, and thorough, showing his scholarship and incisive thought. His form of expression is strongly

picturesque. It is nowhere more so than in ‹Shakespeare: a Study of His Mind and Art.› This book (1875) gained him a wide reputation, and was followed by various publications in the field of Shakespearian criticism. He also wrote much on French literature, and was president of the English Goethe Society.

He also published a brilliant ‹Life of Shelley› (bitterly criticized by Mark Twain in the North American Review, ‹A Defense of Harriet Shelley›), and a ‹Life of Southey› in the English Men of Letters Series; and edited most capably many collections and reprints. Among his later publications were ‹The French Revolution and English Literature› (1897); ‹Robert Browning› (1904), and ‹Michael de Montaigne› (1905). Professor Dowden died April 4th, 1913.

THE HUMOR OF SHAKESPEARE

From ‹Shakespeare: a Critical Study of His Mind and Art›

A STUDY of Shakespeare which fails to take account of Shakespeare's humor must remain essentially incomplete. The character and spiritual history of a man who is endowed with a capacity for humorous appreciation of the world must differ throughout, and in every particular, from that of the man whose moral nature has never rippled over with genial laughter. At whatever final issue Shakespeare arrived after long spiritual travail as to the attainment of his life, that precise issue, rather than another, was arrived at in part by virtue of the fact of Shakespeare's humor. In the composition of forces which determined the orbit traversed by the mind of the poet, this must be allowed for as a force among others, in importance not the least, and efficient at all times even when little apparent. A man whose visage "holds one stern intent" from day to day, and whose joy becomes at times almost a supernatural rapture, may descend through circles of hell to the narrowest and the lowest; he may mount from sphere to sphere of Paradise until he stands within the light of the Divine Majesty; but he will hardly succeed in presenting us with an adequate image of life as it is on this earth of ours, in its oceanic amplitude and variety. A few men of genius there have been, who with vision penetrative as lightning have gazed as it were *through* life, at some eternal significances of which life is the symbol. Intent upon its sacred meaning, they have had no eye to note the forms of the

grotesque hieroglyph of human existence. Such men are not framed for laughter. To this little group the creator of Falstaff, of Bottom, and of Touchstone does not belong.

Shakespeare, who saw life more widely and wisely than any other of the seers, could laugh. That is a comfortable fact to bear in mind; a fact which serves to rescue us from the domination of intense and narrow natures, who claim authority by virtue of their grasp of one-half of the realities of our existence and their denial of the rest. Shakespeare could laugh. But we must go on to ask, "What did he laugh at? and what was the manner of his laughter?" There are as many modes of laughter as there are facets of the common soul of humanity, to reflect the humorous appearances of the world. Hogarth, in one of his pieces of coarse yet subtile engraving, has presented a group of occupants of the pit of a theatre, sketched during the performance of some broad comedy or farce. What proceeds upon the stage is invisible and undiscoverable, save as we catch its reflection on the faces of the spectators, in the same way that we infer a sunset from the evening flame upon windows that front the west. Each laughing face in Hogarth's print exhibits a different mode or a different stage of the risible paroxysm. There is the habitual enjoyer of the broad comic, abandoned to his mirth, which is open and unashamed; mirth which he is evidently a match for, and able to sustain. By his side is a companion female portrait—a woman with head thrown back to ease the violence of the guffaw; all her loose redundant flesh is tickled into an orgasm of merriment; she is fairly overcome. On the other side sits the spectator who has passed the climax of his laughter; he wipes the tears from his eyes, and is on the way to regain an insecure and temporary composure. Below appears a girl of eighteen or twenty, whose vacancy of intellect is captured and occupied by the innocuous folly still in progress; she gazes on expectantly, assured that a new blossom of the wonder of absurdity is about to display itself. Her father, a man who does not often surrender himself to an indecent convulsion, leans his face upon his hand, and with the other steadies himself by grasping one of the iron spikes that inclose the orchestra. In the right corner sits the humorist, whose eyes, around which the wrinkles gather, are half closed, while he already goes over the jest a second time in his imagination. At the opposite side an elderly woman is seen, past the period when animal violences are

possible, laughing because she knows there is something to laugh at, though she is too dull-witted to know precisely what. One spectator, as we guess from his introverted air, is laughing to think what somebody else would think of this. Finally, the thin-lipped, perk-nosed person of refinement looks aside, and by his critical indifference condemns the broad, injudicious mirth of the company.

All these laughers of Hogarth are very commonplace, and some are very vulgar persons; one trivial, ludicrous spectacle is the occasion of their mirth. When from such laughter as this we turn to the laughter of men of genius, who gaze at the total play of the world's life; and when we listen to this, as with the ages it goes on gathering and swelling, our sense of hearing is enveloped and almost annihilated by the chorus of mock and jest, of antic and buffoonery, of tender mirth and indignant satire, of monstrous burlesque and sly absurdity, of desperate misanthropic derision and genial affectionate caressing of human imperfection and human folly. We hear from behind the mask the enormous laughter of Aristophanes, ascending peal above peal until it passes into jubilant ecstasy, or from the uproar springs some exquisite lyric strain. We hear laughter of passionate indignation from Juvenal, the indignation of "the ancient and free soul of the dead republics." And there is Rabelais, with his huge buffoonery, and the earnest eyes intent on freedom, which look out at us in the midst of the zany's tumblings and indecencies. And Cervantes, with his refined Castilian air and deep melancholy mirth, at odds with the enthusiasm which is dearest to his soul. And Molière, with his laughter of unerring good sense, undeluded by fashion or vanity or folly or hypocrisy, and brightly mocking these into modesty. And Milton, with his fierce objurgatory laughter,—Elijah-like insult against the enemies of freedom and of England. And Voltaire, with his quick intellectual scorn and eager malice of the brain. And there is the urbane and amiable play of Addison's invention, not capable of large achievement, but stirring the corners of the mouth with a humane smile,—gracious gayety for the breakfast-tables of England. And Fielding's careless mastery of the whole broad common field of mirth. And Sterne's exquisite curiosity of oddness, his subtile extravagances and humors prepense. And there is the tragic laughter of Swift, which announces the extinction of reason, and loss beyond recovery of human faith and charity

and hope. How in this chorus of laughters, joyous and terrible, is the laughter of Shakespeare distinguishable?

In the first place, the humor of Shakespeare, like his total genius, is many-sided. He does not pledge himself as dramatist to any one view of human life. If we open a novel by Charles Dickens, we feel assured beforehand that we are condemned to an exuberance of philanthropy; we know how the writer will insist that we must all be good friends, all be men and brothers, intoxicated with the delight of one another's presence; we expect him to hold out the right hand of fellowship to man, woman, and child; we are prepared for the bacchanalia of benevolence. The lesson we have to learn from this teacher is, that with the exception of a few inevitable and incredible monsters of cruelty, every man naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam is of his own nature inclined to every amiable virtue. Shakespeare abounds in kindly mirth: he receives an exquisite pleasure from the alert wit and bright good sense of a Rosalind; he can dandle a fool as tenderly as any nurse qualified to take a baby from the birth can deal with her charge. But Shakespeare is not pledged to deep-dyed ultra-amiability. With Jacques, he can rail at the world while remaining curiously aloof from all deep concern about its interests, this way or that. With Timon he can turn upon the world with a rage no less than that of Swift, and discover in man and woman a creature as abominable as the Yahoo. In other words, the humor of Shakespeare, like his total genius, is dramatic.

Then again, although Shakespeare laughs incomparably, mere laughter wearies him. The only play of Shakespeare's, out of nearly forty, which is farcical, — 'The Comedy of Errors,' — was written in the poet's earliest period of authorship, and was formed upon the suggestion of a preceding piece. It has been observed with truth by Gervinus that the farcical incidents of this play have been connected by Shakespeare with a tragic background, which is probably his own invention. With beauty, or with pathos, or with thought, Shakespeare can mingle his mirth; and then he is happy, and knows how to deal with play of wit or humorous characterization; but an entirely comic subject somewhat disconcerts the poet. On this ground, if no other were forthcoming, it might be suspected that 'The Taming of the Shrew' was not altogether the work of Shakespeare's hand. The secondary intrigues and minor incidents were of little interest to

the poet. But in the buoyant force of Petruchio's character, in his subduing tempest of high spirits, and in the person of the foiled revoltress against the law of sex, who carries into her wifely loyalty the same energy which she had shown in her virgin *sauvagerie*, there were elements of human character in which the imagination of the poet took delight.

Unless it be its own excess, however, Shakespeare's laughter seems to fear nothing. It does not, when it has once arrived at its full development, fear enthusiasm, or passion, or tragic intensity; nor do these fear it. The traditions of the English drama had favored the juxtaposition of the serious and comic: but it was reserved for Shakespeare to make each a part of the other; to interpenetrate tragedy with comedy, and comedy with tragic earnestness.

SHAKESPEARE'S PORTRAITURE OF WOMEN

From 'Transcripts and Studies'

Of all the daughters of his imagination, which did Shakespeare love the best? Perhaps we shall not err if we say one of the latest born of them all,—our English Imogen. And what most clearly shows us how Shakespeare loved Imogen is this—he has given her faults, and has made them exquisite, so that we love her better for their sake. No one has so quick and keen a sensibility to whatever pains and to whatever gladdens as she. To her a word is a blow; and as she is quick in her sensibility, so she is quick in her perceptions, piercing at once through the Queen's false show of friendship; quick in her contempt for what is unworthy, as for all professions of love from the clown-prince, Cloten; quick in her resentment, as when she discovers the unjust suspicions of Posthumus. Wronged she is indeed by her husband, but in her haste she too grows unjust; yet she is dearer to us for the sake of this injustice, proceeding as it does from the sensitiveness of her love. It is she, to whom a word is a blow, who actually receives a buffet from her husband's hand; but for Imogen it is a blessed stroke, since it is the evidence of his loyalty and zeal on her behalf. In a moment he is forgiven, and her arms are round his neck.

Shakespeare made so many perfect women unhappy that he owed us some *amende*. And he has made that *amende* by letting

us see one perfect woman supremely happy. Shall our last glance at Shakespeare's plays show us Florizel at the rustic merry-making, receiving blossoms from the hands of Perdita? or Ferdinand and Miranda playing chess in Prospero's cave, and winning one a king and one a queen, while the happy fathers gaze in from the entrance of the cave? We can see a more delightful sight than these — Imogen with her arms around the neck of Posthumus, while she puts an edge upon her joy by the playful challenge and mock reproach —

> «Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
> Think that you are upon a rock, and now
> Throw me again;»

and he responds —

> «Hang there like a fruit, my soul,
> Till the tree die.»

We shall find in all Shakespeare no more blissful creatures than these two

THE INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE

From 'Transcripts and Studies'

THE happiest moment in a critic's hours of study is when, seemingly by some divination, but really as the result of patient observation and thought, he lights upon the central motive of a great work. Then, of a sudden, order begins to form itself from the crowd and chaos of his impressions and ideas. There is a moving hither and thither, a grouping or co-ordinating of all his recent experiences, which goes on of its own accord; and every instant his vision becomes clearer, and new meanings disclose themselves in what had been lifeless and unilluminated. It seems as if he could even stand by the artist's side and co-operate with him in the process of creating. With such a sense of joy upon him, the critic will think it no hard task to follow the artist to the sources from whence he drew his material, — it may be some dull chapter in an ancient chronicle, or some gross tale of passion by an Italian novelist, — and he will stand by and watch with exquisite pleasure the artist handling that crude material, and refashioning and refining it, and breathing into it the breath of a higher life. Even the minutest

difference of text between an author's earlier and later draft, or a first and second edition, has now become a point not for dull commentatorship, but a point of life, at which he may touch with his finger the pulse of the creator in his fervor of creation.

From each single work of a great author we advance to his total work, and thence to the man himself,—to the heart and brain from which all this manifold world of wisdom and wit and passion and beauty has proceeded. Here again, before we address ourselves to the interpretation of the author's mind, we patiently submit ourselves to a vast series of impressions. And in accordance with Bacon's maxim that a prudent interrogation is the half of knowledge, it is right to provide ourselves with a number of well-considered questions which we may address to our author. Let us cross-examine him as students of mental and moral science, and find replies in his written words. Are his senses vigorous and fine? Does he see color as well as form? Does he delight in all that appeals to the sense of hearing—the voices of nature, and the melody and harmonies of the art of man? Thus Wordsworth, exquisitely organized for enjoying and interpreting all natural, and if we may so say, homeless and primitive sounds, had but little feeling for the delights of music. Can he enrich his poetry by gifts from the sense of smell, as did Keats; or is his nose like Wordsworth's, an idle promontory projecting into a desert air? Has he like Browning a vigorous pleasure in all strenuous muscular movements; or does he like Shelley live rapturously in the finest nervous thrills? How does he experience and interpret the feeling of sex, and in what parts of his entire nature does that feeling find its elevating connections and associations? What are his special intellectual powers? Is his intellect combative or contemplative? What are the laws which chiefly preside over the associations of his ideas? What are the emotions which he feels most strongly? and how do his emotions coalesce with one another? Wonder, terror, awe, love, grief, hope, despondency, the benevolent affections, admiration, the religious sentiment, the moral sentiment, the emotion of power, irascible emotion, ideal emotion—how do these make themselves felt in and through his writings? What is his feeling for the beautiful, the sublime, the ludicrous? Is he of weak or vigorous will? In the conflict of motives, which class of motives with him is likely to predominate? Is he framed to believe or framed to doubt? Is he prudent, just, temperate, or the reverse of

these? These and such-like questions are not to be crudely and formally proposed, but are to be used with tact; nor should the critic press for hard and definite answers, but know how skillfully to glean its meaning from an evasion. He is a dull cross-examiner who will invariably follow the scheme which he has thought out and prepared beforehand, and who cannot vary his questions to surprise or beguile the truth from an unwilling witness. But the tact which comes from natural gift and from experience may be well supported by something of method,—method well hidden away from the surface and from sight.

This may be termed the psychological method of study. But we may also follow a more objective method. Taking the chief themes with which literature and art are conversant — God, external nature, humanity — we may inquire how our author has dealt with each of these. What is his theology, or his philosophy of the universe? By which we mean no abstract creed or doctrine, but the tides and currents of feeling and of faith, as well as the tendencies and conclusions of the intellect. Under what aspect has this goodly frame of things, in whose midst we are, revealed itself to him? How has he regarded and interpreted the life of man? Under each of these great themes a multitude of subordinate topics are included. And alike in this and in what we have termed the psychological method of study, we shall gain double results if we examine a writer's works in the order of their chronology, and thus become acquainted with the growth and development of his powers, and the widening and deepening of his relations with man, with external nature, and with that Supreme Power, unknown yet well known, of which nature and man are the manifestation. As to the study of an artist's technical qualities, this, by virtue of the fact that he is an artist, is of capital importance; and it may often be associated with the study of that which his technique is employed to express and render — the characteristics of his mind, and of the vision which he has attained of the external universe, of humanity, and of God. Of all our study, the last end and aim should be to ascertain how a great writer or artist has served the life of man; to ascertain this, to bring home to ourselves as large a portion as may be of the gain wherewith he has enriched human life, and to render access to that store of wisdom, passion, and power, easier and surer for others.

A. CONAN DOYLE

(1859–)

THE author of 'The White Company,' 'The Great Shadow,' and 'Micah Clarke' has been heard to lament the fact that his introduction to American readers came chiefly through the good offices of his accomplished friend «Sherlock Holmes.» Sir Conan Doyle would prefer to be judged by his more serious and laborious work, as it appears in his historic romances. But he has found it useless to protest. ‹The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes› delighted a public which enjoys incident, mystery, and above all that matching of the wits of a clever man against the dumb resistance of the secrecy of inanimate things, which results in the triumph of the human intelligence. Moreover, in Sherlock Holmes himself the reader perceived a new character in fiction. The inventors of the French detective story — that ingenious Chinese puzzle of literature — have no such wizard as he to show. Even Poe, past master of mystery-making, is more or less empirical in his methods of mystery-solving.

But Sherlock Holmes is a true product of his time. He is an embodiment of the scientific spirit seeing microscopically and applying itself to construct, from material vestiges and psychologic remainders, an unknown body of proof. From the smallest fragments he deduces the whole structure, precisely as the great naturalists do; and so flawless are his reasonings that a course of ‹The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes› would not be bad training in a high-school class in logic.

The creator of this eminent personage was born in Edinburgh in 1859, of a line of artists; his grandfather, John Doyle, having been a famous political caricaturist, whose works, under the signature «H. B.,» were purchased at a high price by the British Museum. The quaint signature of his father — a capital D, with a little bird perched on top, gained him the affectionate sobriquet of «Dicky Doyle»; and Dicky Doyle's house was the gathering-place of artists and authors, whose talk served to decide the destiny of the lad Conan. For though he was intended for the medical profession, and after studying in Germany had kept his terms at the Medical College of Edinburgh University, the love of letters drove him forth in his early twenties to try his fortunes in the literary world of London.

Inheriting from his artist ancestry a sense of form and color, a faculty of constructiveness, and a vivid imagination, his studiousness and his industry have turned his capacities into abilities. For his

romance of ‹The White Company› he read more than two hundred books, and spent on it more than two years of labor. ‹Micah Clarke› and ‹The Great Shadow› involved equal wit and conscience. In his historic fiction he has described the England of Edward III., of James II., and of to-day, the Scotland of George III., the France of Edward III., of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon, and the America of Frontenac; while, in securing this correctness of historic detail, he has not neglected the first duty of a story-teller, which is to be interesting.

His works include several volumes on the European War, ‹Great Britain and the Next War› (an answer to Bernhardi), two books on the Boer War, several plays, and numerous novels dealing with a wide range of epochs and places. But perhaps he will continue to be best known as the creator of Sherlock Holmes. Among the later books dealing with that hero are, ‹The Hound of the Baskervilles› (1902), and ‹The Return of Sherlock Holmes› (1905). Conan Doyle was knighted in 1902.

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE

From ‹The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.› Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

I HAD called upon my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair. With an apology for my intrusion I was about to withdraw, when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room and closed the door behind me.

"You could not possibly have come at a better time, my dear Watson," he said, cordially.

"I was afraid that you were engaged."

"So I am. Very much so."

"Then I can wait in the next room."

"Not at all. This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, has been my partner and helper in many of my most successful cases, and I have no doubt that he will be of the utmost use to me in yours also."

The stout gentleman half rose from his chair and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick little questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes.

"Try the settee," said Holmes, relapsing into his arm-chair and putting his finger-tips together, as was his custom when in judicial moods. "I know, my dear Watson, that you share my

love of all that is bizarre and outside the conventions and humdrum routine of every-day life. You have shown your relish for it by the enthusiasm which has prompted you to chronicle, and if you will excuse my saying so, somewhat to embellish so many of my own little adventures."

"Your cases have indeed been of the greatest interest to me," I observed.

"You will remember that I remarked the other day, just before we went into the very simple problem presented by Miss Mary Sutherland, that for strange effects and extraordinary combinations we must go to life itself, which is always far more daring than any effort of the imagination."

"A proposition which I took the liberty of doubting."

"You did, doctor; but none the less you must come round to my view, for otherwise I shall keep on piling fact upon fact on you, until your reason breaks down under them and acknowledges me to be right. Now, Mr. Jabez Wilson here has been good enough to call upon me this morning, and to begin a narrative which promises to be one of the most singular which I have listened to for some time. You have heard me remark that the strangest and most unique things are very often connected not with the larger but with the smaller crimes; and occasionally, indeed, where there is room for doubt whether any positive crime has been committed. As far as I have heard, it is impossible for me to say whether the present case is an instance of crime or not; but the course of events is certainly among the most singular that I have ever listened to. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you would have the great kindness to recommence your narrative. I ask you, not merely because my friend Dr. Watson has not heard the opening part, but also because the peculiar nature of the story makes me anxious to have every possible detail from your lips. As a rule, when I have heard some slight indication of the course of events, I am able to guide myself by the thousands of other similar cases which occur to my memory. In the present instance I am forced to admit that the facts are, to the best of my belief, unique."

The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride, and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside pocket of his great-coat. As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward, and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man,

and endeavored, after the fashion of my companion, to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance.

I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our visitor bore every mark of being an average commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy gray shepherd's-check trousers, a not over clean black frock-coat unbuttoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat, with a heavy brassy Albert chain and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top-hat and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head, and the expression of extreme chagrin and discontent upon his features.

Sherlock Holmes's quick eye took in my occupation, and he shook his head with a smile as he noticed my questioning glances. "Beyond the obvious facts that he has at some time done manual labor, that he takes snuff, that he is a Freemason, that he has been in China, and that he has done a considerable amount of writing lately, I can deduce nothing else."

Mr. Jabez Wilson started up in his chair, with his forefinger upon the paper, but his eyes upon my companion.

"How in the name of good fortune did you know all that, Mr. Holmes?" he asked. "How did you know, for example, that I did manual labor? It's as true as gospel, for I began as a ship's carpenter."

"Your hands, my dear sir. Your right hand is quite a size larger than your left. You have worked with it, and the muscles are more developed."

"Well, the snuff, then, and the Freemasonry?"

"I won't insult your intelligence by telling you how I read that; especially as, rather against the strict rules of your order, you use an arc-and-compass breastpin."

"Ah, of course, I forgot that. But the writing?"

"What else can be indicated by that right cuff so very shiny for five inches, and the left one with the smooth patch near the elbow where you rest it upon the desk?"

"Well, but China?"

"The fish that you have tattooed immediately above your right wrist could only have been done in China. I have made a small study of tattoo marks, and have even contributed to the literature of the subject. That trick of staining the fishes' scales

of a delicate pink is quite peculiar to China. When in addition I see a Chinese coin hanging from your watch-chain, the matter becomes even more simple."

Mr. Jabez Wilson laughed heavily. "Well, I never!" said he. "I thought at first that you had done something clever, but I see that there was nothing in it, after all."

"I begin to think, Watson," said Holmes, "that I make a mistake in explaining. 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico,' you know, and my poor little reputation, such as it is, will suffer shipwreck if I am so candid. Can you not find the advertisement, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, I have got it now," he answered, with his thick red finger planted half-way down the column. "Here it is. This is what began it all. You just read it for yourself, sir."

I took the paper from him, and read as follows:—

"To the Red-Headed League:—On account of the bequest of the late Ezekiah Hopkins, of Lebanon, Pa., U. S. A., there is now another vacancy open, which entitles a member of the League to a salary of £4 a week for purely nominal services. All red-headed men who are sound in body and mind, and above the age of twenty-one years, are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at eleven o'clock, to Duncan Ross, at the offices of the League, 7 Pope's Court, Fleet Street."

"What on earth does this mean?" I ejaculated, after I had twice read over the extraordinary announcement.

Holmes chuckled, and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit when in high spirits. "It is a little off the beaten track, isn't it?" said he. "And now, Mr. Wilson, off you go at scratch, and tell us all about yourself, your household, and the effect which this advertisement had upon your fortunes. You will first make a note, doctor, of the paper and the date."

"It is the Morning Chronicle of April 27th, 1890. Just two months ago."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson?"

"Well, it is just as I have been telling you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Jabez Wilson, mopping his forehead: "I have a small pawnbroker's business at Coburg Square, near the city. It's not a very large affair, and of late years it has not done more than just give me a living. I used to be able to keep two assistants, but now I only keep one; and I would have a job to

pay him, but that he is willing to come for half wages, so as to learn the business."

"What is the name of this obliging youth?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"His name is Vincent Spaulding, and he's not such a youth, either. It's hard to say his age. I should not wish a smarter assistant, Mr. Holmes; and I know very well that he could better himself, and earn twice what I am able to give him. But after all, if he is satisfied, why should I put ideas in his head?"

"Why, indeed? You seem most fortunate in having an *employé* who comes under the full market price. It is not a common experience among employers in this age. I don't know that your assistant is not as remarkable as your advertisement."

"Oh, he has his faults, too," said Mr. Wilson. "Never was such a fellow for photography. Snapping away with a camera when he ought to be improving his mind, and then diving down into the cellar like a rabbit into its hole to develop his pictures. That is his main fault; but on the whole, he's a good worker. There's no vice in him."

"He is still with you, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. He and a girl of fourteen, who does a bit of simple cooking, and keeps the place clean — that's all I have in the house, for I am a widower, and never had any family. We live very quietly, sir, the three of us; and we keep a roof over our heads, and pay our debts, if we do nothing more.

"The first thing that put us out was that advertisement. Spaulding, he came down into the office just this day eight weeks, with this very paper in his hand, and he says: —

"'I wish to the Lord, Mr. Wilson, that I was a red-headed man.'

"'Why that?' I asks.

"'Why,' says he, 'here's another vacancy on the League of the Red-Headed Men. It's worth quite a little fortune to any man who gets it, and I understand that there are more vacancies than there are men, so that the trustees are at their wits' end what to do with the money. If my hair would only change color, here's a nice little crib all ready for me to step into.'

"'Why, what is it, then?' I asked. You see, Mr. Holmes, I am a very stay-at-home man, and as my business came to me instead of my having to go to it, I was often weeks on end without putting my foot over the door-mat. In that way I didn't

know much of what was going on outside, and I was always glad of a bit of news.

"'Have you never heard of the League of the Red-Headed Men?' he asked, with his eyes open.

"'Never.'

"'Why, I wonder at that, for you are eligible yourself for one of the vacancies.'

"'And what are they worth?' I asked.

"'Oh, merely a couple of hundred a year; but the work is slight, and it need not interfere very much with one's other occupations.'

"Well, you can easily think that that made me prick up my ears, for the business has not been over good for some years, and an extra couple of hundred would have been very handy.

"'Tell me all about it,' said I.

"'Well,' said he, showing me the advertisement, 'you can see for yourself that the League has a vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out, the League was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself red-headed, and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so when he died it was found that he had left his enormous fortune in the hands of trustees, with instructions to apply the interest to the providing of easy berths to men whose hair is of that color. From all I hear, it is splendid pay and very little to do.'

"'But,' said I, 'there would be millions of red-headed men who would apply.'

"'Not so many as you might think,' he answered. 'You see it is really confined to Londoners, and to grown men. This American had started from London when he was young, and he wanted to do the old town a good turn. Then again, I have heard it is no use your applying if your hair is light red, or dark red, or anything but real bright, blazing, fiery red. Now if you care to apply, Mr. Wilson, you would just walk in; but perhaps it would hardly be worth your while to put yourself out of the way for the sake of a few hundred pounds.'

"Now, it is a fact, gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves, that my hair is of a very full and rich tint, so that it seemed to me that if there was to be any competition in the matter, I stood as good a chance as any man that I had ever

met. Vincent Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day, and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday; so we shut the business up, and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement.

"I never hope to see such a sight as that again, Mr. Holmes. From north, south, east, and west, every man who had a shade of red in his hair had tramped into the city to answer the advertisement. Fleet Street was choked with red-headed folk, and Pope's Court looked like a coster's orange-barrow. I should not have thought there were so many in the whole country as were brought together by that single advertisement. Every shade of color they were — straw, lemon, orange, brick, Irish-setter, liver, clay; but as Spaulding said, there were not many who had the real vivid flame-colored tint. When I saw how many were waiting, I would have given it up in despair; but Spaulding would not hear of it. How he did it I could not imagine, but he pushed and pulled and butted until he got me through the crowd, and right up to the steps which led to the office. There was a double stream upon the stair, some going up in hope, and some coming back dejected; but we wedged in as well as we could, and soon found ourselves in the office."

"Your experience has been a most entertaining one," remarked Holmes, as his client paused and refreshed his memory with a huge pinch of snuff. "Pray continue your very interesting statement."

"There was nothing in the office but a couple of wooden chairs and a deal table, behind which sat a small man, with a head that was even redder than mine. He said a few words to each candidate as he came up, and then he always managed to find some fault in them which would disqualify them. Getting a vacancy did not seem to be such a very easy matter, after all. However, when our turn came, the little man was much more favorable to me than to any of the others, and he closed the door as we entered, so that he might have a private word with us.

"'This is Mr. Jabez Wilson,' said my assistant, 'and he is willing to fill a vacancy in the League.'

"'And he is admirably suited for it,' the other answered. 'He has every requirement. I cannot recall when I have seen anything so fine.' He took a step backward, cocked his head on

one side, and gazed at my hair until I felt quite bashful. Then suddenly he plunged forward, wrung my hand, and congratulated me warmly on my success.

"'It would be injustice to hesitate,' said he. 'You will, however, I am sure, excuse me for taking an obvious precaution.' With that he seized my hair in both his hands, and tugged until I yelled with the pain. 'There is water in your eyes,' said he, as he released me. 'I perceive that all is as it should be. But we have to be careful, for we have twice been deceived by wigs and once by paint. I could tell you tales of cobbler's wax which would disgust you with human nature.' He stepped over to the window, and shouted through it at the top of his voice that the vacancy was filled. A groan of disappointment came up from below, and the folk all trooped away in different directions, until there was not a red head to be seen except my own and that of the manager.

"'My name,' said he, 'is Mr. Duncan Ross, and I am myself one of the pensioners upon the fund left by our noble benefactor. Are you a married man, Mr. Wilson? Have you a family?'

"I answered that I had not.

"His face fell immediately.

"'Dear me,' he said, gravely, 'that is very serious indeed! I am sorry to hear you say that. The fund was of course for the propagation and spread of the red-heads, as well as for their maintenance. It is exceedingly unfortunate that you should be a bachelor.'

"My face lengthened at this, Mr. Holmes, for I thought that I was not to have the vacancy after all; but after thinking it over for a few minutes, he said that it would be all right.

"'In the case of another,' said he, 'the objection might be fatal, but we must stretch a point in favor of a man with such a head of hair as yours. When shall you be able to enter upon your new duties?'

"'Well, it is a little awkward, for I have a business already,' said I.

"'Oh, never mind about that, Mr. Wilson!' said Vincent Spaulding. 'I shall be able to look after that for you.'

"'What would be the hours?' I asked.

"'Ten to two.'

"Now a pawnbroker's business is mostly done of an evening, Mr. Holmes, especially Thursday and Friday evening, which is

just before pay-day; so it would suit me very well to earn a little in the mornings. Besides, I knew that my assistant was a good man, and that he would see to anything that turned up.

"'That would suit me very well,' said I. 'And the pay?'

"'Is £4 a week.'

"'And the work?'

"'Is purely nominal.'

"'What do you call purely nominal?'

"'Well, you have to be in the office, or at least in the building, the whole time. If you leave, you forfeit your whole position forever. The will is very clear upon that point. You don't comply with the conditions if you budge from the office during that time.'

"'It's only four hours a day, and I should not think of leaving,' said I.

"'No excuse will avail,' said Mr. Duncan Ross, 'neither sickness nor business nor anything else. There you must stay, or you lose your billet.'

"'And the work?'

"'Is to copy out the Encyclopædia Britannica. There is the first volume of it in that press. You must find your own ink, pens, and blotting-paper, but we provide this table and chair. Will you be ready to-morrow?'

"'Certainly,' I answered.

"'Then good-by, Mr. Jabez Wilson; and let me congratulate you once more on the important position which you have been fortunate enough to gain.' He bowed me out of the room, and I went home with my assistant, hardly knowing what to say or do, I was so pleased at my own good fortune.

"Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was in low spirits again; for I had quite persuaded myself that the whole affair must be some great hoax or fraud, though what its object might be I could not imagine. It seemed altogether past belief that any one could make such a will, or that they would pay such a sum for doing anything so simple as copying out the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Vincent Spaulding did what he could to cheer me up, but by bedtime I had reasoned myself out of the whole thing. However, in the morning I determined to have a look at it anyhow, so I bought a penny bottle of ink, and with a quill pen and seven sheets of foolscap paper I started off for Pope's Court.

"Well, to my surprise and delight, everything was as right as possible. The table was set out ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there to see that I got fairly to work. He started me off upon the letter A, and then he left me; but he would drop in from time to time to see that all was right with me. At two o'clock he bade me good-by, complimented me upon the amount that I had written, and locked the door of the office after me.

"This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturday the manager came in and planked down four golden sovereigns for my week's work. It was the same next week, and the same the week after. Every morning I was there at ten, and every afternoon I left at two. By degrees Mr. Duncan Ross took to coming in only once of a morning, and then after a time he did not come in at all. Still, of course, I never dared to leave the room for an instant, for I was not sure when he might come, and the billet was such a good one, and suited me so well, that I would not risk the loss of it.

"Eight weeks passed away like this, and I had written about Abbots and Archery and Armor and Architecture and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the B's before very long. It cost me something in foolscap, and I had pretty nearly filled a shelf with my writings. And then suddenly the whole business came to an end."

"To an end?"

"Yes, sir. And no later than this morning. I went to my work as usual at ten o'clock, but the door was shut and locked with a little square of card-board hammered on to the middle of the panel with a tack. Here it is, and you can read for yourself."

He held up a piece of white cardboard about the size of a sheet of note-paper. It read in this fashion:—

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE

IS

DISSOLVED.

October 9th, 1890.

Sherlock Holmes and I surveyed this curt announcement and the rueful face behind it, until the comical side of the affair so completely overtopped every other consideration that we both burst out into a roar of laughter.

"I cannot see that there is anything very funny," cried our client, flushing up to the roots of his flaming head. "If you can do nothing better than laugh at me, I can go elsewhere."

"No, no," cried Holmes, shoving him back into the chair from which he had half risen. "I really wouldn't miss your case for the world. It is most refreshingly unusual. But there is, if you will excuse my saying so, something just a little funny about it. Pray, what steps did you take when you found the card upon the door?"

"I was staggered, sir. I did not know what to do. Then I called at the offices round, but none of them seemed to know anything about it. Finally I went to the landlord, who is an accountant living on the ground-floor, and I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the Red-Headed League. He said that he had never heard of any such body. Then I asked him who Mr. Duncan Ross was. He answered that the name was new to him.

"'Well,' said I, 'the gentleman at No. 4.'

"'What, the red-headed man?'

"'Yes.'

"'Oh,' said he, 'his name was William Morris. He was a solicitor, and was using my room as a temporary convenience until his new premises were ready. He moved out yesterday.'

"'Where could I find him?'

"'Oh, at his new offices. He did tell me the address. Yes, 17 King Edward Street, near St. Paul's.'

"I started off, Mr. Holmes, but when I got to that address it was a manufactory of artificial knee-caps, and no one in it had ever heard of either Mr. William Morris or Mr. Duncan Ross."

"And what did you do then?" asked Holmes.

"I went home to Saxe-Coburg Square, and I took the advice of my assistant. But he could not help me in any way. He could only say that if I waited I should hear by post. But that was not quite good enough, Mr. Holmes. I did not wish to lose such a place without a struggle; so as I had heard that you were good enough to give advice to poor folk who were in need of it, I came right away to you."

"And you did very wisely," said Holmes. "Your case is an exceedingly remarkable one, and I shall be happy to look into it. From what you have told me, I think that it is possible that graver issues hang from it than might at first sight appear."

"Grave enough!" said Mr. Jabez Wilson. "Why, I have lost four pound a week."

"As far as you are personally concerned," remarked Holmes, "I do not see that you have any grievance against this extraordinary league. On the contrary, you are, as I understand, richer by some £30, to say nothing of the minute knowledge which you have gained on every subject which comes under the letter A. You have lost nothing by them."

"No, sir. But I want to find out about them, and who they are, and what their object was in playing this prank — if it was a prank — upon me. It was a pretty expensive joke for them, for it cost them two-and-thirty pounds."

"We shall endeavor to clear up these points for you. And first one or two questions, Mr. Wilson. This assistant of yours who first called your attention to the advertisement — how long had he been with you?"

"About a month then."

"How did he come?"

"In answer to an advertisement."

"Was he the only applicant?"

"No; I had a dozen."

"Why did you pick him?"

"Because he was handy, and would come cheap."

"At half wages, in fact."

"Yes."

"What is he like, this Vincent Spaulding?"

"Small, stout-built, very quick in his ways, no hair on his face, though he's not short of thirty. Has a white splash of acid upon his forehead."

Holmes sat up in his chair in considerable excitement. "I thought as much," said he. "Have you ever observed that his ears are pierced for earrings?"

"Yes, sir. He told me that a gipsy had done it for him when he was a lad."

"Hum!" said Holmes, sinking back in deep thought. "He is still with you?"

"Oh yes, sir; I have only just left him."

"And has your business been attended to in your absence?"

"Nothing to complain of, sir. There's never very much to do of a morning."

"That will do, Mr. Wilson. I shall be happy to give you an opinion upon the subject in the course of a day or two. To-day

is Saturday, and I hope that by Monday we may come to a conclusion."

"Well, Watson," said Holmes, when our visitor had left us, "what do you make of it all?"

"I make nothing of it," I answered, frankly. "It is a most mysterious business."

"As a rule," said Holmes, "the more bizarre a thing is, the less mysterious it proves to be. It is your commonplace, featureless crimes which are really puzzling, just as a commonplace face is the most difficult to identify. But I must be prompt over this matter."

"What are you going to do, then?" I asked.

"To smoke," he answered. "It is quite a three-pipe problem, and I beg that you won't speak to me for fifty minutes." He curled himself up in his chair, with his thin knees drawn up to his hawk-like nose, and there he sat with his eyes closed and his black clay pipe thrusting out like the bill of some strange bird. I had come to the conclusion that he had dropped asleep, and indeed was nodding myself, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with the gesture of a man who has made up his mind, and put his pipe down upon the mantel-piece.

"Sarasate plays at the St. James's Hall this afternoon," he remarked. "What do you think, Watson? Could your patients spare you for a few hours?"

"I have nothing to do to-day. My practice is never very absorbing."

"Then put on your hat and come. I am going through the city first, and we can have some lunch on the way. I observe that there is a good deal of German music on the programme, which is rather more to my taste than Italian or French. It is introspective, and I want to introspect. Come along!"

We traveled by the Underground as far as Aldersgate; and a short walk took us to Saxe-Coburg Square, the scene of the singular story which we had listened to in the morning. It was a poky little shabby-genteel place, where four lines of dingy two-storied brick houses looked out into a small railed-in inclosure, where a lawn of weedy grass and a few clumps of faded laurel-bushes made a hard fight against a smoke-laden and uncongenial atmosphere. Three gilt balls, and a brown board with "JABEZ WILSON" in white letters, upon a corner house, announced the place where our red-headed client carried on his business. Sherlock Holmes stopped in front of it, with his head on one

side, and looked it all over, with his eyes shining brightly between puckered lids. Then he walked slowly up the street, and then down again to the corner, still looking keenly at the houses. Finally he returned to the pawnbroker's, and having thumped vigorously upon the pavement with his stick two or three times he went up to the door and knocked. It was instantly opened by a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who asked him to step in.

"Thank you," said Holmes, "I only wish to ask you how you would go from here to the Strand."

"Third right, fourth left," answered the assistant, promptly, closing the door.

"Smart fellow, that," observed Holmes, as we walked away. "He is, in my judgment, the fourth smartest man in London, and for daring I am not sure that he has not a claim to be third. I have known something of him before."

"Evidently," said I, "Mr. Wilson's assistant counts for a good deal in this mystery of the Red-Headed League. I am sure that you inquired your way merely in order that you might see him."

"Not him."

"What then?"

"The knees of his trousers."

"And what did you see?"

"What I expected to see."

"Why did you beat the pavement?"

"My dear doctor, this is a time for observation, not for talk. We are spies in an enemy's country. We know something of Saxe-Coburg Square. Let us now explore the parts which lie behind it."

The road in which we found ourselves as we turned round the corner from the retired Saxe-Coburg Square presented as great a contrast to it as the front of a picture does to the back. It was one of the main arteries which convey the traffic of the city to the north and west. The roadway was blocked with the immense stream of commerce, flowing in a double tide inward and outward, while the foot-paths were black with the hurrying swarm of pedestrians. It was difficult to realize, as we looked at the line of fine shops and stately business premises, that they really abutted on the other side upon the faded and stagnant square which we had just quitted.

"Let me see," said Holmes, standing at the corner and glancing along the line, "I should like just to remember the order

of the houses here. It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London. There is Mortimer's, the tobacconist, the little newspaper shop, the Coburg branch of the City and Suburban Bank, the Vegetarian Restaurant, and McFarlane's carriage-building depot. That carries us right on to the other block. And now, doctor, we've done our work, so it's time we had some play. A sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then off to violin-land, where all is sweetness and delicacy and harmony, and there are no red-headed clients to vex us with their conundrums."

My friend was an enthusiastic musician, being himself not only a very capable performer, but a composer of no ordinary merit. All the afternoon he sat in the stalls wrapped in the most perfect happiness, gently waving his long thin fingers in time to the music, while his gently smiling face and his languid, dreamy eyes were as unlike those of Holmes the sleuth-hound, Holmes the relentless, keen-witted, ready-handed criminal agent, as it was possible to conceive. In his singular character the dual nature alternately asserted itself, and his extreme exactness and astuteness represented, as I have often thought, the reaction against the poetic and contemplative mood which occasionally predominated in him. The swing of his nature took him from extreme languor to devouring energy; and as I knew well, he was never so truly formidable as when for days on end he had been lounging in his arm-chair, amid his improvisations and his black-letter editions. Then it was that the lust of the chase would suddenly come upon him, and that his brilliant reasoning power would rise to the level of intuition, until those who were unacquainted with his methods would look askance at him as on a man whose knowledge was not that of other mortals. When I saw him that afternoon so enwrapped in the music at St. James's Hall, I felt that an evil time might be coming upon those whom he had set himself to hunt down.

"You want to go home, no doubt, doctor," he remarked as we emerged.

"Yes, it would be as well."

"And I have some business to do which will take some hours. This business at Coburg Square is serious."

"Why serious?"

"A considerable crime is in contemplation. I have every reason to believe that we shall be in time to stop it. But to-day being Saturday rather complicates matters. I shall want your help to-night."

"At what time?"

"Ten will be early enough."

"I shall be at Baker Street at ten."

"Very well. And I say, doctor, there may be some little danger, so kindly put your army revolver in your pocket." He waved his hand, turned on his heel, and disappeared in an instant among the crowd.

I trust that I am not more dense than my neighbors, but I was always oppressed with a sense of my own stupidity in my dealings with Sherlock Holmes. Here I had heard what he had heard, I had seen what he had seen, and yet from his words it was evident that he saw clearly not only what had happened, but what was about to happen, while to me the whole business was still confused and grotesque. As I drove home to my house in Kensington I thought over it all, from the extraordinary story of the red-headed copier of the 'Encyclopædia' down to the visit to Saxe-Coburg Square, and the ominous words with which he had parted from me. What was this nocturnal expedition, and why should I go armed? Where were we going, and what were we to do? I had the hint from Holmes that this smooth-faced pawnbroker's assistant was a formidable man—a man who might play a deep game. I tried to puzzle it out, but gave it up in despair, and set the matter aside until night should bring an explanation.

It was a quarter past nine when I started from home and made my way across the Park, and so through Oxford Street to Baker Street. Two hansoms were standing at the door, and as I entered the passage I heard the sound of voices from above. On entering his room I found Holmes in animated conversation with two men, one of whom I recognized as Peter Jones, the official police agent, while the other was a long thin sad-faced man, with a very shiny hat and oppressively respectable frock-coat.

"Ha! our party is complete," said Holmes, buttoning up his pea-jacket, and taking his heavy hunting crop from the rack. "Watson, I think you know Mr. Jones, of Scotland Yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who is to be our companion in to-night's adventure."

"We're hunting in couples again, doctor, you see," said Jones, in his consequential way. "Our friend here is a wonderful man for starting a chase. All he wants is an old dog to help him to do the running down."

"I hope a wild goose may not prove to be the end of our chase," observed Mr. Merryweather, gloomily.

"You may place considerable confidence in Mr. Holmes, sir," said the police agent, loftily. "He has his own little methods, which are, if he won't mind my saying so, just a little too theoretical and fantastic, but he has the makings of a detective in him. It is not too much to say that once or twice, as in that business of the Sholto murder and the Agra treasure, he has been more nearly correct than the official force."

"Oh, if you say so, Mr. Jones, it is all right," said the stranger, with deference. "Still, I confess that I miss my rubber. It is the first Saturday night for seven-and-twenty years that I have not had my rubber."

"I think you will find," said Sherlock Holmes, "that you will play for a higher stake to-night than you have ever done yet, and that the play will be more exciting. For you, Mr. Merryweather, the stake will be some £30,000; and for you, Jones, it will be the man upon whom you wish to lay your hands."

"John Clay, the murderer, thief, smasher, and forger. He's a young man, Mr. Merryweather, but he is at the head of his profession, and I would rather have my bracelets on him than on any criminal in London. He's a remarkable man, is young John Clay. His grandfather was a royal duke, and he himself has been to Eton and Oxford. His brain is as cunning as his fingers, and though we meet signs of him at every turn, we never know where to find the man himself. He'll crack a crib in Scotland one week, and be raising money to build an orphanage in Cornwall the next. I've been on his track for years, and have never set eyes on him yet."

"I hope that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to-night. I've had one or two little turns also with Mr. John Clay, and I agree with you that he is at the head of his profession. It is past ten, however, and quite time that we started. If you two will take the first hansom, Watson and I will follow in the second."

Sherlock Holmes was not very communicative during the long drive, and lay back in the cab humming the tunes which he had heard in the afternoon. We rattled through an endless labyrinth of gas-lit streets until we emerged into Farringdon Street.

"We are close there now," my friend remarked. "This fellow Merryweather is a bank director, and personally interested in the

matter. I thought it as well to have Jones with us also. He is not a bad fellow, though an absolute imbecile in his profession. He has one positive virtue. He is as brave as a bull-dog, and as tenacious as a lobster if he gets his claws upon any one. Here we are, and they are waiting for us."

We had reached the same crowded thoroughfare in which we had found ourselves in the morning. Our cabs were dismissed, and following the guidance of Mr. Merryweather, we passed down a narrow passage and through a side door, which he opened for us. Within, there was a small corridor, which ended in a very massive iron gate. This also was opened, and led down a flight of winding stone steps, which terminated at another formidable gate. Mr. Merryweather stopped to light a lantern, and then conducted us down a dark, earth-smelling passage, and so, after opening a third door, into a huge vault or cellar, which was piled all around with crates and massive boxes.

"You are not very vulnerable from above," Holmes remarked, as he held up the lantern and gazed about him.

"Nor from below," said Mr. Merryweather, striking his stick upon the flags which lined the floor. "Why, dear me, it sounds quite hollow!" he remarked, looking up in surprise.

"I must really ask you to be a little more quiet," said Holmes, severely. "You have already imperiled the whole success of our expedition. Might I beg that you would have the goodness to sit down upon one of those boxes, and not to interfere?"

The solemn Mr. Merryweather perched himself upon a crate, with a very injured expression upon his face, while Holmes fell upon his knees upon the floor, and with the lantern and a magnifying lens began to examine minutely the cracks between the stones. A few seconds sufficed to satisfy him, for he sprang to his feet again, and put his glass in his pocket.

"We have at least an hour before us," he remarked; "for they can hardly take any steps until the good pawnbroker is safely in bed. Then they will not lose a minute, for the sooner they do their work the longer time they will have for their escape. We are at present, doctor — as no doubt you have divined — in the cellar at the City branch of one of the principal London banks. Mr. Merryweather is the chairman of directors, and he will explain to you that there are reasons why the more daring criminals of London should take a considerable interest in this cellar at present."

"It is our French gold," whispered the director. "We have had several warnings that an attempt might be made upon it."

"Your French gold?"

"Yes. We had occasion some months ago to strengthen our resources, and borrowed for that purpose 30,000 napoleons from the Bank of France. It has become known that we have never had occasion to unpack the money, and that it is still lying in our cellar. The crate upon which I sit contains 2,000 napoleons packed between layers of lead foil. Our reserve of bullion is much larger at present than is usually kept in a single branch office, and the directors have had misgivings upon the subject."

"Which were very well justified," observed Holmes. "And now it is time that we arranged our little plans. I expect that within an hour matters will come to a head. In the mean time, Mr. Merryweather, we must put the screen over that dark lantern."

"And sit in the dark?"

"I am afraid so. I had brought a pack of cards in my pocket, and I thought that, as we were a *partie carrée*, you might have your rubber after all. But I see that the enemy's preparations have gone so far that we cannot risk the presence of a light. And first of all, we must choose our positions. These are daring men, and though we shall take them at a disadvantage, they may do us some harm unless we are careful. I shall stand behind this crate, and do you conceal yourselves behind those. Then when I flash a light upon them, close in swiftly. If they fire, Watson, have no compunction about shooting them down."

I placed my revolver, cocked, upon the top of the wooden case behind which I crouched. Holmes shot the slide across the front of his lantern, and left us in pitch darkness — such an absolute darkness as I had never before experienced. The smell of hot metal remained to assure us that the light was still there, ready to flash out at a moment's notice. To me, with my nerves worked up to a pitch of expectancy, there was something depressing and subduing in the sudden gloom, and in the cold dank air of the vault.

"They have but one retreat," whispered Holmes. "That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg Square. I hope that you have done what I asked you, Jones?"

"I have an inspector and two officers waiting at the front door."

"Then we have stopped all the holes. And now we must be silent and wait."

What a time it seemed! From comparing notes afterwards it was but an hour and a quarter, yet it appeared to me that the night must have almost gone, and the dawn be breaking above us. My limbs were weary and stiff, for I feared to change my position; yet my nerves were worked up to the highest pitch of tension, and my hearing was so acute that I could not only hear the gentle breathing of my companions, but I could distinguish the deeper, heavier in-breath of the bulky Jones from the thin, sighing note of the bank director. From my position I could look over the case in the direction of the floor. Suddenly my eyes caught the glint of a light.

At first it was but a lurid spark upon the stone pavement. Then it lengthened out until it became a yellow line, and then, without any warning or sound, a gash seemed to open and a hand appeared; a white, almost womanly hand, which felt about in the centre of the little area of light. For a minute or more the hand, with its writhing fingers, protruded out of the floor. Then it was withdrawn as suddenly as it appeared, and all was dark again save the single lurid spark which marked a chink between the stones.

Its disappearance, however, was but momentary. With a rending, tearing sound, one of the broad white stones turned over upon its side, and left a square gaping hole, through which streamed the light of a lantern. Over the edge there peeped a clean-cut, boyish face, which looked keenly about it, and then, with a hand on either side of the aperture, drew itself shoulder-high and waist-high, until one knee rested upon the edge. In another instant he stood at the side of the hole, and was hauling after him a companion, lithe and small like himself, with a pale face and a shock of very red hair.

"It's all clear," he whispered. "Have you the chisel and the bags?—Great Scott! Jump, Archie, jump, and I'll swing for it!"

Sherlock Holmes had sprung out and seized the intruder by the collar. The other dived down the hole, and I heard the sound of rending cloth as Jones clutched at his skirts. The light flashed upon the barrel of a revolver, but Holmes's hunting crop came down on the man's wrist and the pistol clinked upon the stone floor.

"It's no use, John Clay," said Holmes, blandly. "You have no chance at all."

"So I see," the other answered, with the utmost coolness. "I fancy that my pal is all right, though I see you have got his coat-tails."

"There are three men waiting for him at the door," said Holmes.

"Oh, indeed! You seem to have done the thing very completely. I must compliment you."

"And I you," Holmes answered. "Your red-headed idea was very new and effective."

"You'll see your pal again presently," said Jones. "He's quicker at climbing down holes than I am. Just hold out, while I fix the derbies."

"I beg that you will not touch me with your filthy hands," remarked our prisoner, as the handcuffs clattered upon his wrists. "You may not be aware that I have royal blood in my veins. Have the goodness, also, when you address me always to say 'sir' and 'please.'"

"All right," said Jones, with a stare and a snigger. "Well, would you please, sir, march upstairs, where we can get a cab to carry your Highness to the police station?"

"That is better," said John Clay, serenely. He made a sweeping bow to the three of us, and walked quietly off in the custody of the detective.

"Really, Mr. Holmes," said Mr. Merryweather, as we followed them from the cellar, "I do not know how the bank can thank you or repay you. There is no doubt that you have detected and defeated in the most complete manner one of the most determined attempts at bank robbery that have ever come within my experience."

"I have had one or two little scores of my own to settle with Mr. John Clay," said Holmes. "I have been at some small expense over this matter, which I shall expect the bank to refund; but beyond that I am amply repaid by having had an experience which is in many ways unique, and by hearing the very remarkable narrative of the Red-Headed League."

"You see, Watson," he explained, in the early hours of the morning, as we sat over a glass of whisky and soda in Baker Street, "it was perfectly obvious from the first that the only

possible object of this rather fantastic business of the advertisement of the League, and the copying of the 'Encyclopædia,' must be to get this not over bright pawnbroker out of the way for a number of hours every day. It was a curious way of managing it, but really, it would be difficult to suggest a better. The method was no doubt suggested to Clay's ingenious mind by the color of his accomplice's hair. The £4 a week was a lure which must draw him,—and what was it to them, who were playing for thousands? They put in the advertisement, one rogue has the temporary office, the other rogue incites the man to apply for it, and together they manage to secure his absence every morning in the week. From the time that I heard of the assistant having come for half wages, it was obvious to me that he had some strong motive for securing the situation."

"But how could you guess what the motive was?"

"Had there been women in the house, I should have suspected a mere vulgar intrigue. That however was out of the question. The man's business was a small one, and there was nothing in his house which could account for such elaborate preparations and such an expenditure as they were at. It must then be something out of the house. What could it be? I thought of the assistant's fondness for photography, and his trick of vanishing into the cellar. The cellar! There was the end of this tangled clue. Then I made inquiries as to this mysterious assistant, and found that I had to deal with one of the coolest and most daring criminals in London. He was doing something in the cellar—something which took many hours a day for months on end. What could it be, once more? I could think of nothing save that he was running a tunnel to some other building.

"So far I had got when we went to visit the scene of action. I surprised you by beating upon the pavement with my stick. I was ascertaining whether the cellar stretched out in front or behind. It was not in front. Then I rang the bell, and as I hoped, the assistant answered it. We have had some skirmishes, but we had never set eyes upon each other before. I hardly looked at his face. His knees were what I wished to see. You must yourself have remarked how worn, wrinkled, and stained they were. They spoke of those hours of burrowing. The only remaining point was what they were burrowing for. I walked round the corner, saw that the City and Suburban Bank abutted

on our friend's premises, and felt that I had solved my problem. When you drove home after the concert I called upon Scotland Yard, and upon the chairman of the bank directors, with the result that you have seen."

"And how could you tell that they would make their attempt to-night?" I asked.

"Well, when they closed their League offices, that was a sign that they cared no longer about Mr. Jabez Wilson's presence—in other words, that they had completed their tunnel. But it was essential that they should use it soon, as it might be discovered, or the bullion might be removed. Saturday would suit them better than any other day, as it would give them two days for their escape. For all these reasons I expected them to come to-night."

"You reasoned it out beautifully," I exclaimed, in unfeigned admiration. "It is so long a chain, and yet every link rings true."

"It saved me from ennui," he answered, yawning. "Alas! I already feel it closing in upon me. My life is spent in one long effort to escape from the commonplaces of existence. These little problems help me to do so."

"And you are a benefactor of the race," said I.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, perhaps after all it is of some little use," he remarked. "'L'homme c'est rien—l'œuvre c'est tout,' as Gustave Flaubert wrote to George Sand."

THE BOWMEN'S SONG

From 'The White Company'

WHAT of the bow?
The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;
So men who are free
Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?
The cord was made in England:
A rough cord, a tough cord,
A cord that bowmen love;

So we'll drain our jacks
To the English flax
And the land where the hemp was wove.

What of the shaft?
The shaft was cut in England:
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true;
So we'll drink all together
To the gray goose feather,
And the land where the gray goose flew.

What of the men?
The men were bred in England:
The bowman — the yeoman —
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you — and to you!
To the hearts that are true
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

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HOLGER DRACHMANN

(1846–1908)

HOLGER DRACHMANN, born in Copenhagen October 9th, 1846, belongs to the writers characterized by Georg Brandes as «the men of the new era.»

Danish literature had stood high during the first half of the nineteenth century. In 1850 Oehlenschläger died. In 1870 there was practically no Danish literature. The reason for this may have been that after the new political life of 1848–9 and the granting of the Danish Constitution, politics absorbed all young talent, and men of literary tastes put themselves at the service of the daily press.

HOLGER DRACHMANN

In 1872 Georg Brandes gave his lectures on 'Main Currents in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century' at the University of Copenhagen. That same year Drachmann published his first collection of 'Poems,' and so began his extraordinary productivity of poems, dramas, and novels. Of these, his lyric poems are undoubtedly of the greatest value. His was a distinctly lyric temperament. The new school had chosen for its guide Brandes's teaching that «Literature, to be of significance, should discuss problems.» In view of this fact it is somewhat hard to understand why Drachmann should have been called a man of the new era. He never discussed problems. He always gave himself up unreservedly to the subject which at that special moment claimed his sympathy. Taken as a whole, therefore, his writings present a certain inconsistency. He showed himself alternately as socialist and royalist, realist and romanticist, freethinker and believer, cosmopolitan and national, according to the lyric enthusiasm of the moment. Independent of these changes, the one thing to be admired and enjoyed is his lyric feeling and the often exquisite form in which he presents it. His larger compositions, novels, and dramas do not show the same power over his subject.

If Drachmann discusses any problem, it is the problem Drachmann. He does this sometimes with what Brandes calls «a light and joking self-irony,» in a most sympathetic way. Brandes quotes one of Drach-

mann's early stories, where it is said of the hero:—«His name was really Palnatoke Olsen; a continually repeated discord of two tones, as he used to say.» Olsen is one of the most commonplace Danish names. Palnatoke is the name of one of the fiercest warriors of heathen antiquity, who, like a veritable Valhalla god, dared to oppose the terrible Danish king Harald Blaatand. When Olsen's parents gave him this name they unwittingly described their son, «forever drawn by two poles: one the plain Olsen, the other the hot-headed fiery Viking.» With this in mind, and considering Drachmann's literary works as a whole, one is irresistibly reminded of his friend and contemporary in Norway, Björnsterne Björnson. There is this difference between them, however, that if the irony of Palnatoke Olsen may be applied to both, one might for Drachmann use the abbreviation P. Olsen and for Björnson undoubtedly Palnatoke O.

It might be said of Drachmann, as Sauer said of the Italian poet Monti:—«Like a master in the art of appreciation, he knew how to give himself up to great time-stirring ideas; somewhat as a gifted actor throws himself into his part, with the full strength of his art, with an enthusiasm carrying all before it, and in the most expressive way; then when the part is played, lays it quietly aside and takes hold of something else.»

When a young man, Drachmann studied at the Academy of Arts in Copenhagen, and met with considerable success as a marine painter. His love for the Northern seas showed itself in his poetry and prose, and his descriptions of the sea and the life of the sailor and fisherman are of the truest and best yielded by his pen. He was the author of no less than forty-six volumes of poems, dramas, novels, short stories, and sketches, and of two unpublished dramas. His most important work is 'Forskrevet' (Condemned), which is largely autobiographical; his most attractive though not his strongest production is the opera 'Der Var Engang' (Once Upon a Time), founded on Andersen's 'The Swineherd,' with music by Sange Müller; his best poems and tales are those dealing with the sea. Among his later works are, (Den hellige Ild) (The Sacred Fire) 1899, an autobiographical volume in which he speaks in his own person, (Halfred Vandraadskjald) (1900), a lyrical drama, and (Det grönne Haab) (1903).

He made his home in Hamburg, where on October 10th, 1896, he celebrated his fiftieth birthday and his twenty-fifth «Author-Jubilee,» as the Danes call it. Among the features of the celebration were the sending of an enormous number of telegrams from Drachmann's admirers in Europe and America, and the performance of two of his plays, — one at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, the other at the Stadt Theatre in Altona. Drachmann died in Copenhagen, January 14th, 1908.

THE SKIPPER AND HIS SHIP

From 'Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone': copyright 1895, by Way and Williams, Chicago

THE Anna Dorothea, in the North Sea, was pounding along under shortened sail. The weather was thick, the air dense, there was a falling barometer.

It had been a short trip this time. Leroy and Sons, wine merchants of Havre, had made better offers than the old houses in Bordeaux. At each one of his later trips, Captain Spang had said it should be his last. He would "lay up" at home; he was growing too stout and clumsy for the sea, and now he must trust fully to Tönnes, his first mate. The captain's big broad face was flushed as usual; he always looked as if he were illuminated by a setting October sun; there was no change here—rather, the sunset tint was stronger. But Tönnes noted how the features, which he knew best in moments of simple good-nature and of sullen tumult, had gradually relaxed. He thought that it would indeed soon be time for his old skipper to "lay up"; yet perhaps a few trips might still be made.

"Holloa, Tönnes! let her go about before the next squall strikes her. She lies too dead on this bow."

The skipper had raised his head above the cabin stairs. As usual, he was in his shirt-sleeves, and his scanty hair fluttered in the wind. When he had warned his mate, he again disappeared in the cabin.

Tönnes gave the order to the man at the helm, and hurried to help at the main-braces. The double-reefed main-topsail swung about, the Anna Dorothea caught the wind somewhat sluggishly, and not without getting considerable water over her; then followed the fore-topsail, the reefed foresail, and the trysail. When the tacking was finished and the sails had again caught the wind, the trysail was torn from the boltropes with a loud crack.

The captain's head appeared again.

"We must close-reef!" said he.

The last reef was taken in; the storm came down and lashed the sea; the sky grew more and more threatening; the waves dashed over the deck at each plunge of the old bark in the sea. The old vessel, which had carried her captain for a generation, lay heavily on the water—Tönnes thought too heavily.

The second mate — the same who had played the accordion at the inn — came over to Tönnes.

"It was wrong to stow the china-clay at the bottom and the casks on top; she lies horribly dead, and I'm afraid we shall have to use the pumps."

"Yes, I said so to the old man, but he would have it that way," answered Tönnes. "We shall have a wet night."

"We shall, surely," said the second mate.

Tönnes crawled up to the helm and looked at the compass. Two men were at the helm — lashed fast. Tönnes looked up into the rigging and out to windward; then suddenly he cried, with the full force of his lungs: —

"Look out for breakers!"

Tönnes himself helped at the wheel; but the vessel only half answered the helm. The greater portion of the sea struck the bow, the quarter, and the bulwarks and stanchions amidship, so that they creaked and groaned. One of the men at the helm had grasped Tönnes, who would otherwise have been swept into the lee scupper. When the ship had righted from the terrible blow, the captain stood on the deck in his oilcloth suit.

"Are any men missing?" cried he, through the howling of the wind and the roaring of the water streaming fore and aft, unable to escape quickly enough through the scuppers.

The storm raged with undiminished fury. The crew — and amongst them Prussian, who had been promoted to be ship's-dog — by-and-by dived forward through the seething salt water and the fragments of wreck that covered the deck.

Now it was that the second mate was missing.

The captain looked at Tönnes, and then out on the wild sea. He scarcely glanced at the crushed long-boat; even if a boat could have been launched, it would have been too late. Tönnes and his skipper were fearless men, who took things as they were. If any help could have been given, they would have given it. But their eyes sought vainly for any dark speck amidst the foaming waves — and it was necessary to care for themselves, the vessel and the crew.

"God save his soul!" murmured Captain Spang.

Tönnes passed his hand across his brow, and went to his duty.

Evening set in; the wind increased rather than decreased.

"She is taking in water," said the captain, who had sounded the pumps.

Tönnes assented.

"We must change her course," said the captain. "She pitches too heavily in this sea."

The bark was held up to the wind as closely as possible. The pumps were worked steadily, but often got out of order on account of the china-clay, which mixed with the water down in the hold.

It was plain that the vessel grew heavier and heavier; her movements in climbing a wave were more and more dead.

During the night a cry arose: again one of the crew was washed overboard.

It was a long night and a wet one, as Tönnes had predicted. Several times the skipper dived down into the cabin — Tönnes knew perfectly well what for, but he said nothing. Few words were spoken on board the Anna Dorothea that night.

In the morning the captain, returning from one of his excursions down below, declared that the cabin was half full of water.

"We must watch for a sail," he said, abruptly and somewhat huskily.

Tönnes passed the word round amongst the crew. One might read on their faces that they were prepared for this, and that they had ceased to hope, although they had not stopped work at the pumps.

The whole of the weather bulwark, the cook's cabin and the long-boat, were crushed or washed away; the water could be heard below the hatches. While keeping a sharp lookout for sails, many an eye glanced at the yawl as the last resort. But on board Captain Spang's vessel the words were not yet spoken which carried with them the doom of the ship: "We are sinking!"

In the gray-white of the dawn a signal was to be hoisted; the bunting was tied together at the middle and raised half-mast high.

Both the captain and Tönnes had lashed themselves aft; for now the bark was but little better than a wreck, over which the billows broke incessantly, as the vessel, reeling like a drunken man, exposed herself to the violent attacks of the sea instead of parrying them.

"A sail to windward, captain!" cried Tönnes.

Captain Spang only nodded.

"She holds her course!" cried one of the crew excitedly.

"No," said Tönnes, quietly. "She has seen us, and is bearing down upon us!"

The captain again nodded.

«'Tis a brig!» cried one of the crew.

«A schooner-brig!» Tönnes corrected. «She carries her sails finely. I am sure she is a fruit-trader.»

At last the strange vessel was so near that they could see her deck each time she was thrown upon her side in the violent seething sea.

«Yes, 'tis the schooner-brig!» exclaimed Tönnes. «Do you remember, captain, the time when—»

Again Captain Spang nodded. He acted strangely. Tönnes looked sharply at him, and shook his head.

Now Tönnes hailed the vessel:—

«Help us!—We are sinking!»

At this moment two or three of the bark's crew rushed toward the yawl, although Tönnes warned them back.

Captain Spang seemed changed. Evidently some opposing feelings contended within him. Seeing the insubordination of the men, he only shrugged his shoulders, and let Tönnes take full charge.

The men were in the yawl, still hanging under the iron davits. Now they cut the ropes; the yawl touched the water. The crew of the other vessel gestured warningly; but it was too late. A sea seized the yawl with its small crew, and the next moment crushed it against the main chains of the bark. Their shipmates raised a cry, and rushed to help them; but help was impossible. Boat and crew had disappeared.

«Didn't I say so?» cried Tönnes, with flaming eyes.

Over there in the schooner-brig all was activity. From the Anna Dorothea they could plainly see how the captain gave his orders. He manœuvred his vessel like a true sailor. To board the wreck in such a sea would be madness. Therefore they unreeved two long lines and attached them to the long-boat, one on each side. Then they laid breeching under the boat, and hauled it up amidships by means of tackle. Taking advantage of a moment when their vessel was athwart the seas, they unloosed the tackle, and the boat swung out over the side; then they cut the breeching, the boat fell on the water aft, and now both lines were eased off quickly; while the brig caught the wind, the boat drifted toward the stern-sheets of the bark.

Tönnes was ready with a boat-hook, and connections were quickly made between the boat and the wreck.

«Quick now!» cried Tönnes. «Every man in the boat. No one takes his clothes with him! We may be thankful if we save our lives.»

The men were quickly over the stern-sheets and down in the boat. Prussian whined, and kept close to Captain Spang, who had not moved one step on the deck.

«Come, captain!» cried Tönnes, taking the skipper by the arm.

«What's the matter?» asked the old man angrily.

Tönnes looked at him. Prussian barked.

«We must get into the boat, captain. The vessel may sink at any moment. Come!»

The captain pressed his sou'wester down over his forehead, and glanced around his deck.

The men in the boat cried out to them to come.

«Well!» said Captain Spang, but with an air so absent-minded and a bearing so irresolute that Tönnes at last took a firm hold on him.

Prussian showed his teeth at his former master.

«You go first!» exclaimed Tönnes, snatching the dog and throwing him down to the men, who were having hard work to keep the boat from wrecking.

When the dog was no longer on the deck, it seemed as if Captain Spang's resistance was broken. Tönnes did not let go his hold on him; but the young mate had to use almost superhuman strength to get the heavy old man down over the vessel's side and placed on a seat in the boat.

As soon as they had observed from the brig that this had been done, they hauled in both lines. The boat moved back again; but it was a dangerous voyage, and all were obliged to lash themselves fast to the thwarts with ropes placed there for that purpose.

Captain Spang was like a child. Tönnes had to lash him to the seat. The old man sat with his face hidden in his hands, his back turned toward his ship, inactive, and seemingly unconscious of what took place around him.

At last, when after a hard struggle all were on the deck of the schooner-brig, her captain came forward, placed his hand on his old friend's shoulder, and said:—

«It is the second time, you see! Well, we all cling to life, and the vessel over there is pretty old.»

Captain Spang started. He scarcely returned his friend's hand-shaking.

"My vessel, I say! My papers! All that I have is in the vessel. I must go aboard, do you hear? I must go aboard. How could I forget?"

The other skipper and Tönnes looked at each other.

Captain Spang wrung his hands and stamped on the deck, his eyes fixed on his sinking vessel. She was still afloat; what did he care for the gale and the heavy sea? He belonged to the old school of skippers; he was bound to his vessel by ties longer than any life-line, heavier than any hawser; he had left his ship in a bewildered state, and had taken nothing with him that might serve to prove what he possessed and how long he had possessed it. His good old vessel was still floating on the water. He must, he would go there; if nobody would go with him, he would go alone.

All remonstrances were in vain.

Tönnes pressed the other skipper's hand.

"There is nothing else to be done. I know him," said he.

"So do I," was the answer.

Captain Spang and his mate were again in the boat. As they were on the point of starting, a loud whine and violent barking sounded from the deck, and Prussian showed his one eye over the railing.

"Stay where you are!" cried Tönnes. "We shall be back soon."

But the dog did not understand him. Perhaps he had his doubts; no one can say. He sprang overboard; Tönnes seized him by the ear, and hauled him into the boat.

And then the two men and the dog ventured back to the abandoned vessel.

This time the old man climbed on board without assistance.

Prussian whined in the boat.

"Throw that dog up to me!" cried the master.

Tönnes did so.

"Shall I come up and help you?" he called out.

"No, I can find my own way."

"But hurry, captain! do you understand?" said Tönnes, who anxiously noticed that the motions of the vessel were becoming more and more dangerous, while he needed all his strength to keep the boat clear of the wreck.

An answer came from the bark, but he could not catch it. In this moment Tönnes recalled the day when he rowed the captain out on the bay to the brig. His next thought was of Nanna. Oh, if she knew where they were!

And at this thought the mate's breast was filled with conflicting emotions. The dear blessed girl! — Oh, if her father would only come!

« Captain! » cried Tönnes; « Captain Spang! for God's sake, come! Leave those papers alone. The vessel is sinking. We may at any moment — »

He paused.

The captain stood at the stern-sheets. At his side was Prussian, squinting down into the boat. There was an entirely strange expression in Andreas Spang's face; a double expression — one moment hard and defiant, the next almost solemn.

The sou'wester had fallen from his old head. His scanty hairs fluttered in the wind. He held in his hand a parcel of papers and a coil of rope. He pointed toward the brig.

« There! » he cried, throwing the package and the rope down to Tönnes. « Give the skipper this new line for his trouble. He has used plenty of rope for us. You go back. I stay here. Give — my — love — to the girl at home. — You and she — You two — God bless you! »

« Captain! » cried Tönnes in affright; « you are sick; come, let me — »

He prepared to climb on board.

Captain Spang lifted his hand threateningly, and Prussian barked furiously.

« Stay down there, boy, I say! The vessel and I, we belong together. You shall take care of the girl. Good-by! »

The Anna Dorothea rolled heavily over on one side, righted again, and then began to plunge her head downwards, like a whale that, tired of the surface, seeks rest at the bottom. The crew of the brig hauled in the lines of the boat. Tossed on the turbid sea, Tönnes saw his old skipper leaning against the helm, the dog at his side. His gray hairs fluttered in the wind as if they wafted a last farewell; and down with vessel and dog went the old skipper — down into the wild sea that so long had borne him on its waves.

THE PRINCE'S SONG

From 'Once Upon a Time'

PRINCESS, I come from out a land that lieth —
I know not in what arctic latitude:
Though high in the bleak north, it never sigheth
For sunny smiles; they wait not to be wooed.
Our privilege we know: the bright half-year
Illumines sea and shore with sunlit glory;
In twilight then our fertile fields we ear,
And round our brows we twine a wreath of story.

When winter decks with frost the bearded oak.
In songs and sagas we our youth recover;
Around the hearthstone crowd the listening folk,
While on the wall mysterious shadows hover.
The summer night, suffused with loving glow,
The future, dawning in a golden chalice,
Enkindles hope in hearts of high and low,
From peasant's cottage to the royal palace.

The snow of winter spreads o'er hill and valley
Its soft and silken blue-white veil of sleep;
The springtime bids the green-clad earth to rally,
When through the budding leaves the sunbeams peep.
The autumn brings fresh breezes from the ocean
And paints the lad's fair cheeks a rosy red;
The maiden's heart is stirred with new emotion,
When summer's fragrance o'er the world is spread.

To roam in our fair land is like a dream,
Through these still woods, renowned in ancient story,
Along the shores, deep-mirrored in the gleam
Of fjords that shine beneath the sky's blue glory.
Upon the meadows where the flowers bloom
The elfin maidens hide themselves in slumbers,
But soon along the lakes where shadows gloom
In every bosky nook they'll dance their numbers.

There are no frowning crags on our green mountains,
No dark, forbidding cliffs where gorges yawn;
The streams flow gently seaward from their fountains,
As through the silent valley steals the dawn.

Here nature smoothes the rugged, tames the savage.
  And men born here in victory are kind,
Forbearing still the foeman's land to ravage,
  And in defeat they bear a steadfast mind.

I'm proud of land, of kindred, and of nation,
  I'm proud my home is where the waters flow;
Afar I see in golden radiation
  My native land like sun through amber glow.
Its warmth revives my heart, however lonely:
  Forgive me, Princess, if my soul's aflame,—
But rather be at home, a beggar only,
  Than, exiled thence, have universal fame.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

(1795–1820)

CONSPICUOUS among the young poets, essayists, and journalists, who made up literary New York in the early part of the century, was Joseph Rodman Drake, the friend of Halleck, and the best beloved perhaps of all that brilliant group. Hardly known to this generation save by 'The Culprit Fay' and 'The American Flag,' Drake was essentially a true poet and a man of letters. His work was characteristic of his day. He had a certain amount of classical knowledge, a certain eighteenth-century grace and style, yet withal, an instinctive Americanism which flowered out into our first true national literature. The group of writers among whom were found Irving, Halleck, Willis, Dana, Hoffman, Verplanck, Brockden Brown, and a score of others, reflected that age in which they sought their literary models. With the exception of Poe, who belonged to a somewhat later time and whose genius was purely subjective, much of the production of these Americans followed the lines of their English predecessors,—Johnson, Goldsmith, Addison, and Steele. It is only in their deeper moments of thought and feeling that there sounds that note of love of country, of genuine Americanism, which gives their work individuality, and which will keep their memory green.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

Drake was born in New York, in August 1795. He was descended from the same family as the great admiral of Elizabethan days, the American branch of which had served their country honorably both in colonial and Revolutionary times. The scenes of his boyhood were the same as those that formed the environment of Irving, memories of which are scattered thick through the literature of the day. New York was still a picturesque, hospitable, rural capital, the centre of the present town being miles distant in the country. The best families were all intimately associated in a social life that was cultivated and refined at the same time that it was gay and unconventional; and in this society Drake occupied a place which his lovable qualities and fine talents must have won, even had it been

denied him by birth. He was a precocious boy, for whom a career was anticipated by his friends while he was yet a mere child; and when he met Halleck, in his eighteenth year, he had already won some reputation.

The friendship of Drake and Halleck was destined to prove infinitely valuable to both. A discussion between Cooper, Halleck, and Drake, upon the poetic inspiration of American scenery, prompted Drake to write 'The Culprit Fay'—a poem without any human character. This he completed in three days, and offered it as the argument on his side. The scene of the poem is laid in the Highlands of the Hudson, but Drake added many pictures suggested by memories of Long Island Sound, whose waters he haunted with boat and rod. He apologized for this by saying that the purposes of poetry alone could explain the presence so far up the Hudson of so many salt-water emigrants. 'The Culprit Fay' is a creation of pure fancy, full of delicate imagery, and handled with an ethereal lightness of touch. Its exquisite grace, its delicate coloring, its prodigality of charm, explain its immediate popularity and its lasting fame. But the Rip Van Winkle legend is a far more genuine product of fancy.

Drake's few shorter lyrics throb with genuine poetic feeling, and show the loss sustained by literature in the author's early death. Best known of these is 'The American Flag,' which appeared in the Evening Post as one of a series of *jeux d'esprit*, the joint productions of Halleck and Drake, who either alternated in the composition of the numbers or wrote them together. The last four lines only of 'The American Flag' are Halleck's. The entire series appeared between March and July, 1819, under the signature of "The Croakers." Literary New York was mystified as to the authorship of these skits, which hit off the popular fads, follies, and enthusiasms of the day with so easy and graceful a touch. Politics, music, the drama, and domestic life alike furnished inspiration for the numbers; some of whose titles, as 'A Sketch of a Debate in Tammany' and 'The Battery War,' suggest the local political issues of the present day. There is now in existence a handsome edition of these verses, with the names of the authors of the several pieces appended, and in the case of the joint ownership with the initials D. and H. subscribed.

Drake's complete poems were not published during his lifetime. Sixteen years after his death by consumption in his twenty-sixth year, his daughter issued a volume dedicated to Halleck, in which were included the best specimens of her father's work. Many of the lesser known verses indicate his true place as a poet. In the touching poem 'Abelard to Eloise,' in the third stanza of 'The American Flag,' and in innumerable beautiful lines scattered throughout his work, appears a genuine inspiration.

In his own day, Drake filled a place which his death left forever vacant. His rare and winning personality, his generous friendships, his joy in life, and his courage in the contemplation of his inevitable fate, still appeal to a generation to whom they are but traditions. The exquisite monody in which Halleck celebrated his loss, links their names and decorates their friendship with imperishable garlands.

A WINTER'S TALE

From 'The Croakers'

«A merry heart goes all the way,
A sad one tires in a mile-a.»
—WINTER'S TALE.

THE man who frets at worldly strife
Grows sallow, sour, and thin;
Give us the lad whose happy life
Is one perpetual grin:
He, Midas-like, turns all to gold;
He smiles when others sigh;
Enjoys alike the hot and cold,
And laughs through wet and dry.

There's fun in everything we meet;
The greatest, worst, and best
Existence is a merry treat,
And every speech a jest:
Be 't ours to watch the crowds that pass
Where mirth's gay banner waves;
To show fools through a quizzing glass,
And bastinade the knaves.

The serious world will scold and ban,
In clamor loud and hard,
To hear Meigs* called a Congressman,
And Paulding called a bard:
But come what may, the man's in luck
Who turns it all to glee,
And laughing, cries with honest Puck,
«Good Lord! what fools ye be!»

* Henry Meigs of New York, a Congressman from 1819 to 1821 in the Sixteenth Congress.

THE CULPRIT FAY

My visual orbs are purged from film, and lo!
  Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales,
I see old Fairyland's miraculous show!
  Her trees of tinsel kissed by freakish gales,
Her ouphs that, cloaked in leaf-gold, skim the breeze,
  And fairies, swarming. . . . . .
—TENNANT'S 'ANSTER FAIR'

'TIS the middle watch of a summer's night
  The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
  Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest;
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
  And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
  In an eel-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still;
  The bat in the shelvy rock is hid;
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
    Of the gauze-winged katydid;
And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
  Ever a note of wail and woe.
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
  And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;

He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
  Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
  And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell)
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
  From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
  And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
  They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
  Had slumbered there till the charmèd hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
  With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
  And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
  Above, below, on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
  In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup;—
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.

For this the shadowy tribes of air
  To the elfin court must haste away:
And now they stand expectant there,
  To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
  Hung the burnished canopy—
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
  Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment seat;
  On his brow the crown imperial shone;
The prisoner fay was at his feet,
  And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
  He looked around and calmly spoke,
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
  But his voice in a softened accent broke:—

"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark:
  Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
  And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
  In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye;
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
  And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.
But well I know her sinless mind
  Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
  Such as a spirit well might love;
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment:
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider, huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly:

These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
Now list, and mark our mild decree—
Fairy, this your doom must be:—

«Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms;
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might:
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

«If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away;
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye:
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,—
Thou must re-illume its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!»

The goblin marked his monarch well;
He spake not, but he bowed him low.
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long; he cannot fly;
His soilèd wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high
For many a sore and weary hour.
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dern,

Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;
Now o'er the violet's azure flush
  He skips along in lightsome mood;
And now he thrids the bramble-bush,
  Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the brier,
He has swum the brook and waded the mire,
Till his spirits sank and his limbs grew weak,
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
  For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
  And he laughed as he jumped upon her back:
He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,
  He lashed her sides with an osier thong.
And now, through evening's dewy mist,
  With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

. . . . . .

Up, fairy! quit thy chickweed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour;
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streaking of the skies—
Up! thy charmèd armor don;
Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

He put his acorn helmet on:
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down;
The corselet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his firefly steed;
  He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
  And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf and hid her there;
The katydid forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito checked his drone
And folded his wings till the fay was gone,
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
  They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
  And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;
Many a time, on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear, and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
  They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,
When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,
And the needle-shaft through air was borne,
  Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing.
And now they deemed the courier ouphe
  Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground;
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
  That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the firefly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind,
He flung a glittering spark behind;
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.
  But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast;
  He cannot see through the mantle murk;
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast;
  Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed, and spurs amain—
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
  And flame-shot tongues around him played,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,

And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare.
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew;
  He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
  And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind;
Howling the misty spectres flew;
  They rend the air with frightful cries;
For he has gained the welkin blue,
  And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

Up to the cope careering swift,
  In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
  Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
  The spherèd moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
  On a sheet of azure cast.
Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
  To tread the starry plain of even!
To meet the thousand eyes of night,
  And feel the cooling breath of heaven!
But the elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the Milky Way;
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

Sudden along the snowy tide
  That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
  Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
Around the fay they weave the dance,
  They skip before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
  And one upholds his bridle rein;
With warblings wild they lead him on
  To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars, resplendent shone
  The palace of the sylphid queen.

Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush;
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon,
The white and feathery fleece of noon.

. . . . . .

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
Northward away he speeds him fast,
And his courser follows the cloudy wain
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
The clouds roll backward as he flies,
Each flickering star behind him lies,
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his firefly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
  But it rocks in the summer gale;
And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
  And now 'tis deadly pale;
And now 'tis wrapped in sulphur-smoke,
  And quenched is its rayless beam;
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
  It bursts in flash and flame.
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
  That the storm spirit flings from high,
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
  As it fell from the sheeted sky.
As swift as the wind in its train behind
  The elfin gallops along:
The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,
  But the sylphid charm is strong;
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
  While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
  And rides in the light of its rays.

But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
  And caught a glimmering spark;
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
  And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
  Elf of eve! and starry fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
  Hither, hither, wend your way;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
  Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
  Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
  With dance and song, and lute and lyre;
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
  And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
  Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
  Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
  He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
  He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
  The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing and dance and play,
  Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark! from tower on tree-top high,
  The sentry elf his call has made;
A streak is in the eastern sky;
  Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in Morning's spring,
The skylark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,—
The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave unto his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on:
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where the sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;—

Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
  And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
  That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
  By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

THE DRAMA OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY FRANK W. CHANDLER

BEFORE the close of the last century it was apparent that a revolution had occurred in the dramatic world. This revolution, induced by the scientific spirit and the influence of potent personalities, involved a departure from tradition, a return to nature, and an endeavor to envisage contemporary life without fear or favor. Just as Ibsen had preached truth and freedom for the individual, so critics and playwrights were now seeking truth and freedom for the stage. André Antoine gave the first impulse to the new theatrical movement by providing unconventional plays for subscribers interested in something besides frivolous pastime. His Théâtre Libre (1887–1894) introduced to Parisians Ibsen, Björnson, Tolstoy, Hauptmann, and many native playwrights hitherto unknown. Its success, moreover, inspired similar undertakings, from the Théâtre de l'Œuvre of Lugné-Poë, the stage of the symbolists, and the Théâtre d'Art Social, the stage of the anarchists, to the Independent Theatre of London, opened in 1891 by J. T. Grein, and the Berlin Freie Bühne, established in 1889 under the direction of Otto Brahm. Other experimental theatres followed, — the Deutsche Bühne, the Fresko-Bühne, the Vienna Verein für modernes Leben, and Max Halbe's Intimes Theater in Munich, reinforced by attempts to appeal to the masses through a free folk-stage, spreading from Berlin to Hamburg and Vienna.

In London, the Independent Theatre, after wooing naturalism for a year or two, turned to symbolism and Maeterlinck, and then gave way to the more important Stage Society, organized by Frederick Whelen in 1899. A year earlier William Butler Yeats, in emulation of the enterprises of Antoine and Grein, had founded the Irish National Theatre Society in Dublin; from which there emerged, in 1903, the Abbey Theatre, leased for the society by Miss Horniman. Similar repertory theatres sprang up in Cork and Belfast, in Glasgow and Manchester; and in London, in 1904, the New Century Theatre was opened under the direction of J. E. Vedrenne and Granville Barker. This developed into the Court Theatre, which gave plays by Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, and Schnitzler, and fostered the efforts of Yeats, Hankin, Galsworthy, and Shaw. In America, interest in a more vital stage found expression in the native pieces of Herne, in the critical work of professors at Columbia, Yale, and Harvard, in the foundation of a repertory theatre in Chicago, and of the ambitious New Theatre, opened in 1909 in New York. The failure of this venture

after three seasons, and of the Duke of York's Repertory Theatre after one, could not quench the ardor of the reformers. As a result, all sorts and conditions of experimental stages have arisen, from the movable Portmanteau Theatre of Stuart Walker, to the great and flourishing Moscow Art Theatre of Nemirovitch-Dantschenko.

First and last, the movement has been productive of beneficial results. The evils of the long run and the star system have been made manifest. Opportunity has been afforded to break from old artifices, and from slavery to the demands of commercial managers and an unintelligent public. A premium has been placed upon novelty of conception, composition, staging, and acting. The over-elaborate realism fashionable in stage settings in the 'nineties has been refined and counterbalanced by an impressionism both decorative and suggestive. Within a few years, moreover, as a result of the efforts of Antoine and his successors, the fundamentals of dramaturgic art have been subject to revision.

Not long since, the physical conditions of the theatre were accepted as determining the drama, a fact reiterated by critics of the school of Walkley, Matthews, and Hamilton. Now, the dramatist and the scenic artist are themselves engaged in determining theatrical conditions, as witness the achievements in this direction of Craig, Reinhardt, Barker, Bakst, Stanislawsky, and Ordynski. But recently the law of crowd-psychology was supposed to make of the dramatist merely an echo of the sentiments of a mob, sentiments necessarily more primitive and less intellectual than those of the individuals composing it. Now, the dramatist does not hesitate to dictate ideas to his audience, frankly assuming it to be within his power and province to shape their opinions. Once, the elements of conflict and crisis were held to be indispensable to the drama, a doctrine of late upheld by Brunetière and Archer. But an increasing number of plays minimize crisis and conflict, shifting the struggle to the inner life, claiming our interest for the passive hero, and sometimes substituting for the tension of wills mere spectacle or mood.

Thus the drama has grown novelistic, departing from its old reliance upon striking situations and close-knit plot, ceasing often to follow an action to a climax or any definite conclusion. Sometimes it is expanded to describe the traits and doings of a family in several generations; sometimes it is concentric rather than progressive; frequently, it degenerates into mere discussion. Its stage-directions, too, have taken color from the novel, replacing the stage-manager's jargon with illuminating literary comment by the playwright. This change is due in part to the sudden demand in all countries for plays to be read, a demand first excited by the works of Ibsen; but it is also evidence of a tendency to draw closer together the novel and the drama, an extreme example of which is afforded in the Sea Gull Theatre of Moscow. Here

chapters from ‹Don Quixote,› ‹The Pickwick Papers,› and ‹The Brothers Karamasoff› are read aloud by an elocutionist, who pauses at intervals that suitable portions of the action and dialogue may be represented as they stand, without formal dramatization.

Obviously, the present is a time of experimentation for playwrights. One departs from the chronological order, building his drama backwards. Another obliterates divisions into acts, and holds to the unities. Still others defy the unities, leaping lightly over bounds of time and place, influenced in part by the technic of the moving picture which promises to lend to the legitimate drama increased elasticity. Fantastic dreams are acted out as romantic interludes within pieces that are matter-of-fact. Prologues and epilogues are put to new uses, and the ancient parabasis is revived. There are grave or sportive exercises in symbolism, hit-or-miss conversations exploiting a thesis, and lurid glimpses of low-life repulsively naturalistic. There are static studies of the family, and dynamic studies of a social caste, plays with a hero never seen, and those without a hero, each act shifting to a fresh group of persons. There is the short piece written wholly in monologue; the pantomime; the full-length drama developed by means of only three characters; and the play that gives the lie to dramatic tradition by omitting every *scène à faire.* There are ingenious attempts to duplicate the machinery of the Oriental or the mediæval stage, to cultivate the out-of-door production, and to develop pageantry, with all its accessories of poetry, costume, music, dance, and panoramic setting.

The most noteworthy technical product of the new drama is the one-act play. Thanks to the efforts of Maeterlinck, Strindberg, Sudermann, Schnitzler, Lady Gregory, Barrie, Middleton, Shaw, and a score of others, its rise has been rapid. Ibsen, when he revealed by successive unveilings a complex antecedent series of events, prepared for this art. He showed that the tragedy of a lifetime might be implied in the dialogue of twenty minutes. A hurried age, seeking its pleasures in a form brief and concentrated, had found satisfaction in the short-story. Playwrights turned by analogy to the dramatized anecdote, mood, or crisis. Already, the popularity of vaudeville, with its disconnected «acts,» had assured attention for little plays to be relished by an audience tired of mere jokes and jugglery. In England, moreover, the curtain-raiser had been devised as an expedient for entertaining those in the pit before the principal drama of an evening could begin, with the arrival in the stalls of the late diners. But not until the opening of the free theatres did the market for one-act plays really thrive. The managers found that laughter, thrills, and tears might be excited at one performance, not by including the comic, the terrible, and the pathetic in a single extensive work, but rather by presenting of an evening three or four pieces, each distinctive in tone and more readily composed and produced. Playwrights, afraid to try their

wings in a long flight, were thus tempted to short swallow dips of drama, the Irish in particular gaining self-confidence through such efforts. Certain writers, too, like Strindberg, Schnitzler, and Dunsany, discovered that their talents were peculiarly adapted to this form, with its focusing and foreshortening of effects. The possibility of linking brief pieces in a series was realized by Schnitzler, Sudermann, and others, and certain theatres like the Grand Guignol in Paris and the Princess in New York have made an exclusive specialty of plays in one act. In Spain this form has enjoyed peculiar popularity ever since the Apolo Theatre of Madrid, in 1880, began the practice of giving short pieces of an evening before successive audiences. Dramatists like the Quintero brothers, Rusiñol, Martínez Sierra, and Benavente have helped to render flexible and delicate what was once rough farce; and the two-act play has also been evolved as a special form in the Lara Theatre of Madrid.

Aside from such changes in technic as have just been indicated, the recent drama exhibits new conceptions of tragedy and comedy and of the civic importance of the theatre. As for tragedy, in place of a simple scheme of transgression and retribution, implying a belief in free will and a fixed moral law, the newer dramatist presents man suffering as the result of natural forces operating to check or deflect his will. He is a creature of his race, his milieu, his moment, to use the terms of Taine; a victim of heredity and environment, of the conventions and social institutions which he has devised to serve him, but which fail to keep pace with his progress. As for comedy, instead of depicting manners or exaggerating inconsistencies of character alone, the newer dramatist turns topsy-turvy our accepted codes of conduct, displaying their incongruities, assailing the old, as Aristophanes once assailed the new, wielding the lash of satire upon ideals ostensibly revered but tyrannous because outworn.

In the best comedy and tragedy, therefore, may be felt a deeper purpose, an assumption that the theatre is a force of civic and educational significance. This conception, most fully understood in Germany and France, is meeting recognition elsewhere. Playwrights and the theatre-going public are taking themselves more seriously; the public striving to develop intelligent appreciation through study clubs, university courses, and drama leagues; playwrights striving to deal frankly with the manifold problems and tendencies of the moment. The drama of ideas, cultivated by Ibsen, has been used increasingly as an instrument of social reform. The demand that the theatre, not only reflect the actual, but make us think and feel what is wrong with the conditions of our individual and collective living, has found a response in the art of Tolstoy, Björnson, Hauptmann, Shaw, Galsworthy, Brieux, and a hundred others. That the drama of social intentions may sacrifice æsthetic to didactic values is evident. Nevertheless, it

represents a vital development based upon the conviction that art is worthy, not merely in itself, but as an interpretation of life.

Scandinavia

No playwright of modern times except Shakespeare has so far determined the stage productions of others as Ibsen. He has influenced the new drama in three directions — toward naturalism, toward intellectualism, and toward symbolism. The naturalists were inspired by his choice of the contemporary and the provincial, by his avoidance of intrigue and the theatric, by his reliance upon discussion, by his emphasis, also, upon heredity and environment as fate. The intellectualists were inspired by his economy of technic, by the skill with which he incorporated ideas with plot and character, by his transferring the crisis from the outer to the inner life, and by his method of unveiling, as the play proceeds, a condition already existent. The symbolists were inspired by Ibsen's power of supplementing a natural story with allegorical suggestions, chiefly decorative, or of fusing symbolism with realism in his more ambitious plays. It is not too much to say, therefore, that, although Ibsen's last work had been acted by 1900, and his earlier manifesto pieces seem already a little old-fashioned, he continues a potent factor in determining the dramatic drift of the twentieth century.

Less exclusively a dramatist was Ibsen's Norwegian compatriot, Björnsterne Björnson, who survived until 1910. He was concerned with concrete issues rather than with abstract doctrines, and his work for the stage was but one activity of a many-sided life. Having forsaken the romantic for the realistic, he wrote plays of honest workmanship, common sense, and kindly humor, one group consisting of family and domestic pieces, another of pieces of social criticism advocating special reforms. His finest achievement was the first part of ‹Beyond Our Power,› a rational yet reverential study of religious faith and its limitations. Altogether, Björnson is a preacher of the homely, old-fashioned virtues. He is not in thought or technic the prophet of a new dispensation.

The chief point of contact between Björnson and August Strindberg, the Swede, may be found in the distrust of the new woman expressed by both. Strindberg, however, reacts abnormally against the feminist movement in a series of intense and terrible plays which reflect the states of mind of a monomaniac. As one who was subject to violent attractions and repulsions of sex, he suffered misery from three mismatings. His resultant philosophy of love is best expressed by the fantastic ‹Dream Play,› wherein he conceives of passion as a cosmic force enslaving, not man alone, but the Divine Energy. But even when his subject-matter grows too morbid for universality, Strindberg

remains technically significant as a prime-mover in developing sensational naturalism, symbolism, and the art of the one-act play.

The leader of the younger dramatists of Denmark is Hjalmar Bergström. His ‹Ida's Wedding› and ‹Karen Borneman› uphold the rights of the new woman; ‹In the Swim› depicts political honesty assailed by compromise; and ‹Lynggaard and Company› arrays against each other the forces of capital and labor. More original is the Icelander, Jóhann Sigurjonsson, whose initial piece, ‹Dr Rung,› is less characteristic of his talent for displaying the stark emotions of primitive life than the later ‹Hraun Farm,› ‹Eyvind of the Hills,› and ‹The Wish.›

Russia

In Russia the first impulse toward the development of the new drama issued from Tolstoy, whose ‹Power of Darkness› became a favorite in the repertory of the Free Theatres. His other plays, with two exceptions, were written toward the end of his career, and with marked didactic purpose. Tolstoy's genius, like that of Zola, was epic rather than dramatic. His personality, however, was such as to compel attention even when seeking expression through an unfamiliar medium. More novelistic in tendency are the dramas of Anton Chekhov, studies in background and passive character. To express the defeat of human desires and ambitions is his province, and nowhere is he more successful than in ‹The Three Sisters,› ‹Uncle Vanya,› and ‹The Cherry Orchard.› Although his forte lay in reproducing that sense of discouragement amid the commonplace which marks much of Russian literature, he was not without humor, as witness several farces. Maxim Gorky, whose fame, like that of Tolstoy, was won in the realm of fiction, has written one play widely produced, ‹The Night Refuge,› an exemplar of naturalism at its crudest. In such dramas as ‹The Smug Citizen,› and ‹Children of the Sun,› he offers less of conflict and color, and more of the black-and-white etching of middle-class life to be found in Chekhov.

The most original of contemporary Russian dramatists is Leonid Andreyev, who would dispense with action and the representation of manners, developing his conceptions by means of weird and haunting symbols. Thus, ‹The Life of Man› follows the career of any man, according to the method of the morality plays; ‹The Black Masquers› is a tragedy of dual personality inspired by Poe and Maeterlinck; ‹To the Stars› reveals the attitude toward things human and transient of an astronomer accustomed to view life *sub specie æternitatis;* and ‹Anathema› is reminiscent of ‹Faust› and ‹Job,› the Power of Evil gambling with Destiny for the privilege of testing the soul of a peasant. In certain plays, Andreyev has displayed a vein of satire, his ‹Sabine Women› referring with Aristophanic humor to the events of 1905 and 1906 in Russia, and his ‹Savva› thrusting at Nihilism. Here

when dealing with facts, he transmutes them by allegory, as in his strange ‹Sorrows of Belgium,› which seeks to arouse sympathy for a stricken land.

Symbolism on the Russian stage has found a lesser exponent in Feodor Sologub, who writes mystical pieces, graceful and ingenious, though lacking the fiery imagination of Andreyev. More realistic are the few plays of Michael Artzybashev, better known for his erotic novel ‹Sanine.› In ‹War› he exhibits the life of a Russian family as affected by the conflict of 1914, the central figure a mild matron of Ephesus who, upon her husband's return from the front as a cripple, falls into an admirer's embrace. Men and women must obey their instinct for life, according to Artzybashev, who is Nietzschean in thought, although artistically the heir of Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy.

Hungary, Poland, and Holland

The recent drama of the Magyar, Czech, and Pole is derivative rather than original, and of slight comparative value. The Hungarian Ferenc Molnār has attracted attention by two plays, ‹The Devil,› which proved the sensation of a season in America, and ‹The Guardsman,› a comedy played in English under the title ‹Where Ignorance is Bliss.› In Bohemia, Emil Frida (Jaroslav Vrchlicky) has acquainted his people with the themes and dramaturgy of the Germans and the French in thirty plays, the best known being ‹At the Chasm› and ‹Night on the Karlstein.› Peasant dramas in the naturalistic vein have been composed by Subert and Gabriela Preisz, and dramas of the working folk by Simaczek. A strain of romance appears in Jaroslav Kvapil, whose charming idyl ‹The Clouds› describes the fleeting love affair of an actress and a youth destined for the priesthood. In the Polish theatre a romantic and symbolic tendency may also be observed as a result of the influence of Hauptmann, whose ‹Sunken Bell› is heard to toll again in Lucyan Rydell's ‹The Magic Circle.›

In Holland the chief contributor to the new drama is Hermann Heijermans, Junior, a naturalist affected by German influence. In ‹The Ghetto› he presents a conflict between Jew and Gentile, and between the older generation and the younger. In ‹The Ship of Good Hope› he develops a motive from Ibsen's ‹Pillars of Society,› and approximates the situation of the stricken mother in Synge's ‹Riders to the Sea.› In ‹Ora et Labora,› not the ocean, but winter is shown as man's enemy; and in ‹The Coat of Mail› militarism is assailed from the point of view of the workers who regard it as a tool for the oppression of the poor by the rich. Finally, in ‹All Souls,› Heijermans satirizes the bigotry that persecutes a village pastor charitable to an outcast woman and her child. Fidelity of observation and a certain fatalism mark all these studies in Dutch *genre*-painting.

Germany

In Germany the rise of naturalism and the succeeding recoil is best seen in the dramas of Gerhart Hauptmann, one of the organizers of the Freie Bühne of Berlin. Such plays as ‹Before Sunrise,› ‹The Festival of Peace,› and ‹The Weavers,› exhibiting the potency of heredity and environment to crush the individual, introduced a new form of art, intended by its photographic reproduction of life to startle thought. In these and other early works Hauptmann showed the suffering induced by misalliance, ambition thwarted, industrial unrest, and the struggle for existence among the lowly. In ‹Hannele,› he brightened naturalism with imagination by depicting the dream of a child dying in an almshouse; and, after the failure of ‹Florian Geyer,› resorted to folk-lore and symbolism in the fantastic and beautiful ‹Sunken Bell,› voicing his discouragement with his former methods, and grappling, also, with the eternal problem of the artist torn between duty and desire for self-expression. But Hauptmann had by no means forsaken naturalism. Like his Heinrich, he was henceforth a creature both of the valley and the mountain-tops. With eyes fixed upon the valley, he wrote his powerful play of peasant psychology, ‹Teamster Henschel,› and such pieces as ‹Schluck and Jau,› ‹Michael Kramer,› ‹The Conflagration,› ‹Rose Bernd,› ‹The Rats,› and ‹The Flight of Gabriel Schilling,› — the last bearing traces of the influence of Strindberg. ‹The Rats› is of interest, not only as a study of primitive instincts among the folk of the Berlin slums, but as containing Hauptmann's apology for naturalism: «Before art, as before the law,» says one character, «all men are equal.» At the same time, the dramatist had aspired to the mountain tops in romantic works that include the poetic rendering of legends mediæval or classical; as well as his dream-play ‹Elga,› and the elaborate symbolic experiment ‹And Pippa Dances,› inferior in poetic charm and consistency of story to ‹The Sunken Bell,› yet ingenious in its philosophic implications.

Hermann Sudermann, who made his début in the year of Hauptmann's first appearance as a dramatist, was not allied with the theorists of naturalism, although employing their methods. Under the influence of Ibsen and Dumas, he showed a respect for intrigue foreign to Hauptmann, as witness ‹Honor,› ‹Magda,› and ‹The Joy of Living.› ‹Magda,› in particular, has achieved international success, in its portrayal of the conflict between ideals of city and town, of the younger generation and the older. More radically an individualist than Ibsen's Nora, Magda is a rebel against paternal authority and the notion that marriage is woman's cure for wounded honor.

In his latest work — ‹The Beggar of Syracuse› and ‹The Praises of Claudian› — he follows the vogue of legendary drama that marks the subsidence of naturalism, just as earlier he obeyed that of the one-act

play by linking three such pieces in ‹Morituri› and four in ‹Roses.› It is usual in Germany to discount Sudermann's attainments and to regard him as merely a man of the theatre. But although he lacks Hauptmann's creative power, and Ibsen's philosophic creed, he is an artist of no mean talent and an expert painter of manners and character.

The closest analogue to Sudermann is Ludwig Fulda, who has responded even more easily to every gust of fashion. Beginning with satirical comedies in the manner of Heyse, he reacted to naturalism in ‹The Lost Paradise,› and ‹The Female Slave,› setting forth a struggle of the classes and the revolt of an oppressed wife. Then, turning to romance, he composed his *märchen* dramas, ‹The Talisman› — a delightful satire upon the divine right of kings — and the less successful ‹Son of the Caliph.› Amusing comedies followed, among them ‹Robinson's Island,› a forerunner in situation and idea of Barrie's ‹Admirable Crichton.› Then, having failed in a verse tragedy ‹Herostrat,› Fulda tried serious dramas in prose, one-act plays, translations of Ibsen and Rostand, and light comedies such as ‹The Blockhead› and ‹The Twin Sister.› In all his work, he has combined fidelity of observation with free fancy, continuing the tradition of Grillparzer. He is an agreeable moralist and a facile poet.

The drift from naturalism toward romanticism may be observed as well in the plays of Carl Hauptmann, Gerhart's younger brother. Originally a philosopher, he has retained his fondness for the subtleties of soul, whether dealing with peasants or with heroes. Love of the soil and sexual passion are the themes of his dramas of naturalism, ‹Ephraims Breite,› ‹The Expulsion,› and ‹Lanky Jule.› As a romanticist, he has written curious chronicle pieces — ‹Moses› and ‹Napoleon Bonaparte,› — one-act experiments, poetical tales, and a spectral phantasmagoria called ‹War — a Tedeum,› which in wildness of fancy vies with ‹The Dream Play› of Strindberg and the symbolic nightmares of Andreyev.

Less artificial than Sudermann, and more intent upon structural consistency than either Carl or Gerhart Hauptmann, is Max Halbe, the West Prussian, who has composed historical dramas, ‹The Conqueror› and ‹The True Countenance,› and symbolic comedies, ‹May Day,› ‹The Island of the Blest,› and ‹The Blue Mountains,› concerned with the effect upon the artist of his surroundings. Halbe, however, is at his best only as a naturalist, when he shows with vital power conflicts between fathers and children, as in ‹The Self-made Man› and ‹The Ice Drift,› or between brothers, as in ‹The Stream›; or displays the influence upon a family-group of heredity and environment, as in ‹Youth›; or studies the radical woman and her problems, as in ‹Frau Mesick,› ‹Mother Earth,› and ‹The Homeless Ones›; or unfolds the attachment of man for his holdings in nature, as in ‹The Ice Drift,› ‹Mother Earth,› ‹The Stream,› and ‹The Rosenhagens.›

Nature, indeed, is often Halbe's protagonist, his dramas exhibiting men struggling to possess her, or being drawn back to her from other allegiances, or becoming in storm and flood her victims. With keenest insight he lays bare the primitive instincts of those who dwell on the land, revealing peasant character in all its aspects, even the abnormal, as in ‹The Millennium.› If his persons frequently resort to suicide, or perish in futile contentions with fate, they are stronger than the folk of Hauptmann, and the dramatic crises of their lives are rarely sacrificed, as with him, to a passive naturalism.

Aside from the major writers already named, the contemporary German drama is rich in minor craftsmen distinguished for some special service. Thus Georg Hirschfeld applies naturalist methods to the middle-classes of Berlin, his earlier pieces, ‹At Home,› ‹The Mothers,› and ‹Agnes Jordan,› being superior to those written later, when he turned to comedy and the *märchen* drama. A tendency to weaken conflicts and to dwell upon resignation rather than will has earned him the title of the German Chekhov. Two Bavarians, Ludwig Thoma and Otto Erich Hartleben, excel in satire, Otto Erich indulging in good-natured fun, as in ‹Angele› and ‹The Moral Demand,› or in serious protest, as in ‹Hanne Jagert,› concerned with feminism, or ‹Farewell to the Regiment› and ‹The Month of Roses,› concerned with military honor. More vigorous and bitter is the muse of Ludwig Thoma, who in ‹Morality› punctures the philistine hypocrisy that would cover a village scandal, and in ‹Magdalena› the self-righteousness that hounds to death a rustic girl gone astray in the city.

Among the north Germans, Max Dreyer and Otto Ernst are satirical observers of the contemporary, Dreyer producing a score of dramas of which the best known is a study of school life, ‹The Trial Candidate.› Otto Ernst, an instructor in Hamburg, followed with his more popular ‹Flachsmann as Educator,› the character sketch of a shallow pedagogue, his servile pupils, his self-important colleagues, and one worthy teacher by way of contrast to the rest. Here and in the ‹Traumulus› of Holz and Jerschke is nothing of the sentimentalism that has made Meyer-Förster's ‹Alt Heidelberg› a favorite at home and abroad. Most remarkable of these north Germans, however, is Frank Wedekind, who anticipated the school dramas of Ernst and Dreyer in his ‹Awakening of Spring,› a «children's tragedy» of sex that assails the conspiracy of silence on the part of parents and schoolmasters, but is less valuable for its propaganda than its mixture of realism and romanticism and its representation of the ferment of puberty. That Wedekind is an artist in the sensational rather than a reformer with a mission, his later plays ‹Mine-Haha,› ‹Hidalla,› and ‹The Dance of Death› demonstrate. Like Strindberg, he celebrates love as an instinct imperious, unreasoning, selfish, exhibiting the relations between the sexes as a duel to the finish. Such is the gist of his ‹Tenor,› ‹Marquis of Keith,› and Wetterstein

trilogy. But in these, as in his more normal ‹Music,› he does not share the shuddering fear of Strindberg that woman will destroy her rival and mate. Instead, he presents her as ultimately the victim of man, even where, as in the terrible Lulu of his ‹Earth Spirit› and ‹Box of Pandora,› she at first is ruthless and triumphant. This double drama indicates to what extremes naturalism may run when unchecked by a sense of form, beauty, morality, or intellectual values.

But naturalism, in the main, has lost its rigor in Germany. Its better features have been absorbed or modified by saner writers for the stage, and a recoil toward romanticism has been registered, even among the naturalists. Thus a family of dream-plays descends from Hauptmann, and of *märchen* dramas from Drachmann and Fulda. Folklore and legends have been felicitously employed by Fritz Lienhard, and historical themes by Ernst von Wildenbruch. The stage-craft of Reinhardt and Craig has contributed also to a dramaturgy poetic in appeal.

Austria

In Austria Hugo von Hofmannsthal has turned to legend and fantasy, rejoicing in æsthetic satisfactions of sound, color, and form in the highly decorative and harmonious verse of a dozen dramas, now retelling more ornately the story of Otway's ‹Venice Preserved,› and now developing, with modern characterization, motifs from the Greeks, in ‹Electra,› ‹Œdipus and the Sphinx,› and ‹Ariadne at Naxos.›

While Austrian romanticism has flourished in the dramatic poems of von Hofmannsthal, Austrian realism has not languished. Philipp Langmann, Marie Eugenie delle Grazie, and Ferdinand Bronner, have debated social issues, and the Tyrolese physician Karl Schönherr has painted the mountaineers' life with vivid local color. His ‹Faith and Fatherland› is a tragedy of Lutheran and Catholic antagonisms, and his ‹She Devil› a tragedy of triangular intrigue, weaving from the actions of only three characters within a peasant's kitchen a poignant five-act play. A more genial Austrian realist is the eclectic and versatile Hermann Bahr, who chiefly shines when reflecting artistic bohemianism as in ‹The Star,› ‹The Yellow Nightingale,› and ‹The Concert,› the last presenting with humor a musical temperament controlled by the tact and tolerance of its possessor's wife.

The indulgent spirit of Bahr is that, also, of Arthur Schnitzler, foremost of Austrian dramatists, an Epicurean philosopher whose cynicism is softened by sympathy. Schnitzler loves the illusions of life, but is rarely deceived by them. Youth and passion are for him the sweeter because they lack permanence. A sentimental melancholy broods over his plays, a tenderness toward human frailty. Only on rare occasions, as in ‹Fair Game› and ‹The Legacy,› does he even hint at a

problem. He is happiest when exhibiting love in transition and retrospect, now tragically as in ‹Light o' Love,› now wistfully as in ‹Anatol,› now ironically as in ‹The Last Masks,› ‹Literature,› ‹Living Hours,› and ‹The Mate,› now imaginatively as in ‹The Lady with the Dagger,› and now cynically as in the duologues of his ‹Reigen,› conversations between ten pairs of lovers who so separate and recombine that only ten persons are required to carry on the story, and the courtesan who began the Roundel closes it. In ‹The Green Cockatoo› and ‹The Veil of Beatrice› and the elaborate ‹Young Medardus,› with its background of Napoleonic history, death is seen as a force of equal potency with love in shaping human fate. If Schnitzler's ideas be negligible, his art is above reproach, at least in the one-act play. Whatever is gross and formless in naturalism he refines. He is a skillful dramatic impressionist, the sign of whose trade might well read, «Intrigue made beautiful.»

Italy

In Italy, the contemporary drama has developed most normally in the plays of Giacosa, Bracco, and Butti, and most sensationally in the plays of Praga and d'Annunzio. Giuseppe Giacosa exhibits in his more than thirty works for the stage the progress of a sane and healthy artist from romanticism to a chastened realism. His first pieces were dramas in verse treating of mediæval times, and comedies, like ‹The Husband in Love with his Wife› and ‹Late Repentance.› But, being attracted to the type of social drama developed in France by Augier and in Italy by Paolo Ferrari, he rose, after sundry experiments, to the height of his powers in ‹Hapless Love,› varying the triangular plot with refreshing sobriety. Though his historical ‹Lady of Challant› is in his older manner, he returned, in ‹Rights of the Soul,› to the modern world, seeking to emulate Ibsen. His latest work includes the librettos for Puccini's operas, — ‹La Bohème,› ‹La Tosca,› and ‹Madame Butterfly›; and two family studies, ‹The Stronger› and ‹As the Leaves.› These stress character and minimize the love interest so usual upon the Italian stage.

The moral preoccupations of Giacosa are to be observed also in Roberto Bracco, who felicitously depicts conflicts between husbands and wives. Although fond of setting them at swords' points for a little by means of a third person, he prefers, as in ‹Three› and ‹Countess Coquette,› a reconciliation after the conflicts are over. His ‹Hidden Spring› develops, with originality, the theme of Ibsen's ‹When We Dead Awaken› and of Hauptmann's ‹Lonely Lives›; and his ‹Phantasms› faintly recalls the situation in Hauptmann's ‹Teamster Henschel.› Enrico Butti is more didactic in his protest against abuses and his advocacy of certain reforms. Thus, he rallies to the support of religion

by assailing the wildness of youth in ‹The Race After Pleasure,› the skepticism of age in ‹Lucifer,› the atheistic industrial philosophy in ‹The Tempest,› and the theory that children deformed should be destroyed by the state in ‹Utopia.› Such plays, however, are exceptional, passion and beauty, rather than any intellectual reaction upon life, being the favorite aim of Italian dramatists.

Passion is often associated with revenge for injured honor, as in Giovanni Verga's Sicilian pieces ‹The Fox Hunt› and the better known ‹Rustic Chivalry,› Girolamo Rovetta's ‹The Dishonest,› and Bracco's ‹Masqueraders.› Love in these plays and in those of Marco Praga is a madness that drives its victims out of all consideration of decorum, law, and morality. Woman is not to be discredited for yielding to it; the discredit falls instead upon the husband, father, or brother whose dignity her yielding may compromise. Neurotic and erotic are Praga's ‹Undine,› ‹Hallelujah,› and the ‹Woman,› although cynical humor tempers his ‹Ideal Wife› and Bracco's ‹Triumph,› and the strength of its unbridled imagination redeems Sem Benelli's grim tragedy ‹The Supper of Pranks.›

Nowhere, however, is the conception of love as a baneful disease so fully expressed as in the plays of d'Annunzio, hectic with emotion, suffocated by their own sweetly poisonous perfume. Thus, in ‹The Light Under the Bushel,› a melodrama, a female fiend murders her mistress, marries her master, poisons his son, makes love to his brother, causes the suicide of his daughter, stones her father, and is finally slain by her husband. That which transfigures the brutality of such plays is d'Annunzio's unerring instinct for beauty, — a beauty, however, descriptive, lyric, and poetic, rather than dramatic. With his ethical notions strangely perverted, and his nerves all a-tingle to abnormal excitations, he nevertheless paints glowing and gorgeous pictures in ‹Francesca da Rimini,› ‹Fedra,› ‹The Ship,› ‹More than Love,› and ‹The Honeysuckle.› Among contemporary dramatists he is the chief exponent of the doctrine of art for art's sake.

Spain

In Spain, although the circulation of books is limited, both the lettered and the unlettered attend the theatre. The demand for plays is, therefore, large, and Spanish dramatists, like their predecessors of the Golden Age, are induced to write too much and too easily. Benavente and the Quinteros display the fatal facility of a Lope de Vega; and love, loyalty, jealousy, honor, and the eternal intrigue of the cape and sword *comedia* are still the playwright's unfailing resource.

The strongest personality of the generation just deceased was José Echegaray, whose ‹Great Galeoto› is known the world over. Echegaray was a poet rather than a philosopher, a spinner of plausible

dreams rather than a close observer of facts. But his instinct for dramatic situations, his imagination and love of rhetoric were unfailing. The honor theme, developed so subtly in his first important work, ‹Folly or Saintliness,› and appearing in many others, found its most artificial treatment in ‹Mariana› and its sanest expression in ‹The Great Galeoto,› which involves also the larger conception that scandal tends to bring to pass the condition it presupposes. There is fine intensity in his ‹Unbalanced Woman,› with its heroine suspected of madness by the husband she does not love, and in ‹The Steps of a Throne,› with that other heroine slaying the tyrant who has tortured the man of her heart. In his later plays, Echegaray betrays the influence of Ibsen, copying the Norwegian's symbolist dramas in ‹The Mad God,› and in ‹The Son of Don Juan› employing the subject-matter of ‹Ghosts,› although laying no stress upon the social hypocrisy assailed by Ibsen or the false ideal of marriage responsible for the birth of the hero.

The social criticism generally lacking in Echegaray is more often present in the plays of Joaquin Dicenta, whose ‹Aurora› and ‹Crime of Yesterday› are fairly realistic, the heroine of the first being a factory worker in love with a scientist, and of the second a woman betrayed, slaying upon principle the man who has refused to give his name to her child. Mild satire may be seen in the works of Linares Rivas, who paints the shortcomings of society piquantly and without bitterness, preoccupied, like Capus in France, with the little infidelities of husbands and wives. More vigorously satirical at times is Jacinto Benavente, who, during the past twenty years, has written seventy dramas. A moralist, he believes in sweetening his sermons with wit, but more and more, under the influence of Ibsen, sets himself to propose ideals to his audience, seeking to free them from hypocrisy and conventional compromise. Thus his ‹Hombrecito› smiles at the surface morality so popular everywhere, and his ‹Soul Triumphant› contrasts formal ethics with natural. ‹Autumn Roses,› a thesis play inspired by the younger Dumas, is based upon the conception that no two people can be united without entailing a reciprocal loss. Usually, however, Benavente's dramas depend upon no set doctrine, but induce their effects through irony, fancy, or poetic fervor. This is the case with the fantastic ‹Sabbath Night,› the brilliant ‹Fire Dragon,› the epilogue of which is one of the most moving scenes of the Spanish theatre, and the playful ‹Bonds of Interest,› which employs folk of the Italian comedy of masks to weave a pretty plot of love and roguery.

Among the most popular and fecund of contemporary writers for the Spanish stage are the fraternal collaborators, Serafin and Joaquin Álvarez Quintero. Beginning as the makers of brief farces and operettas, they have produced scores of plays, bright, lively, and natural. If there is nothing very original about the Quinteros, there is also nothing

morbid. They seek to entertain by holding the mirror up to normal human nature, unconscious of any mission to reform the world. Their avoidance of artificiality, however, constitutes a genuine merit in Spain, where the drama has too often been merely theatrical. With their grace, delicacy, and simplicity, the Quinteros have contributed much to the new realistic movement, without descending to the crudities of naturalism. They have passed by degrees from interest in plot to interest in character. Audiences, which in 1901 were taken aback by the absence of apparent dramaturgy in ‹The Flowers,› had by 1912 learned how to appreciate an inconsequential but delightful play like ‹Malvaloca.›

As the Quinteros are painters of Andalusian manners, so Angel Guimerá is the depicter of manners in Catalonia. He began as a writer of poetical and romantic dramas, influenced by the French and by Shakespeare. But, responding ere long to the example of Ibsen, he turned to deal in prose with the life of the common people. The drama of ideas is alien to his genius and little cultivated by him except for ‹En Polvorá,› dealing with the industrial problem, and ‹The Young Queen,› expounding republican doctrine. Among the most effective of his pieces concerned with common life are ‹Maria Rosa› and ‹The Sinner,› the latter popularized abroad by the Sicilian players, the former done into Castilian by Echegaray and thence into English. Guimerá has further written farces, two mediæval dramas, a Biblical play, comedies, and peasant pieces full of fire and feeling, direct and forceful in their avoidance of tricks of the theatre. Best known among these is ‹Marta of the Lowlands,› which draws a contrast between the instinctive conscience of a beggar-girl emancipated by love from her thraldom to a wicked man, and that master's assertion of his rights based only on wealth and position.

If Guimerá, as here, shows elemental strength, it is delicacy of sentiment that marks ‹The Cradle Song› of Gregorio Martínez Sierra, which shows the survival of maternal longings even in the cloister, and ‹The Mystic› of Santiago Rusiñol, a study of the priestly hero. More radical in his attitude to such themes is Benito Pérez Galdós, who late in his career turned from the novel to the theatre, writing pieces that at first were too wildly romantic; but by the middle 'nineties learning to curb his imagination and employ simple dialogue. Thus, his ‹Will,› ‹Doña Perfecta,› and ‹The Wild Beast› are plausible and natural. They were followed by his greatest success ‹Electra,› the performance of which in 1901 created a furore. The clerical party frowned upon this work, with its hoyden heroine saved from the scheming of bigoted relatives who would consign her to a convent. Deceived into believing herself the sister of her lover, she is about to renounce him for the veil when warned of the truth by the ghost of her mother, a bit of supernaturalism that interfered with the acceptance of the drama abroad.

Much more natural are ‹Soul and Life,› ‹Mariucha,› ‹Barbara,› ‹Love and Science,› and ‹The Grandfather,› the last the mellowest drama of its author and one of the best of the Spanish stage. Here the fine old aristocrat, whose faith is fixed in the virtues of blue blood and heredity, learns at last that the base-born may be nobler than the well-born, and that lineage is less than character.

France

Although the ways of naturalism are alien to the French temperament, the modern drama in France is indebted to the influence of foreign naturalists and to the revolution precipitated at home by the Théâtre Libre of Antoine. A reaction against the well-made play of Scribe and Dumas *fils* had already set in. Labiche and the collaborators Meilhac and Halévy had abandoned symmetry of structure in comedy; the realistic novel was calling attention to background rather than story, and Henry Becque in such plays as ‹The Parisian Woman› and ‹The Vultures› showed the possibilities of reflecting life simply. Hence, in the best French dramas of the new century, naturalism is generally diffused, although restrained by the native desire to present an idea or a situation. As to subject-matter, illicit love continues a favorite theme, its laureates being Donnay, Porto-Riche, Bataille, and Capus.

With Maurice Donnay love is the major consideration in such dramas as ‹Lovers,› ‹The Grief-Stricken Woman,› ‹The Escalade,› and ‹The Clearing.› Frequently his works depend upon fresh combinations of the mismated husband and wife with a lover, and a mistress, as in ‹Georgette Lemeunier,› ‹The Torrent,› and ‹The See-Saw.› Sometimes he adds a special interest, as in ‹The Return from Jerusalem,› which links with the triangular plot a conflict between Jew and Gentile. Several of his plays — ‹The Emancipated Woman,› ‹The Women Scouts,› and ‹Birds of Passage,› done in collaboration with Lucien Descaves — are concerned with feminism. But Donnay is most successful when freed from a thesis, as in ‹The Other Danger,› which lays bare the heart of a mother discovering that her daughter is her rival, or in ‹The Ménage of Molière,› a versified play depicting the conjugal infelicities of the comedian. For Donnay, as for Schnitzler, love is «the greatest thing in the world,» but marriage is a tax upon natural passion imposed by convention.

With less optimism, Georges de Porto-Riche reveals his respect for the grand passion and his fear of it. Love he regards as a power unescapable. Husbands and wives, as in ‹L'Amoureuse,› may suffer, but they are linked forever by passion. Even the hero of ‹The Old Man,› who congratulates himself that he has reformed from youthful follies, learns at sight of a pretty face that lack of opportunity alone has rendered him safe; and by his rivalry with his son causes the latter's

death. Love as a pathological condition is studied in ‹The Night Moth› of Henry Bataille and ‹The Foolish Virgin.› In the latter, the husband who reciprocates the infatuation of a morbid girl of good family is forgiven by his wife and protected from the girl's avenging brother; and similarly in ‹Dame Nature› an artist is exonerated of blame by his wife when he turns from her to a princess. These plays and ‹The Scandal› failed when acted in English because too exotic in morals to be understood out of France. Nor is ‹The Child of Love› better adapted for export.

Still more Gallic in tone are the comedies of Alfred Capus, whose every resource is devoted to displaying in lively mood the attractions of sex. For a quarter of a century Capus has charmed pleasure-loving Parisians by his jaunty good nature. His light philosophy of marriage is set forth in ‹The Little Minxes,› ‹The Two Schools,› and ‹The Husbands of Léontine.› As one husband confesses to another, he never seeks temptation, yet he never avoids it. He and his wife are a good couple, separated only by marriage. In ‹Rosine,› ‹The Little Functionary,› and ‹The Wounded Bird› Capus draws his favorite feminine type, the girl of the people dependent upon her own resources, loving as she will, self-poised, humorous, undaunted, a stoical epicurean. Occasionally, as in ‹The Adventurer,› and ‹The Châtelaine,› he writes a play of old-fashioned morality or sentiment; but in ‹Monsieur Piégois,› ‹An Angel,› and ‹The Beauty Shop› his frivolous spirits return.

Aside from those who dramatize love exclusively, there are many French playwrights expert as theatrical entertainers, but lacking a serious message. Prominent in the field of comedy are de Flers and Caillavet, who since their first collaboration have produced fifteen plays. Some are sentimental, like ‹The Ass of Buridan,› ‹Love Watches,› ‹The Fan,› and ‹The Beautiful Adventure›; and some are satirical, like ‹The King,› ‹The Green Coat,› and ‹The Sacred Wood,› laughing respectively at republican worship of royalty, at the French Academy, and at zeal for the winning of honors. Other accomplished purveyors of an entertainment slightly more serious are Lemaître, Guinon, Kistemaeckers, and Bernstein.

Jules Lemaître's occasional plays are written with scrupulous care, from ‹The Rebellious Woman› in which he betrays Ibsen's influence, to ‹Forgiveness,› a piece of three characters only, and ‹The Eldest Daughter,› depicting the qualms of a sensitive girl at seeing her younger sisters take the suitors she would have preferred. ‹Bertrade› and ‹The Studio Assistant,› written in 1905, show Lemaître as mellowed in sympathy and a master of dialogue. Less a craftsman is Albert Guinon, author of ‹Property,› ‹Decadence,› ‹The Yoke,› and ‹His Father,› who seeks to reflect life gladly and freely, without forcing a thesis, although, in ‹Happiness,› he develops the notion that love and marriage are for women distinct interests. Situation bulks more largely in the

work of the Belgian, Henry Kistemaeckers, who has won approval with such plays as ‹Marthe,› ‹The Wound,› ‹The Spy,› ‹The Merchant of Happiness,› and ‹Instinct,› the last contrasting man's natural brutality with the restraints imposed by civilization, and affirming that at a crisis instinct will rise supreme. The Scribe-Sardou tradition which inspires Kistemaeckers in the final scene of this drama is even more potent with Henry Bernstein, who shapes each of his pieces about some situation warranted to yield a thrill. His personages and philosophy count for little, but his work is effective and much better adapted for foreign consumption than that of the naturalists who deal in sentiments more purely local. Bernstein's successes include ‹The Detour,› ‹The Sheepfold,› ‹The Whirlwind,› ‹The Claw,› and ‹Samson.› Jew-baiting mobs howled down his ‹After-Me›; but ‹The Assault› and ‹The Secret› met approval at home and in America, where ‹The Thief› and ‹Israel› had earlier been received with favor. In all of these plays a central idea is given concrete illustration, not primarily for the sake of the idea, but rather as the readiest means to produce a series of emotional crises.

For the highest development of a drama of ideas we must turn to Paul Hervieu, a moralist concerned with theoretical rather than applied ethics. Nothing superfluous is left in his pieces, where every action, every speech reinforces one dominant conception. In ‹Words Remain,› ‹The Nippers,› and ‹The Law of Man› may be found typical examples from the 'nineties of a method that is perfected in his later practice. Here and in the more sensational ‹Enigma,› he develops with geometrical precision such themes as the power of slander to destroy and the power of a social institution like marriage to crush the individual. In ‹The Trail of the Torch› a problem of conduct is proposed by two characters who defend opposing views. One theory is then stated more concretely by the heroine, who affirms that she loves her mother and her daughter equally, and that she could never sacrifice either to the other. Thereupon, the action unfolds to prove that the contrary is true, since the maternal instinct is stronger than the filial. The curtain falls upon the heroine's confession, «For my daughter, I have killed my mother.» Such is the method employed by Hervieu in ‹The Labyrinth,› ‹The Awakening,› and ‹Know Thyself.› In the last, questions of honor and divorce are debated; and in the second, a rule of conduct for a wife tempted to infidelity: — Let her but suppose her lover dead, and she will find it easy to live without him. The dangers of divorce and remarriage are pointed in ‹The Labyrinth,› as in ‹The Cradle› by Brieux, the thesis of both being that parents who have separated and meet again at the bedside of a sick child will drop back instinctively into their old relations. Twice Hervieu, the logician, departs from his usual manner, once in ‹Théroigne de Méricourt,› an historical drama, and again in ‹Bagatelle,› a bright comedy; but he

reverts to it in his recent ‹Destiny is Master,› a tragedy of honor first performed in Spanish. If Hervieu deals with contemporary life in all but one of his dramas, he is nevertheless far removed from the naturalists. In him lives again the classic spirit of Racine and Corneille.

Lavedan, who was first a novelist and a writer of moral dialogues, has retained in his plays the ethical emphasis and a fondness for talk. In the ‹Prince d'Aurec,› ‹The Two Nobilities,› and ‹The Marquis of Priola,› he studies the aristocracy in decline, implying that it can be saved only by accepting what is best in the *bourgeoisie*. In a group of comedies — ‹High Life,› ‹The Old Sport,› and ‹The New Game› — he depicts the folk of the boulevards, capturing the very mood and manner of those engaged in the weary quest for pleasure. In ‹The Taste for Vice› he satirizes those whose relish for wickedness is affectation; and in ‹The Duel› he presents a wordy discussion of the claims of faith and free thought, rendered dramatic by the rivalry of two brothers, a priest and a physician. In ‹Sire› he presents an ancient countess, convinced that the son of Louis XVI. survives, and humored in her monomania by an actor, who, inspired by her ideal, sallies out to fight and die in the Revolution of 1848. In ‹Service› he pits against each other father and son, the latter, who has invented a powerful explosive and doubts the legitimacy of its use, being denounced as a traitor by the former. But their opposition is resolved when war is declared and a brother of the inventor falls.

The ethical interest to be noted in Lavedan is more obvious still in Paul Hyacinthe Loyson. Avoiding the treatment of illicit love for its own sake, Loyson, in ‹The Evangel of Blood,› ‹The Right of the Virgins,› and ‹Enemy Souls,› presents struggles of conscience in a world that has lost its traditional bulwarks of loyalty and faith. A democracy can succeed, he believes, only as its members are fortified by a sense of duty; and in his best-known piece, ‹The Apostle,› he seeks to prove that such a sense may prevail without the sanctions of revealed religion.

As moralists of the French stage, Loyson and Lavedan must bow, however, to Eugène Brieux, who harangues and argues, throwing the weight of his passion and rhetoric into the scales in behalf of special causes rather than general truths. Thus, he tends to sacrifice art to propaganda, drama to journalism. What he says is not remarkable; the novelty lies in saying it so explicitly and vehemently in a theatre. Occasionally he has composed for the pleasure of it, as in ‹The Brood,› ‹The Little Friend,› and ‹The May Beetles.› Usually, he is happy only in taking sides. Thus, he assails, in ‹Blanchette,› an education for women that removes them out of their class; in ‹Cog Wheels,› corruption in politics; in ‹The Philanthropists,› institutional charity; in ‹The Evasion,› a faith in heredity that would lead to fatalism; in ‹Racing Results,› the dangers of betting on horses; in ‹The Three

Daughters of M. Dupont,› woman's slavery in the marriage of convenience and her greater misery in prostitution and spinsterhood; in ‹The Red Robe,› defects in the criminal law and its administration; in ‹The French Woman,› slanders upon the national character incited by yellow-backed novels; and in ‹Damaged Goods,› the lack of precautions to ensure sexual health as a preliminary to marriage. Only a little less didactic are ‹The Substitutes,› a tract directed against putting out children to nurse, and ‹Maternity,› a remarkable attempt to justify birth-control. But if Brieux in ‹The Cradle› and ‹The Deserter,› objects to the marriage of those divorced, and to divorce itself in ‹Suzette,› his theses are not so abstractly formulated as to forfeit all artistic appeal. That appeal may be felt especially in his drama of feminism, ‹Woman Alone,› and in his skeptic's confession of faith, ‹Religion.› The excellent workmanship of the last indicates what Brieux can do with structure when he chooses, as his ‹The Bourgeois in the Fields› indicates what he can do with characterization. Such a play exhibits the genial realism in which Brieux might have excelled had he not conceived, like his hero, that his mission was to preach reform.

Romanticism appears within the camp of those affected by naturalism chiefly in the plays of François de Curel, a strange, imaginative genius who disdains the commonplace, and deals with unusual souls suffering peculiar stresses and strains. Though his situations and characters are unreal, he wins for them a «temporary suspension of disbelief.» An imaginative fervor and emotional fever are to be felt in such pieces as ‹A False Saint,› ‹The Fossils,› ‹The Guest,› ‹The Repast of the Lion,› ‹The Figurante,› and ‹The New Idol,› the last concerned with a physician who, experimenting upon a tubercular girl, sees her recover from this disease after he has inoculated her with cancer, and though himself fatally infected, learns peace from her simple faith. The romantic idealism of these plays is supplemented by romantic sensationalism in ‹The Wild Girl,› ‹The Beat of the Wing,› and ‹The Dance Before the Mirror.› Curel is at best only a qualified romanticist, working with facts in a possible world, but too individual in his predilection for the abnormal to appeal to a popular audience.

Edmond Rostand, however, although he stands apart from the dramatic development as determined by naturalism, possesses the qualities to win general approval. In ‹Cyrano› he displayed an ingenuity in devising surprises, a cleverness in linking effective situations, a vivacity of fanciful humor, and an imaginative verve to kindle admiration for his seventeenth-century poet and gallant cursed with a gigantic nose. Although the play was of the same tinsel brocade as ‹Hernani› and ‹Ruy Blas,› Rostand so freshened it that he made what was tarnished glitter. In ‹L'Aiglon,› historical romance idealizes the situation of Napoleon's son, a captive at the court of Vienna, yearning to emulate his father's achievements, but ordained to die early as

victim of a fate compounded of environment and heredity. He succumbs in a lachrymose scene of prearranged pathos, after five brilliant acts of melodramatic intrigue, contrast, and coincidence. ‹Chantecler› followed after a decade, its dramatized fable a *tour de force* rendered attractive by elaborate scenic production, Rostand resorting to hide and feathers in quest for picturesque costume. Again the wit and the virtuosity of the poet were exhibited in the scintillating lines no less than in the central conception of an egoist who believes that his self-appointed task keeps the universe running. The play soars to lyric beauty or drops to quips in *argot*, and style, satire, and spectacle usurp the place of drama.

Much more prolific than Rostand is his fellow romanticist, the Belgian poet, Maurice Maeterlinck, who, in his dramas for marionettes, embodies the dreams of a frightened child shivering at unknown presences as he wanders through shadowy forests or down the gloomy corridors of moldering castles. Insanity, conspiracy, murder; a sense of descending doom; impressionistic backgrounds; dialogue naïve and repetitious to the point of inanity: — such are the elements from which Maeterlinck contrives his peculiar effects. In some of his plays the approach of death is more quietly considered; in ‹Home› and ‹The Intruder› with admirable restraint; in ‹The Seven Princesses› with decorative symbolism; and again, with a philosophic symbolism that tempts yet teases the understanding, in that masterpiece of sculpturesque allegory, ‹The Blind.› Two longer, tenuous tragedies of the imagination — ‹Pélléas and Mélisande› and ‹Aglavaine and Sélysette› — vary the triangular plot. In ‹Joyzelle› Maeterlinck levies upon Shakespeare's ‹Tempest,› thinning the piece but retaining the test of love as a central feature. In ‹Monna Vanna› he employs the crucial situation of ‹Joyzelle,› and presents actual characters in the round, laying aside his usual suppressions and repetitions of speech, and enhancing the dramatic values. Similar treatment marks his ‹Mary Magdalen,› in which the heroine's dilemma resembles that of Vanna and Joyzelle. ‹Ariane and Barbe Bleue› and ‹Sister Beatrice,› librettos of no dramatic significance; ‹The Miracle of Saint Anthony,› an ironic comedy in the style of Synge; and ‹The Blue Bird,› a spectacular allegory of the quest for happiness, diversify and complete Maeterlinck's contribution to the theatre. Consistently a romanticist, he has, like Rostand, opposed the main drift of the modern dramatic movement; and of the countercurrent he is the most distinguished representative.

England

The British drama of the twentieth century rests upon foundations earlier laid for it by Wilde, Jones, and Pinero. Wilde, as one of the ablest writers of artificial comedy since Congreve, influenced the mood

and talk of such successors as Barker, Shaw, and Hankin, but produced too little to do more than deflect the dramatic drift in its lighter manifestations.

Jones and Pinero, however, have contributed copiously to the theatre, responding to conventional French fashions and popular farce and melodrama, then striving for something better, and finding inspiration in the work of Ibsen. Although Jones was the first to adapt an Ibsen play to English uses, he has never quite forgotten his earlier manner. Even in a piece of literary pretensions like ‹Michael and his Lost Angel,› there remains an emotion verging on the mawkish, and artificialities in language and turns of the plot. The device of a public confession of sin which figures here and in ‹Saints and Sinners› and ‹Judah› affords him an opportunity for employing sounding rhetoric in a stagey situation, as does the scene of public inquiry, managed adroitly in ‹Mrs. Dane's Defense,› ‹The Hypocrites,› and ‹Cock o' the Walk.› Jones is self-consciously moral, although inclined to deal farcically with social insincerity, as in ‹The Triumph of the Philistines,› ‹The Crusaders,› and ‹Whitewashing Julia.› His rule of life is common sense and faith in the ideal. When he touches a theme developed with radicalism by a Continental playwright, it is kept to conservative lines, as witness his ‹Joseph Entangled› and ‹The Case of Rebellious Susan,› the first dealing with the power of scandal, and the second with feminism. As a rule, Jones is interested in the reform of the individual soul rather than that of an institution; but many of his plays have no special purpose aside from telling a story. In these he is satisfied to develop character just enough for the purpose of the moment, to mingle comedy and pathos in pleasant proportions, and to write a dialogue never so witty as Wilde's nor so natural as Galsworthy's, yet excellent talk of the stage. In his latest efforts he maintains his reputation for craftsmanship but offers little that is new. ‹We Can't Be as Bad as All That› repeats a situation developed more ably in ‹Mrs. Dane's Defense›; ‹Mary Goes First› twines gossamer threads of intrigue to satirize place-hunting in the days of James First; ‹The Lie› bespeaks sympathy for a heroine falsely supposed to be mother to the child of one whose disgrace she has sought to avert; and ‹Cock o' the Walk› is a cheerful character study of an impecunious actor.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, who has written forty plays, learned his trade, like Jones, by experiments in farce and melodrama. He turned serious in his coincidental and lachrymose ‹Profligate,› and after the Dickensian ‹Lady Bountiful,› rose to his highest achievement in ‹The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,› simple, austere, restrained, admirable in structure, characterization, and style. The influence of Ibsen appeared more strongly in ‹The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,› a study of another unconventional union. Then, having pointed the folly of divorce, in ‹The Benefit of the Doubt,› Pinero proceeded to compose between

1905 and 1909 that series of earnest dramas upon which, together with ‹Mrs. Tanqueray,› his position will chiefly depend. ‹Iris› unfolds the character and fate of a pleasure-loving Manon, who lacks the moral fibre to withstand temptation. ‹Letty› stresses the folly of defying marital conventions. ‹His House in Order› asks sympathy for a vivacious second wife oppressed by the reputation and the relatives of the first. ‹The Thunderbolt› makes use of a lost will as an excuse for exhibiting a vividly conceived family group. ‹Mid-Channel› offers a masterly study of a married couple who drift apart in the boredom of selfish middle-age.

In the meantime, Pinero had proved his versatility by producing such comedies as ‹Trelawney of the Wells› and the smart, though overrated, ‹Gay Lord Quex›; but in attempting to continue the vein he descended to inanity in ‹A Wife Without a Smile,› and of late in ‹Preserving Mr. Panmure,› ‹The «Mind-the-Paint» Girl,› and ‹The Widow of Wasdale Head,› has failed to show further progress. Although inferior to Ibsen and Hauptmann, Pinero at his best may rank with Björnson, Sudermann, and Hervieu. His technical skill and his knowledge of character are unquestioned, and latterly he has conquered the temptation to pose and to prate to which Jones so often succumbs.

A realistic and a satirical reaction against the romantic falsity of a Jones may be noted in the dramas of Galsworthy and Shaw. John Galsworthy is at his best when facing the anomalies of our social system, expounding in ‹The Silver Box› the difference in legal treatment accorded the rich and the poor, in ‹Justice› the inadequacy of the law to deal with the morally weak, in ‹Strife› the tragedy involved when strong men contend as representatives of capital and labor, and in ‹The Pigeon› the futility of attempting by institutional means to reform the improvident. Sometimes, as in ‹The Mob,› he takes sides, deploring the death of a pacifist at the hands of those infatuated with militarism. As a rule, he succeeds by his cool impartiality. Latterly, in ‹The Eldest Son,› ‹The Fugitive,› and ‹A Bit o' Love,› he has bestowed greater attention upon character, passing from a discussion of social dilemmas to the consideration of personal problems involving passion and woman's new freedom. As a dramatist, he is sane, self-poised, observant, disdainful of sham, respectful of truth, and at least in ‹The Pigeon› wisely humorous.

The satirical reaction against sentimentality on the stage is best seen in George Bernard Shaw. Yearning for the real as opposed to the romantic, he cares little for verisimilitude. Rather, he would redeem the soul from its emotional illusions by provoking laughter at our false ideals invented to cloak pride, lust, and avarice, pretensions to virtue with which we are solemnly deceived. Amid his buffoonery, the voice of the Puritan preacher rings loud. Having, in his earlier plays, made merry over our bookish conceptions of the warrior and

the historical hero, our assumption of revenge as duty, and the self-justification of a procuress and the owner of slum tenements, and having in ‹The Philanderer› and ‹Candida› burlesqued those who profess the Ibsenite theory of marriage, he produced in ‹Man and Superman› the piece which of all others is richest in his peculiar philosophy. Here appears his doctrine that earth is the place of the slaves of reality, heaven of the masters of reality, and hell of the slaves of romantic illusion. Here is set forth, also, his notion of woman the pursuer and man the pursued, both victims of the Life Force which is striving to produce a being yet higher than man. More definite satire upon the Irish and the English and upon the medical profession marks ‹John Bull's Other Island› and ‹The Doctor's Dilemma.› In ‹Major Barbara› is less genially considered the problem of the acceptance of tainted money by public charities, and the egoism in disguise of religionists contrasting with the egoism confessed of the munitions-maker. In ‹The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet› a distinction is drawn between acting from right impulse and acting according to code, and in ‹Getting Married› our conceptions of love, marriage, and divorce are debated. Here discussion usurps the place of action, and although something of dramatic form remains in ‹Fanny's First Play,› ‹Androcles and the Lion,› and ‹Pygmalion,› most of Shaw's succeeding work is talk, and his later pieces are as ephemeral as fireworks. Recognized at last as the licensed jester of the stage, with his every impish saying assured an eager hearing, he has grown smartly careless. But he deserves credit for having, more than any other, broken the stiff molds of British tradition.

In the few pieces that Granville Barker's managerial duties have allowed him to write, may be detected the Shavian accent. Crackling wit and rattling epigram mark ‹The Marrying of Ann Leete.› More mature is ‹The Voysey Inheritance,› the study of a family and a problem. The son who finds his father dishonest abandons formulas for conduct and treats this case as a special instance. The tyranny of sex is Barker's theme in ‹Waste,› and ‹The Madras House,› the first representing the downfall of a politician as the result of a moment's passion; the second smiling at the contortions of polite society as it endeavors to cloak its instincts. Much slighter is the fantasy ‹Prunella› and a farce ‹The Morris Dance.› In general, Barker employs the new rotary technic, attaining unity of theme rather than of plot.

Sir James Barrie is imaginative, original, delicately sentimental and humorous, never the dramatist of problem or passion. He possesses rare insight into the odd corners of character, and all the graces of an alert, poetic, finely-tempered nature. His ‹Peter Pan› is the best beloved of children's plays. ‹What Every Woman Knows› reveals his skill in depicting human nature, with its laughter-loving heroine, her three brothers, and her serious lover, who, believing himself too good

for her, is in fact the creature of her making. ‹Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire› pokes fun at all the hackneyed business of «the eternal triangle,» and ‹The Admirable Crichton› provides a genial satire upon class distinctions unrelated to natural ability, delightfully combining philosophy, fancy, and humor. In Barrie's later experiments in the one-act form and his light romances may often be heard a note more strident, as in ‹Half an Hour,› ‹The Twelve Pound Look,› ‹The Will,› and ‹The Legend of Leonora.› But the Barrie of kindly sentiment reappears in ‹Pantaloon,› ‹Rosalind,› and ‹A Kiss for Cinderella,› the last a joyous ‹Hannele,› pretty, witty, tender, and undramatic.

Of lesser writers for the stage most have followed in the footsteps of those already mentioned. Sydney Grundy and Alfred Sutro began by adapting French plays and have produced original works in the manner of Jones, both being conservative in technic and ideas. Israel Zangwill and Charles Rann Kennedy have affected the drama of rhetoric and moral intention; C. Haddon Chambers has caught the style of Pinero at his second best; Hubert Henry Davies has echoed the manner of Barrie, as has Graham Moffat in ‹Bunty Pulls the Strings.› St. John Hankin has been inspired by Wilde in his lively comedies — ‹The Two Mr. Wetherbys,› ‹The Return of the Prodigal,› ‹The Charity that Began at Home,› and ‹The Cassilis Engagement› — and by Wilde and Sudermann in his serious piece ‹The Last of the DeMullins.›

A naturalistic group comprises the writers of certain single plays of power — J. O. Francis, Githa Sowerby, Elizabeth Baker, and Stanley Houghton, whose ‹Hindle Wakes› provides a striking study of homely character and an original contribution to the discussion of honor on the stage. Naturalism is diluted with the sensational by John Masefield, his ‹Tragedy of Nan› displaying that «delighted brooding on excessive terrible things» which he notes as absent in the dramas of his rivals; but in ‹The Tragedy of Pompey the Great› and ‹Philip the King,› he turns from naturalism to poetry, though less effectively than Tagore in India or Yeats in Ireland.

In England, indeed, the only notable success in the field of poetic drama has been attained by Stephen Phillips, who found it difficult, however, to divide his attention between what was stirring in deed and beautiful in expression. ‹Paolo and Francesca› best preserves the balance between the dramaturgic and the poetic. Its reworking of a much-used story is well-calculated in motive, restrained in feeling, fresh in its invention of character, and as movingly simple in diction as the tragedies of Otway. In ‹Herod› and ‹Nero,› however, the dramatic is replaced by lyric outbursts of passion, splendidly intense at times, yet at others merely rhetorical. In ‹Ulysses› the element of spectacle predominates. If ‹The Sin of David› is superior as a play, it is not sufficiently distinguished in situation, character, or idea to compensate for its lack of poetic fervor. In his last work the decline of Phillips is

only too evident. He has not developed in understanding of human nature or interest in effective intrigue, and, although his verse is never insignificant, it seems but faintly to echo his earlier performance.

Ireland

The plays of the Irish are to be associated with the poetic strain in the development of the recent English drama. If they seem in part designed to mirror the life of the peasantry, they are all endowed with a freshness of vision and speech, and a freedom of imagination that takes them out of the realm of naturalism. William Butler Yeats, in his first dramatic pieces, expresses that Celtic yearning which can eventuate in nothing dramatic. He refines upon Irish legends with greater effectiveness, and in ‹Kathleen ni Houlihan› and ‹The Hour Glass› invents charming allegories. He adapts the tenets of mysticism to stage representation in ‹Where There is Nothing,› but only in one trifling farce does he attempt to picture the external aspects of life.

Lady Augusta Gregory is more observant of character, stronger in the sense of fun and reality, more robustly human. Like Yeats, she has composed little allegories and legendary plays. She has also written one or two pieces of pathos; but her province is comedy. Sometimes, she links it with folk history, transferring her scene to the past, and extending her play beyond the limits of the single act in which she is most expert. As a rule, she is content to develop very briefly some whimsical idea, using two or three persons for the purpose. Her language is a fair transcription of the speech of peasants and villagers unspoiled by familiarity with conventional English usage.

Far more distinguished in style are the dramas of John Millington Synge, who has preserved the essence of poetry lingering in the prose spoken by natives of the Aran Islands. In ‹Deirdre of the Sorrows› the decorative phraseology, the lust of life in the open, and the Celtic wistfulness are admirable. Such qualities appear concentrated in ‹Riders to the Sea,› a little masterpiece of poignant pathos, showing the foreboding and ultimate relief of a mother destined to give all her sons to the insatiable enemy. Satire and impish irony by no means dispel the poetic atmosphere of Synge's four comedies, Borrovian sketches of vagabond character focused about farcical incidents. Most ambitious is ‹The Playboy of the Western World,› a delicious extravaganza thrusting at the cowardice which, being admired, grows brave. The story is adroit in its turns, and the dialogue inimitably humorous. Over all lies the glamor of poetry, rarely combined, as here, with outlaw wit and rollicking fun.

The romanticism of the major Irish playwrights finds a counterfoil in the realism of a group of lesser dramatists, Mayne, Robinson, Murray, and Ervine, marked by greater intensity of emotion and a

sharper clash of motives. In such a fraternal tragedy as Murray's ‹The Birthright› we are at a far remove from the wistful fancies of a Yeats or the quaint and rare creations of a Synge. The strain of romanticism and the allurement of style here lacking, but pronounced in the work of the major Irish dramatists, reappears in the plays of Lord Dunsany, whose apologue of disillusion ‹The Glittering Gate› was composed for the Abbey Theatre. There and in ‹A Night at an Inn› and ‹The Lost Silk Hat› the romantic mingles with the realistic and ironic, but irony combines with romanticism alone in ‹The Gods of the Mountain› and ‹The Golden Doom.› The poetic skepticism of these pieces suggests the influence of Synge, and their symbolism that of Andreyev; but in ‹King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior› and ‹The Queen's Enemies› the mood and manner are rather those of Maeterlinck. Like the best of the Irish dramas, Dunsany's are brief and episodic. Their symbolism is incidental, not deliberate.

United States

The contemporary drama in America has at length escaped from the leading strings of Europe. In the theatre of Bronson Howard may be seen the transition from the rhetorical entertainment of a Dion Boucicault to the play that dispenses with outworn conventions, simplifies its technic, and finds inspiration in native sources. Howard, like his lesser colleagues, was at first affected by French fashions; but in his later successes he asserted his originality to good purpose. If a little too sensational or sentimental, he was yet veracious in the main, and humorous. Humor, sentiment, and observation were combined, also, in the crude but effective entertainments of Harrigan and Hart and Charles E. Hoyt, and with far greater skill in the dramas of James A. Herne, whose ‹Shore Acres› and ‹Sag Harbor› are in the tradition of Denman Thompson's ‹Old Homestead,› but simpler, stronger, more sincere. In his acting as in his writing, Herne was the most genuine of realists.

Like Thompson and Herne, Augustus Thomas has made local color a point of departure for his plot in such plays as ‹Alabama,› ‹In Mizzoura,› ‹The Hoosier Doctor,› ‹Arizona,› and ‹Colorado.› Thomas is versatile in accomplishment, stimulating in ideas, less concerned with the analysis of character than with its consistency, and the appropriate functioning of each in a general scheme. In precept and by example, he has commended the potency of deed and gesture apart from word. Of the score of plays that have come from his pen since 1890, some are semi-farcical, some are light legitimate comedy, like ‹Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots,› and several are serious dramas, the best being ‹The Witching Hour› and ‹As a Man Thinks.› These and ‹The Harvest Moon› rely in part upon a belief in mental telepathy, and show

their maker's theory that the theatre should visualize notions «at the time in the public mind.»

Clyde Fitch, the writer of some forty pieces and a dozen adaptations, had no philosophy to impart, but his instinct for the dramatic, the picturesque, the amusing, and the locally characteristic was unerring. He had the historic imagination and the feeling for character to breathe life into historical personages and periods, as in ‹Beau Brummell,› ‹His Grace de Grammont,› and ‹Barbara Frietchie.› He might draw now and then from the German, or more frequently from the French, but he was most happy in describing his countrymen either abroad or at home. It was above all the New Yorker in his habitat that Fitch delighted to portray, the metropolitan now of an earlier period, as in ‹Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,› and now of the present, as in ‹The Climbers,› ‹The Truth,› and ‹The City.›

William Gillette has written some sixteen pieces exploiting native material, the best being his Civil War dramas, the most popular his ‹Sherlock Holmes,› and the most amusing his farce comedies. He is a careful craftsman, and a master of theatric device and of rapid-fire dialogue, more intent upon plot than upon character, but agreeable in his avoidance of the sentimental. More expert as a technician is David Belasco, who has produced singly and in collaboration a remarkable series of stage successes. Of his own work the best example is ‹The Return of Peter Grimm.› To these plays, as to those that he has merely staged, Belasco has applied extraordinary skill in the arts of decoration, atmosphere, and lighting, carrying the mechanism of the theatre to the highest point of calculated illusion. His influence has largely molded his associates, Warfield, Ditrichstein, De Mille, and Klein. The pieces of Charles Klein in particular are devised with an exact knowledge of just what settings, situations, words, and actions will keep the waves of emotion surging in the hearts of an eager audience. Truth is not their first consideration, although they reflect outward aspects of the city that are readily recognizable. His most agreeable play is ‹The Music Master,› his play of greatest strength and promise is ‹The Lion and the Mouse.› Something of Klein's manner may be noted also in George Broadhurst's study of political storm and stress, ‹The Man of the Hour,› and of marital adjustment, ‹Bought and Paid For.›

Richer in promise, although cut from the same cloth, are the dramas of Eugene Walter. Of these, ‹Paid in Full,› ‹The Easiest Way,› and ‹Fine Feathers› are the best. With journalistic as well as theatric sense, Walter finds his subjects close at home, and treats them with a directness that is violent and unliterary. Zest in reproducing, however crudely, the form and pressure of the time may be observed, also, in the plays of Edward Sheldon, who, at twenty-two, took the public by storm with his vivid and vigorous representation of counter-currents

in the city slums, ‹Salvation Nell.› ‹The Nigger› was more ambitious in its endeavor to exhibit racial antagonisms in the South. Sheldon's later works — among them ‹The Boss,› ‹The Song of Songs,› and ‹Romance› — have scarcely realized the expectations aroused by these first efforts.

William Vaughn Moody will be remembered for a single play, ‹The Great Divide,› a fortunate study of contrasts between two civilizations and codes of conduct. Admirable in conception, setting, and language, it suffers in execution from anti-climax and a psychology not thoroughly established. In ‹The Faith Healer,› Moody endeavored to suggest the potency of love to restore faith and of faith to restore health, dealing with problems already considered in a spirit more skeptical by Björnson; but his ideal is one better suited to exposition in a novel than a play. His poetic imagination, yoked with realism in these two dramas, was given free rein in a metrical trilogy. But for the versified play adapted to theatrical performance, one must look to ‹The Piper› of Mrs. Lionel Marks. Though given wide currency, its flagging movement after the first act, and its substitution for the dramatic of pictorial, lyrical, and spiritual appeal, could ensure it no continued run.

Another aspirant for poetic honors upon the stage is Percy MacKaye. His interest in theatrical reform has found expression in critical essays and experiments in pageantry, the most elaborate being ‹Caliban by the Yellow Sands.› His delight in spectacle was earlier evidenced in ‹The Canterbury Pilgrims,› and his poetic gifts in ‹Fenris the Wolf,› ‹Jeanne D'Arc,› and ‹Sappho and Phaon.› In ‹Mater› and ‹Anti-Matrimony› appears a vein of satiric humor which turns to joyous fantasy in ‹A Thousand Years Ago.› ‹To-Morrow› has more of substance, but it is less characteristic than his ‹Yankee Fantasies› and ‹The Scarecrow,› the last a clever adaptation of a tale by Hawthorne.

If American playwrights are frequently deficient in characterization, plot construction, and natural dialogue, they exhibit gifts of invention and observation, and a steady growth in interpretative power. Their work cannot as yet rank with that of the writers in France, Germany, and England; but it is rooted to the soil and increasingly vital and significant.

Editorial Note.—Of the dramatists referred to in Professor Chandler's essay, the chief are discussed at length in individual articles in the Library. Critical essays and selections will be found for the following:—Scandinavia: Björnson, Ibsen, and Strindberg; Russia: Andreyev, Chekhov, and Tolstoi; Germany: Hauptmann, Sudermann; Austria: Schnitzler; Italy: d'Annunzio, Verga; Spain: Echegaray, Galdoz; France: Brieux, Rostand, Maeterlinck; England:

Barrie, Galsworthy, Shaw, Wilde; Ireland: Synge, Yeats; and see also the essay on the Irish Renaissance; United States: Mackaye, Moody.

For further guide to reading and study in contemporary drama, the reader may be referred to the section of the Reader's Study Courses, Vol. xxix. of the Library, on Twentieth Century Drama.

JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER

(1811–1882)

THE subject of this sketch was born at St. Helen's, near Liverpool, England, on the 5th of May, 1811. His earliest education was obtained at a Wesleyan Methodist school, but after a time he came under private teachers, with whose help he made rapid progress in the physical sciences, thus showing in his boyhood the natural bent of his mind and the real strength of his intellect. He afterwards studied for a time at the University of London, but in 1833 came to the United States, and three years later graduated at the University of Pennsylvania with the degree of M. D. In 1839 he was elected to the chair of chemistry in the University of New York, a position which he held until his death in 1882.

JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER

Draper's contributions to science were of a high order. He discovered some of the facts that lie at the basis of spectrum analysis; he was one of the first successful experimenters in the art of photography; and he made researches in radiant energy and other scientific phenomena. He published in 1858 a treatise on 'Human Physiology,' which is a highly esteemed and widely used text-book. He died on the 4th of January, 1882.

Draper's chief contributions to literature are three works: 'History of the Intellectual Development of Europe' (1863), a 'History of the American Civil War' (1867–1870), and 'The History of the Conflict between Religion and Science,' which appeared in the International Scientific Series in 1873. Of these works, the one on the intellectual development of Europe is the ablest, and takes a place beside the works of Lecky and Buckle as a contribution to the history of civilization. The history of the Civil War was written too soon after the events described to have permanent historical value. 'The History of the Conflict between Religion and Science' is a judicial presentation of the perennial controversy from the standpoint of the scientist.

Draper's claims to attention as a philosophic historian rest mainly on his theory of the influence of climate on human character and

development. He maintains that "For every climate, and indeed for every geographical locality, there is an answering type of humanity"; and in his history of the American Civil War, as well as in his work on the intellectual development of Europe, he endeavored to prove that doctrine. Another theory which is prominent in his principal work is, that the intellectual development of every people passes through five stages; namely, 1, the Age of Credulity; 2, the Age of Inquiry; 3, the Age of Faith; 4, the Age of Reason; 5, the Age of Decrepitude. Ancient Greece, he thinks, passed through all those stages, the age of reason beginning with the advent of physical science. Europe as a whole has now also entered the age of reason, which as before he identifies with the age of physical science; so that everywhere in his historical works, physical influences and the scientific knowledge of physical phenomena are credited with most of the progress that mankind has made. Draper has left a distinct mark upon the scientific thought of his generation, and made a distinct and valuable contribution to the literature of his adopted country.

THE VEDAS AND THEIR THEOLOGY

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THE Vedas, which are the Hindu Scriptures, and of which there are four,—the Rig, Yagust, Saman, and Atharvan,—are asserted to have been revealed by Brahma. The fourth is however rejected by some authorities, and bears internal evidence of a later composition, at a time when hierarchical power had become greatly consolidated. These works are written in an obsolete Sanskrit, the parent of the more recent idiom. They constitute the basis of an extensive literature, Upavedas, Angas, etc., of connected works and commentaries. For the most part they consist of hymns suitable for public and private occasions, prayers, precepts, legends, and dogmas. The Rig, which is the oldest, is composed chiefly of hymns; the other three of liturgical formulas. They are of different periods and of various authorship, internal evidence seeming to indicate that if the later were composed by priests, the earlier were the production of military chieftains. They answer to a state of society advanced from the nomad to the municipal condition. They are based upon an acknowledgment of a universal Spirit, pervading all things. Of this God they therefore necessarily acknowledge the

unity: "There is in truth but one Deity, the Supreme Spirit, the Lord of the universe, whose work is the universe." "The God above all gods, who created the earth, the heavens, and waters." The world, thus considered as an emanation of God, is therefore a part of him; it is kept in a visible state by his energy, and would instantly disappear if that energy were for a moment withdrawn. Even as it is, it is undergoing unceasing transformations, everything being in a transitory condition. The moment a given phase is reached, it is departed from, or ceases. In these perpetual movements the present can scarcely be said to have any existence, for as the Past is ending, the Future has begun.

In such a never-ceasing career all material things are urged, their forms continually changing, and returning as it were through revolving cycles to similar states. For this reason it is that we may regard our earth and the various celestial bodies as having had a moment of birth, as having a time of continuance, in which they are passing onward to an inevitable destruction; and that after the lapse of countless ages similar progresses will be made, and similar series of events will occur again and again.

But in this doctrine of universal transformation there is something more than appears at first. The theology of India is underlaid with Pantheism. "God is One because he is All." The Vedas, in speaking of the relation of nature to God, make use of the expression that he is the material as well as the cause of the universe, "the clay as well as the Potter." They convey the idea that while there is a pervading spirit existing everywhere, of the same nature as the soul of man, though differing from it infinitely in degree, visible nature is essentially and inseparably connected therewith; that as in man the body is perpetually undergoing changes, perpetually decaying and being renewed,— or as in the case of the whole human species, nations come into existence and pass away,— yet still there continues to exist what may be termed the universal human mind, so forever associated and forever connected are the material and the spiritual. And under this aspect we must contemplate the Supreme Being, not merely as a presiding intellect, but as illustrated by the parallel case of man, whose mental principle shows no tokens except through its connection with the body: so matter, or nature, or the visible universe, is to be looked upon as the corporeal manifestation of God.

PRIMITIVE BELIEFS DISMISSED BY SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE

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As man advances in knowledge, he discovers that of his primitive conclusions some are doubtless erroneous, and many require better evidence to establish their truth incontestably. A more prolonged and attentive examination gives him reason, in some of the most important particulars, to change his mind. He finds that the earth on which he lives is not a floor covered over with a starry dome, as he once supposed, but a globe self-balanced in space. The crystalline vault, or sky, is recognized to be an optical deception. It rests upon the earth nowhere, and is no boundary at all; there is no kingdom of happiness above it, but a limitless space adorned with planets and suns. Instead of a realm of darkness and woe in the depths on the other side of the earth, men like ourselves are found there, pursuing, in Australia and New Zealand, the innocent pleasures and encountering the ordinary labors of life. By the aid of such lights as knowledge gradually supplies, he comes at last to discover that this our terrestrial habitation, instead of being a chosen, a sacred spot, is only one of similar myriads, more numerous than the sands of the sea, and prodigally scattered through space.

Never, perhaps, was a more important truth discovered. All the visible evidence was in direct opposition to it. The earth, which had hitherto seemed to be the very emblem of immobility, was demonstrated to be carried with a double motion, with prodigious velocity, through the heavens; the rising and setting of the stars were proved to be an illusion; and as respects the size of the globe, it was shown to be altogether insignificant when compared with multitudes of other neighboring ones — insignificant doubly by reason of its actual dimensions, and by the countless numbers of others like it in form, and doubtless like it the abodes of many orders of life.

And so it turns out that our earth is a globe of about twenty-five thousand miles in circumference. The voyager who circumnavigates it spends no inconsiderable portion of his life in accomplishing his task. It moves round the sun in a year, but at so great a distance from that luminary that if seen from him, it would look like a little spark traversing the sky. It is thus

recognized as one of the members of the solar system. Other similar bodies, some of which are of larger, some of smaller dimensions, perform similar revolutions round the sun in appropriate periods of time.

If the magnitude of the earth be too great for us to attach to it any definite conception, what shall we say of the compass of the solar system? There is a defect in the human intellect, which incapacitates us for comprehending distances and periods that are either too colossal or too minute. We gain no clearer insight into the matter, when we are told that a comet which does not pass beyond the bounds of the system may perhaps be absent on its journey for more than a thousand years. Distances and periods such as these are beyond our grasp. They prove to us how far human reason excels imagination; the one measuring and comparing things of which the other can form no conception, but in the attempt is utterly bewildered and lost.

But as there are other globes like our earth, so too there are other worlds like our solar system. There are self-luminous suns, exceeding in number all computation. The dimensions of this earth pass into nothingness in comparison with the dimensions of the solar system, and that system in its turn is only an invisible point if placed in relation with the countless hosts of other systems, which form with it clusters of stars. Our solar system, far from being alone in the universe, is only one of an extensive brotherhood, bound by common laws and subject to like influences. Even on the very verge of creation, where imagination might lay the beginning of the realms of chaos, we see unbounded proofs of order, a regularity in the arrangement of inanimate things, suggesting to us that there are other intellectual creatures like us, the tenants of those islands in the abysses of space.

Though it may take a beam of light a million years to bring to our view those distant worlds, the end is not yet. Far away in the depths of space we catch the faint gleams of other groups of stars like our own. The finger of a man can hide them in their remoteness. Their vast distances from one another have dwindled into nothing. They and their movements have lost all individuality; the innumerable suns of which they are composed blend all their collected light into one pale milky glow.

Thus extending our view from the earth to the solar system, from the solar system to the expanse of the group of stars to

which we belong, we behold a series of gigantic nebular creations rising up one after another, and forming greater and greater colonies of worlds. No numbers can express them, for they make the firmament a haze of stars. Uniformity, even though it be the uniformity of magnificence, tires at last, and we abandon the survey; for our eyes can only behold a boundless prospect, and conscience tells us our own unspeakable insignificance.

But what has become of the time-honored doctrine of the human destiny of the universe?—that doctrine for the sake of which the controversy I have described in this chapter was raised? It has disappeared. In vain was Bruno burnt and Galileo imprisoned; the truth forced its way, in spite of all opposition, at last. The end of the conflict was a total rejection of authority and tradition, and the adoption of scientific truth.

THE KORAN

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ARABIAN influence, thus imposing itself on Africa and Asia by military successes, and threatening even Constantinople, rested essentially on an intellectual basis, the value of which it is needful for us to consider. The Koran, which is that basis, has exercised a great control over the destinies of mankind, and still serves as a rule of life to a very large portion of our race. Considering the asserted origin of this book,—indirectly from God himself,—we might justly expect that it would bear to be tried by any standard that man can apply, and vindicate its truth and excellence in the ordeal of human criticism. In our estimate of it, we must constantly bear in mind that it does not profess to be successive revelations made at intervals of ages and on various occasions, but a complete production delivered to one man. We ought therefore to look for universality, completeness, perfection. We might expect that it would present us with just views of the nature and position of this world in which we live, and that whether dealing with the spiritual or the material, it would put to shame the most celebrated productions of human genius, as the magnificent mechanism of the heavens and the beautiful living forms of the earth are

superior to the vain contrivances of man. Far in advance of all that has been written by the sages of India, or the philosophers of Greece, on points connected with the origin, nature, and destiny of the universe, its dignity of conception and excellence of expression should be in harmony with the greatness of the subject with which it is concerned.

We might expect that it should propound with authority, and definitively settle, those all-important problems which have exercised the mental powers of the ablest men of Asia and Europe for so many centuries, and which are at the foundation of all faith and all philosophy; that it should distinctly tell us in unmistakable language what is God, what is the world, what is the soul, and whether man has any criterion of truth; that it should explain to us how evil can exist in a world the Maker of which is omnipotent and altogether good; that it should reveal to us in what the affairs of men are fixed by Destiny, in what by free-will; that it should teach us whence we came, what is the object of our continuing here, what is to become of us hereafter. And since a written work claiming a divine origin must necessarily accredit itself even to those most reluctant to receive it, its internal evidences becoming stronger and not weaker with the strictness of the examination to which they are submitted, it ought to deal with those things that may be demonstrated by the increasing knowledge and genius of man; anticipating therein his conclusions.

Such a work, noble as may be its origin, must not refuse but court the test of natural philosophy, regarding it not as an antagonist but as its best support. As years pass on, and human science becomes more exact and more comprehensive, its conclusions must be found in unison therewith. When occasion arises, it should furnish us at least the foreshadowings of the great truths discovered by astronomy and geology, not offering for them the wild fictions of earlier ages, inventions of the infancy of man. It should tell us how suns and worlds are distributed in infinite space, and how in their successions they come forth in limitless time. It should say how far the dominion of God is carried out by law, and what is the point at which it is his pleasure to resort to his own good providence or his arbitrary will. How grand the description of this magnificent universe, written by the Omnipotent hand! Of man it should set forth his relations to other living beings, his place among them, his

privileges and responsibilities. It should not leave him to grope his way through the vestiges of Greek philosophy, and to miss the truth at last; but it should teach him wherein true knowledge consists, anticipating the physical science, physical power, and physical well-being of our own times, nay, even unfolding for our benefit things that we are still ignorant of. The discussion of subjects so many and so high is not outside the scope of a work of such pretensions. Its manner of dealing with them is the only criterion it can offer of its authenticity to succeeding times.

Tried by such a standard, the Koran altogether fails. In its philosophy it is incomparably inferior to the writings of Chakia Mouni, the founder of Buddhism; in its science it is absolutely worthless. On speculative or doubtful things it is copious enough; but in the exact, where a test can be applied to it, it totally fails. Its astronomy, cosmogony, physiology, are so puerile as to invite our mirth, if the occasion did not forbid. They belong to the old times of the world, the morning of human knowledge. The earth is firmly balanced in its seat by the weight of the mountains; the sky is supported over it like a dome, and we are instructed in the wisdom and power of God by being told to find a crack in it if we can. Ranged in stories, seven in number, are the heavens, the highest being the habitation of God, whose throne — for the Koran does not reject Assyrian ideas — is sustained by winged animal forms. The shooting stars are pieces of red-hot stone, thrown by angels at impure spirits when they approach too closely. Of God the Koran is full of praise, setting forth, often in not unworthy imagery, his majesty. Though it bitterly denounces those who give him any equals, and assures them that their sin will never be forgiven; that in the Judgment Day they must answer the fearful question, "Where are my companions about whom ye disputed?" — though it inculcates an absolute dependence on the mercy of God, and denounces as criminals all those who make a merchandise of religion, — its ideas of the Deity are altogether anthropomorphic. He is only a gigantic man, living in a paradise. In this respect, though exceptional passages might be cited, the reader rises from a perusal of the one hundred and fourteen chapters of the Koran with a final impression that they have given him low and unworthy thoughts; nor is it surprising that one of the Mohammedan sects reads it in such a way as to find no difficulty in asserting that "from

the crown of the head to the breast God is hollow, and from the breast downward he is solid;" that he "has curled black hair, and roars like a lion at every watch of the night." The unity asserted by Mohammed is a unity in special contradistinction to the Trinity of the Christians, and the doctrine of a Divine generation. Our Savior is never called the Son of God, but always the Son of Mary. Throughout there is a perpetual acceptance of the delusion of the human destiny of the universe. As to man, Mohammed is diffuse enough respecting a future state, speaking with clearness of a resurrection, the Judgment Day, Paradise, the torment of hell, the worm that never dies, the pains that never end; but with all this precise description of the future, there are many errors as to the past. If modesty did not render it unsuitable to speak of such topics here, it might be shown how feeble is his physiology when he has occasion to allude to the origin or generation of man. He is hardly advanced beyond the ideas of Thales. One who is so untrustworthy a guide as to things that are past cannot be very trustworthy as to events that are to come.

Of the literary execution of his work, it is perhaps scarcely possible to judge fairly from a translation. It is said to be the oldest prose composition among the Arabs, by whom Mohammed's boast of the unapproachable excellence of his work is almost universally sustained; but it must not be concealed that there have been among them very learned men who have held it in light esteem. Its most celebrated passages, as those on the nature of God, in Chapters ii., xxiv., will bear no comparison with parallel ones in the Psalms and Book of Job. In the narrative style, the story of Joseph in Chapter xii., compared with the same incidents related in Genesis, shows a like inferiority. Mohammed also adulterates his work with many Christian legends, derived probably from the apocryphal gospel of St. Barnabas; he mixes with many of his own inventions the Scripture account of the temptation of Adam, the Deluge, Jonah and the whale, enriching the whole with stories like the later Night Entertainments of his country, the seven sleepers, Gog and Magog, and all the wonders of genii, sorcery, and charms.

An impartial reader of the Koran may doubtless be surprised that so feeble a production should serve its purpose so well. But the theory of religion is one thing, the practice another. The Koran abounds in excellent moral suggestions and precepts; its composition is so fragmentary that we cannot turn to a single

page without finding maxims of which all men must approve. This fragmentary construction yields texts and mottoes and rules complete in themselves, suitable for common men in any of the incidents of life. There is a perpetual insisting on the necessity of prayer, an inculcation of mercy, almsgiving, justice, fasting, pilgrimage, and other good works; institutions respecting conduct, both social and domestic, debts, witnesses, marriage, children, wine, and the like; above all, a constant stimulation to do battle with the infidel and blasphemer. For life as it passes in Asia, there is hardly a condition in which passages from the Koran cannot be recalled suitable for instruction, admonition, consolation, encouragement. To the Asiatic and to the African, such devotional fragments are of far more use than any sustained theological doctrine. The mental constitution of Mohammed did not enable him to handle important philosophical questions with the well-balanced ability of the great Greek and Indian writers; but he has never been surpassed in adaptation to the spiritual wants of humble life, making even his fearful fatalism administer thereto. A pitiless destiny is awaiting us; yet the prophet is uncertain what it may be. "Unto every nation a fixed time is decreed. Death will overtake us even in lofty towers, but God only knoweth the place in which a man shall die." After many an admonition of the resurrection and the Judgment Day, many a promise of Paradise and threat of hell, he plaintively confesses, "I do not know what will be done with you or me hereafter."

The Koran thus betrays a human and not a very noble intellectual origin. It does not however follow that its author was, as is so often asserted, a mere impostor. He reiterates again and again, "I am nothing more than a public preacher." He defends, not always without acerbity, his work from those who even in his own life stigmatized it as a confused heap of dreams, or what is worse, a forgery. He is not the only man who has supposed himself to be the subject of supernatural and divine communications, for this is a condition of disease to which any one, by fasting and mental anxiety, may be reduced.

In what I have thus said respecting a work held by so many millions of men as a revelation from God, I have endeavored to speak with respect and yet with freedom, constantly bearing in mind how deeply to this book Asia and Africa are indebted for daily guidance, how deeply Europe and America for the light of science.

As might be expected, the doctrines of the Koran have received many fictitious additions and sectarian interpretations in the course of ages. In the popular superstition angels and genii largely figure. The latter, being of a grosser fabric, eat, drink, propagate their kind, are of two sorts, good and bad, and existed long before men, having occupied the earth before Adam. Immediately after death, two greenish livid angels, Monkir and Nekkar, examine every corpse as to its faith in God and Mohammed; but the soul, having been separated from the body by the angel of death, enters upon an intermediate state, awaiting the resurrection. There is however much diversity of opinion as to its precise disposal before the Judgment Day: some think that it hovers near the grave; some, that it sinks into the well Zemzem; some, that it retires into the trumpet of the angel of the resurrection; the difficulty apparently being that any final disposal before the Day of Judgment would be anticipatory of that great event, if indeed it would not render it needless. As to the resurrection, some believe it to be merely spiritual, others corporeal; the latter asserting that the *os coccygis*, or last bone of the spinal column, will serve as it were as a germ; and that, vivified by a rain of forty days, the body will sprout from it. Among the signs of the approaching resurrection will be the rising of the sun in the west. It will be ushered in by three blasts of a trumpet: the first, known as the blast of consternation, will shake the earth to its centre, and extinguish the sun and stars; the second, the blast of extermination, will annihilate all material things except Paradise, hell, and the throne of God. Forty years subsequently, the angel Israfil will sound the blast of resurrection. From his trumpet there will be blown forth the countless myriads of souls who have taken refuge therein, or lain concealed. The Day of Judgment has now come. The Koran contradicts itself as to the length of this day; in one place making it a thousand, in another fifty thousand years. Most Mohammedans incline to adopt the longer period, since angels, genii, men, and animals have to be tried.

As to men, they will rise in their natural state, but naked: white-winged camels, with saddles of gold, awaiting the saved. When the partition is made, the wicked will be oppressed with an intolerable heat, caused by the sun, which, having been called into existence again, will approach within a mile, provoking a sweat to issue from them; and this, according to their demerits, will immerse them from the ankles to the mouth; but the

righteous will be screened by the shadow of the throne of God. The Judge will be seated in the clouds, the books open before him, and everything in its turn called on to account for its deeds. For greater dispatch, the angel Gabriel will hold forth his balance, one scale of which hangs over Paradise and one over hell. In these all works are weighed. As soon as the sentence is delivered, the assembly, in a long file, will pass over the bridge Al-Sirat. It is as sharp as the edge of a sword, and laid over the mouth of hell. Mohammed and his followers will successfully pass the perilous ordeal; but the sinners, giddy with terror, will drop into the place of torment. The blessed will receive their first taste of happiness at a pond which is supplied by silver pipes from the river Al-Cawthor. The soil of Paradise is of musk. Its rivers tranquilly flow over pebbles of rubies and emeralds. From tents of hollow pearls the Houris, or girls of Paradise, will come forth, attended by troops of beautiful boys. Each saint will have eighty thousand servants and seventy-two girls. To these, some of the more merciful Mussulmans add the wives they have had upon earth; but the grimly orthodox assert that hell is already nearly filled with women. How can it be otherwise, since they are not permitted to pray in a mosque upon earth?

I have not space to describe the silk brocades, the green clothing, the soft carpets, the banquets, the perpetual music and songs. From the glorified body all impurities will escape, not as they did during life, but in a fragrant perspiration of camphor and musk. No one will complain, "I am weary;" no one will say, "I am sick."

From the contradictions, puerilities, and impossibilities indicated in the preceding paragraphs, it may be anticipated that the faith of Mohammed has been broken into many sects. Of such it is said that not less than seventy-three may be numbered. Some, as the Sonnites, are guided by traditions; some occupy themselves with philosophical difficulties,—the existence of evil in the world, the attributes of God, absolute predestination and eternal damnation, the invisibility and non-corporeality of God, his capability of local motion. . . . But the great Mohammedan philosophers, simply accepting the doctrine of the oneness of God as the only thing of which man can be certain, look upon all the rest as idle fables—having however this political use: that they furnish contention and therefore occupation to disputatious sectarians, and consolation to illiterate minds.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

(1563–1631)

WHILE London still crowded to the new "Theatre" in Shoreditch, the first built in England; while Ben Jonson was still soldiering in the Low Countries; while Marlowe was working out the tragedy that was to revolutionize all stage traditions, and Shakespeare was yet but a "looker-on at greatness,"—there came up from Warwickshire a young man of good family who had served as page in a noble house, who had studied possibly at Oxford, and who in the first flush of manhood aspired to a place among those prodigies who made the later Elizabethan period immortal. This was Michael Drayton, whose gentle birth and breeding, education and talents, knowledge of the world and of men, together with a most sweet and lovable disposition, made him at once welcome in the literary Bohemia of the day. He became the "deare and bosom friend" of Beaumont and Fletcher, and his work received unquestioned honor from his illustrious contemporaries.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

As a child he had demanded of his elders to know what kind of beings poets were, had spent many hours in writing childishly fantastic verses, and had begged of his tutor to make a poet of him. And although he seems to have been poor and to have lived by the gifts of wealthy patrons, he cast in his lot with literature, and cherished no other ambition than that of writing well. His first book, a volume of spiritual poems, or metrical renderings of the Bible, was published in 1590 under the title 'The Harmony of the Church.' It is difficult to see why this commonplace and orthodox performance should have given such umbrage that the Archbishop of Canterbury condemned the entire edition to destruction. Yet this was its fate, with the exception of forty copies which Archbishop Whitgift ordered to be reserved for the ecclesiastical library at Lambeth Palace. Undiscouraged, the poet next produced a cycle of sixty-four sonnets and a collection ot pastorals entitled 'Idea: the Shepherd's Garland,' in which under the name "Rowland" he celebrated an early love. It is strange that the intrinsic merit of these verses, and their undoubted popularity,

should not have urged Drayton to continue in the same vein. Instead, however, he set about the composition of a series of historical poems which extended over the next twenty-four years, and to which he gave the best energies of his life. Beginning with the epic 'Matilda,' studied from English history, the series was continued by a poem on the 'Wars of the Roses,' afterward enlarged into 'The Barons' Wars.' This was followed by the epic 'Robert, Duke of Normandy.' Destitute of imagination, prolix and tedious, these verses were yet so popular in Drayton's day that in 1612 he began the publication of a poem in thirty books, meant to include the entire chronology and topography of Great Britain, from the earliest times. This was the famous 'Poly-Olbion,' in which, in spite of the inspiring work of his contemporaries, Drayton harked back in spirit to the dreary monotony of the Saxon Chronicle; the detail is so minute, the matter so unimportant, and the absence of discrimination so apparent, that notwithstanding many noticeable beauties of thought and style, it is hard to realize that this poem was a favorite with that brilliant group which had known Shakespeare, and still delighted in Ben Jonson. After issuing eighteen books of 'Poly-Olbion,' his publishers — with whom he was always quarreling, and whom he declared that he "despised and kicked at" — refused to undertake the remaining twelve books of the second part. His friends, however, loyal in their love and praise of him, secured a more complaisant tradesman to bring out the rest of the already famous poem.

Fortunately for his fame, Drayton had in the mean time produced two other volumes of verse, which displayed the real grace and fancifulness of his charming muse. The first of these, 'Poems Lyrical and Pastoral,' included the satire 'The Man in the Moon'; while in the second were printed the 'Ballad of Agincourt,' the most spirited of English martial lyrics, and that delightful fantasy 'Nymphidia, or the Court of Faery,' in which the touch is so light, the fancy so dainty, and the conceit so delicate, that the poem remains immortally fresh and young. Because everybody wrote plays, Drayton turned playwright, and is said to have collaborated with Massinger and Ford. Of his long works, the 'Heroicall Episodes' is perhaps the most readable. His last effort was 'The Muses' Elizium,' published in 1630. A year later he died, and was buried in Westminster, where a monument was erected to him by the Countess of Dorset.

Drayton's place in English literature is with that considerable and not unimportant band who have done somewhat, but whose repute is much more for what they were in their friends' eyes than for what they did. In an age of great intellectual achievement, he yet managed, in spite of the stimulus of kindred minds and his own undoubted gift, to produce little that has sustained the reputation accorded him by his acquaintances. Most of his work lives chiefly

to afford pleasing studies for the literary antiquary, to whom the tide of time brings nothing uninteresting. Yet in the art of living, in the unselfish devotion of his powers to his chosen calling, in the graces of affection and the offices of noble friendship, he was so excellent and exemplary that he won and kept the undying regard of the most able men of the most brilliant period of English literature — men who felt a personal and unrequitable loss when he passed away, and who spoke of him always with admiring tenderness.

In person he seems to have been small and dark. He describes himself as of «swart and melancholy face.» Yet his talk was most delightful, and a strong proof of his wide popularity appears in the fact that he is quoted not less than one hundred and fifty times in 'England's Parnassus,' published as early as 1600. The tributes of his friends are innumerable, from the «good Rowland» of Barnfield to the «golden-mouthèd Drayton, musicall,» of Fitz-Geoffrey, the «man of vertuous disposition, honest conversation, and well-preserved carriage» of Meres, or the tender lines of his friend Ben Jonson:—

> «Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
> What they and what their children owe
> To Drayton's name; whose sacred dust
> We recommend unto thy trust.
> Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
> Remain a lasting monument of his glory.
> And when thy ruins shall disclaim
> To be the treasurer of his name,
> His name, that cannot die, shall be
> An everlasting monument to thee.»

SONNET

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and part,—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free:
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover!

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour—
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power,

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then;—
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed;
Yet have we well begun—
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me;
Victor I will remain.
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

«Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies».

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear —
A braver man not there:
O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan —
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
    Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went;-
    Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
    As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arm with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
    Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
    With his brave brother—
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
    Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
    Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
    Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
    To England to carry;
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
    Such a King Harry?

QUEEN MAB'S EXCURSION

From 'Nymphidia, the Court of Faery'

HER chariot ready straight is made;
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For naught must her be letting:
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
The harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colors did excel,—
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterflee,—
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce;
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it:
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran away herself alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honor;

Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
    Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
    The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they sparèd not,
    But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow;
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
    Lest any should espy them.

GUSTAVE DROZ

(1832–1895)

GUSTAVE DROZ enjoyed for a time the distinction of being the most popular writer of light literature in France, and his fame extended throughout Europe and to America, several of his books having been translated into English. Essentially a Parisian of the day,—gay, droll, adroit,—he not only caught and reflected the humor of his countrymen, but with a new, fresh touch, reached below the surface of their volatile emotions. Occasionally striking the note of deeper feeling, he avoided as a rule the more serious sides of life, as well as the sensational tendencies of most of his contemporaries. His friends claimed for him a distinctive *genre*, and on that account presented him as a candidate for the Academy; but he failed of election.

GUSTAVE DROZ

The son of a well-known sculptor, he was born in Paris, and followed the traditions of his family in entering the École des Beaux-Arts, where he developed some aptitude with his brush; but a preference for writing beguiled him from the studio, and an acquaintance with Marcellin the illustrator, founder of La Vie Parisienne, led him to follow literature. At first he was timid, dreading the test of publication, but presently he gave himself up unreservedly to his pen. Within a year he was established as a favorite of the people, and his friend's journal was on the highway to success. For this he wrote a series of sketches of every-day life that were subsequently collected and published in book form, under the titles 'Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé,' 'Entre Nous,' and 'La Cahier Bleu de Mlle. Cibot.' Within two years these books had reached their twentieth edition, and of the first, nearly one hundred and fifty editions have been demanded since it was issued. He has written several novels, the best known of which are 'Babolein,' 'Les Étangs' (The Ponds), and 'Autour d'une Source' (Around a Spring), but they did not fully sustain the reputation gained by his short sketches; a fact which induced him in 1884 to return to his earlier form in 'Tristesses et Sourires' (Sorrows and Smiles), a volume of light

dissertations on things grave and gay that at once revived his popularity.

The peculiarity of the work of Gustave Droz is its delicacy both in humor and pathos. He surprised the French by making them all laugh without making any of them wince; the sharp wits of his day were forgotten in the unalloyed enjoyment of his simple quaintness, in which there was neither affectation nor sarcasm. Yet as has been said, he was a Parisian of the Parisians, quick to perceive the ludicrous, ready to weep with the afflicted, and to laugh again with the happy. His studies of children are among his best, on account of their extreme naturalness, and are never uninteresting, despite the simplicity of the incidents and observations on which they are founded. In 'Le Cahier Bleu de Mlle. Cibot' he has used striking colors to paint the petty afflictions that beset most lives; but lest these pictures should leave an unpleasant impression, they are set off by others of a happier sort, making a collection that constitutes a most effective lesson in practical philosophy.

HOW THE BABY WAS SAVED

From 'The Seamstress's Story'

"YES, Ma'm'selle Adèle," said the seamstress, "the real happiness of this world is not so unevenly distributed after all."

Louise, as she said this, took from the reserve in the bosom of her dress a lot of pins, and applied them deftly to the trimming of a skirt which I was holding for her.

"A sufficiently comfortable doctrine," I answered; "but it does seem to me as if some people were born to live and to die unhappy."

"It is only folks who never find anybody to love enough; and I think it's nobody's fault but their own."

"But my good Louise, wouldn't you have suffered much less last year, when you came so near losing your boy, if you hadn't cared so much for him?"

I was only drawing her on, you see; Louise's chat was the greatest resource to me at that time.

"Why, Ma'm'selle Adèle, you are surely joking. You'd as well tell me to cut off my feet to save my shoes. You'll know one of these days — and not so far off neither, maybe — how mighty easy and sensible it would be not to love your children. They *are* a worry, too; but oh the delight of 'em! I'd like to

have had anybody tell me not to love my darling because it might grieve me, when he lay there in his mother's lap, with blue lips, gasping for his breath, and well-nigh dead, his face blackish, and his hands like this piece of wax. You could see that everything was going against him; and with his great big eyes he was staring in my face, until I felt as if the child was tugging at my very heart-strings. I kept smiling at him, though, through the tears that blinded me, hard as I tried to hide them. Oh! such tears are bitter salt indeed, Ma'm'selle! And there was my poor husband on his knees, making paper figures to amuse him, and singing a funny song he used to laugh at. Now and then the corners of his mouth would pucker, and his cheeks would wrinkle a little bit under the eyes. You could tell he was still amused, but in such a dreamy way. Oh! our child seemed no longer with us, but behind a veil, like. Wait a minute. You must excuse me, for I can't help crying when I think of it."

And the poor creature drew out her handkerchief and fairly sobbed aloud. In the midst of it however she smiled and said: "Well, that's over now; 'twas nothing, and I'm too silly. And Ma'm'selle, here I've gone and cried upon your mother's dress, and that's a pretty business."

I took her hand in mine and pressed it.

"Aren't you afraid you'll stick yourself, Ma'm'selle? I've got my needle in that hand," she said playfully. "But you did not mean what you said just now, did you?"

"What did I say?"

"That it would be better not to love your children with all your heart, on account of the great anxiety. Don't you know such thoughts are wicked? When they come into your head your mind wants purifying. But I'm sure I beg your pardon for saying so."

"You are entirely right, Louise," I returned.

"Ah! so I thought. And now let me see. Let's fix this ruche; pull it to the left a little, please."

"But about the sick boy. Tell me about his recovery."

"That was a miracle — I ought to say two miracles. It was a miracle that God restored him to us, and a miracle to find anybody with so much knowledge and feeling,— such talent, such a tender heart, and so much, so much —! I'm speaking of the doctor. A famous one he was, too, you must know; for it was no less than Doctor Faron. Heaven knows how he is run

after, and how rich and celebrated he is! Aren't you surprised to hear that it was he who attended *our* little boy? Indeed, the wonders begin with that. You may imagine my husband was at his wits' end when he saw how it was with the child; and all of a sudden I saw him jump up, get out his best coat and hat, and put them on.

"'Where are you going?' I asked.

"'To bring Doctor Faron.'

"Why, if he had said, 'To bring the Prime Minister,' it would have seemed as likely.

"'Don't you believe Doctor Faron is going to trouble himself about such as we. They will turn you out of doors.'

"But 'twas no use talking, my dear. He was already on the stairs, and I heard him running away as if the house was on fire. Fire, indeed; worse, far worse than any fire!

"And there I was, left alone with the child upon my knees. He wouldn't stay in bed, and was quieter so, wrapped up in his little blanket. 'Here will he die,' I thought. 'Soon will his eyes close, and then it will be all over;' and I held my own breath to listen to his feeble and oppressed pantings.

"About an hour had passed, when I heard a rapid step upon the stairs (we are poor, and live in attic rooms). The door opened, and my husband came in, wet with perspiration and out of breath. If I live a century, I'll not forget his look when he said:—

"'Well?'

"I answered, 'No worse. But the doctor?'

"'He's coming.'

"Oh, those blessed words! It actually seemed as if my child were saved already. If you but knew how folks love their little ones! I kissed the darling, I kissed his father, I laughed, I cried, and I no longer felt the faintest doubt. It is by God's mercy that such gleams of hope are sent to strengthen us in our trials. It was very foolish, too; for something might easily have prevented the doctor's coming, after all.

"'You found him at home, then?' I asked my husband.

"Then he told me in an undertone what he had done, stopping every now and then to wipe his face and gather breath.

. . . . . .

"My husband had scarcely uttered these words," continued Louise, "when I heard a step on the stairs. It was he! it was

that blessed angel of a doctor, come to help us in our sore distress.

"And what do you think he said in his deep voice when he got into the room?

"'God bless you, my friends, but I nearly broke my neck on those stairs. Where's that child?'

"'Here he is, my dear, darling doctor.' I knew no better way to speak to him, with his dress cravat showing over his greatcoat, and his decorations dangling like a little bunch of keys at his buttonhole.

"He took off his wrappings, stooped over the child, turned him over, more gently even than his mother could have done, and laid his own head first against his back, then against his breast. How I tried to read his eyes! but they know how to hide their thoughts.

"'We must perform an operation here,' says he; 'and it is high time.'

"Just at this moment the hospital doctor came in, and whispered to him, 'I'm afraid you didn't want to be disturbed, sir.'

"'Oh, never mind. I am sorry it wasn't sooner, though. Get everything ready now.'

"But Ma'm'selle Adèle, why should I tell you all this? I'd better mind my work."

"Oh, go on, Louise, go on!"

"Well then, Ma'm'selle, if you believe me, those two doctors — neither of 'em kin, or even friends till then — went to work and made all the preparations, while my husband went off to borrow lights. The biggest one tied a mattress on the table, and the assistant spread out the bright little knives.

"You who have not been through it all, Ma'm'selle, can't know what it is to have your own little one in your lap, to know that those things are to be used upon him to pierce his tender flesh, and if the hand that guides them be not sure, that they may kill him.

"When all was ready, Doctor Faron took off his cravat, then lifted my child from my arms and laid him on the mattress, in the midst of the lamps, and said to my poor man: —

"'You will hold his head, and your wife his feet. Joseph will pass me the instruments. You've brought a breathing-tube with you, my son?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"My husband was as white as a sheet by this; and when I saw him about to take his place with his hands shaking so much, it scared me, so I said: —

"'Doctor, please let me hold his head!'

"'But my poor woman, if you should tremble?'

"'Please let me do it, doctor!'

"'Be it so, then;' and then added with a bright look at me, and a cheering smile, 'we shall save him for you, my dear; you are a brave little woman and you deserve it.'

"Yes, and save him he did! God bless him! saved him as truly as if he had snatched him from the depths of the river."

"And you didn't tremble, Louise?"

"You may depend on that. If I had, it would have been the last of my child."

"How in the world did you keep yourself steady?"

"The Lord knows; but I was like a rock. When you must, you must, I suppose."

"And you had to behold every detail of that operation?"

"Yes, indeed; and often have I dreamed it over since. His poor little neck laid open, and the veins, which the doctor pushed aside with his fingers, and the little silver tube which he inserted, and all that; and then the face of the child, changing as the air passed into his lungs. You've seen a lamp almost out, when you pour in oil? It was like that. They had laid him there but half alive, with his eyes all but set; and they gave him back to me, pale and with bloodless lips, it is true, but with life in his looks, and breathing — breathing the free, fresh air.

"'Kiss him, mother,' says the doctor, 'and put him to bed. Cover the place with some light thing or other, and Joseph must stay with you to-night; won't you, Joseph? Ah, well, that's all arranged.'

"He put on his things and wrapped himself up to go. He was shaking hands with my husband, when I seized one hand, and kissed it — like a fool, as I was; but I didn't stop to think. He laughed heartily, and said to my husband, 'Are you not jealous, friend? Your wife is making great advances to me. But I must be off now. Good night, good people.'

"And from that night he always talks so friendly and familiarly to us, not a bit contemptuously either, but as if he liked us, and was glad to be of service to us."

A FAMILY NEW-YEAR'S

From 'Monsieur, Madame, and Baby'

It is barely seven o'clock. A pale ray of wan light filters through the double curtains, and some one is already at the door. In the next room I hear the stifled laughs and silvery voice of my little child, who trembles with impatience and begs to come.

"But father dear," he cries, "it's Baby. It's your own little boy—to wish you 'Happy New Year.'"

"Come in, darling; come quick and give me a kiss," I cry.

The door opens, and my boy, with shining eyes and his arms in the air, rushes toward the bed. Long curls, escaping from the nightcap which imprisons his blond head, fall over his forehead. His loose night-shirt, embarrassing his little feet, adds to his impatience and makes him trip at every step. He has crossed the room at last, and stretching his hands toward mine, "Baby wishes you a happy New Year," he says earnestly.

"Poor darling, with his bare feet! Come, dear! Come and get warm under the covers; come and hide in the quilt."

I draw him to me; but at this movement my wife wakes up suddenly. . . . "How you frightened me! I was dreaming that there was a fire, and these voices in the midst of it! You are indiscreet with your cries!"

"*Our* cries! So you forget, dear mamma, that this is New-Year's day. Baby is waiting for you to wake up, and so am I."

I wrap up my little man in the soft quilt, I bury him in the eiderdown, and warm his frozen feet with my hands.

"Mother dear, this is New Year," he cries. He draws our two heads together with his arms, and kisses us anywhere at random, with his fresh lips. I feel his dimpled hand wandering about my neck; his little fingers are entangled in my beard. My mustache pricks the end of his nose. He bursts out laughing, and throws his head back.

His mother, who has recovered from her fright, draws him into her arms. She pulls the bell.

"The year begins well, my dears," she says, "but we need a little light."

"Tell me, mamma, do naughty children have presents at New-Year's?" says the young dissembler, with an eye on the mountain of boxes and packages visible in the corner, in spite of the gloom.

The curtains are drawn apart, the blinds are opened, there is a flood of daylight, the fire crackles gayly on the hearth, and two large packages, carefully wrapped up, are placed on the bed. One is for my wife; the other for the boy.

What is it? What will it be? I have heaped up knots, and tripled the wrappings; and I watch with delight their nervous fingers, lost in the strings.

My wife gets impatient, smiles, is vexed, kisses me, and asks for scissors. Baby on his side bites his lips, pulls with all his might, and at last asks me to help him. He longs to see through the paper. Desire and expectation are painted on his face. The convulsive movement of his hand in the folds of the quilt rustles the silk, and he makes a sound with his lips as though a savory fruit were approaching them.

The last paper is off, finally the cover is lifted, there is an outcry of joy.

"My tippet!"

"My menagerie!"

"Like my muff,—my dear husband!"

"With a real shepherd, on wheels, dear papa, *how* I love you!"

They hug me, four arms at once wind round and press me close. I am stirred—a tear comes to my eyes; two come to those of my wife; and Baby, who loses his head, utters a sob as he kisses my hand.

How absurd! you will say. I don't know whether it is absurd or not, but it is charming, I promise you. After all, does not sorrow wring tears enough from us to make up for the solitary one which joy may call forth? Life is less happy when one chances it alone; and when the heart is empty, the way seems long. It is so good to feel one's self loved; to hear the regular steps of one's fellow travelers beside one; and to think, "They are there, our three hearts beat together;" and once a year, when the great clock strikes the first of January, to sit down beside the way with hands clasped together and eyes fixed upon the dusty unknown road stretching on to the horizon, and to embrace and say:—"We will always love each other, my dear ones; you depend upon me and I on you. Let us trust and keep straight on."

And that is how I explain that we weep a little in looking at a tippet and opening a menagerie.

Translated by Jane G. Cooke, for 'A Library of The World's Best Literature.'

THEIR LAST EXCURSION

From 'Making an Omelette': from Lippincott's Magazine, 1871, copyrighted

In this strange, rude interior, how refined and delicate Louise looked, with all her dainty appointments of long undressed kid gloves, jaunty boots, and looped-up petticoat! While I talked to the wood-cutters she shielded her face from the fire with her hands, and kept her eye on the butter beginning to sing in the pan.

Suddenly she rose, and taking the pan-handle from the old woman, said, "Let me help you make the omelette, will you?" The good woman let go with a smile, and Louise found herself alone, in the attitude of a fisherman who has just had a nibble. She stood in the full light of the fire, her eyes fixed on the melted butter, her arms tense with effort; she was biting her lips, probably in order to increase her strength.

"It's rather hard on madame's little hands," said the old man. "I bet it's the first time you ever made an omelette in a wood-cutter's hut — isn't it, my young lady?"

Louise nodded yes, without turning her eyes from the omelette.

"The eggs! the eggs!" she suddenly exclaimed, with such a look of uneasiness that we all burst out laughing — "hurry with the eggs! The butter is all puffing up! Be quick — or I can't answer for the consequences."

The old woman beat the eggs energetically.

"The herbs!" cried the old man. "The lard and salt!" cried the young ones. And they all set to work chopping, cutting, piling up, while Louise, stamping with excitement, called out, "Make haste! make haste!" Then there was a tremendous bubbling in the pan, and the great work began. We were all round the fire, gazing with an anxious interest inspired by our all having had a finger in the pie.

The old woman, on her knees beside a large dish, slipped a knife under the edge of the omelette, which was turning a fine brown. "Now, madame, you've only got to turn it over," she said.

"Just one little quick blow," suggested the old man.

"Mustn't be violent," counseled the young one.

« All at once; up with it, dear!» I said.

« If you all talk at once — »

« Make haste, madame!»

« If you all talk at once I never shall manage it. It is too awfully heavy.»

« One quick little blow.»

« But I can't; it's going over. Oh gracious!»

In the heat of action, her hood had fallen off. Her cheeks were like a peach, her eyes shone, and though she lamented her fate, she burst into peals of laughter. At last by a supreme effort the pan moved, and the omelette rolled over, somewhat heavily, I confess, into the large dish which the old woman was holding. Never did an omelette look better!

« I am sure the young lady's arms must be tired,» said the old man, as he began cutting a round loaf into enormous slices.

« Oh no, not so very,» my wife answered with a merry laugh; « only I am crazy to taste my — our omelette.»

We had seated ourselves round the table. When we had eaten and drunk with the good souls, we rose and made ready to go home. The sun had set, and the whole family came out of the cabin to see us off and say good-night.

« Don't you want my son to go with you?» the old woman called after us.

It was growing dark and chilly under the trees, and we gradually quickened our pace. « Those are happy people,» said Louise. « We will come some morning and breakfast with them, — shan't we? We can put the baby in one of the donkey panniers, and in the other a large pasty and a bottle of wine. — You are not afraid of losing your way, George?»

« No, dear; no fear of that.»

« A pasty and a bottle of wine — What is that?»

« Nothing; the stump of a tree.»

« The stump of a tree — the stump of a tree,» she muttered. « Don't you hear something behind us?»

« It is only the wind in the leaves, or the breaking of a dead branch.»

He is fortunate who at night, in the heart of a forest, feels as calm as at his own fireside. You do not tremble, but you feel the silence. Involuntarily you look for eyes peering out of the darkness, and you try to define the confused forms appearing and changing every minute. Something breaks and sounds beneath

your tread, and if you stop you hear the distant melancholy howl of your watch-dog, the scream of an owl, and other noises, far and near, not so easily explained. A sense of strangeness surrounds you and weighs you down. If you are alone, you walk faster; if there are two of you, you draw close to your companion. My wife clung to my arm.

"Let us turn wood-cutters. We could build a pretty little hut, simple, but nice enough. I would have curtains to the windows, and a carpet, and put my piano in one corner." She spoke very low, and occasionally I felt my hand tremble on her arm.

"You would soon get enough of that, dearest."

"It isn't fair to say so." And in another minute she went on:—"You think I don't love you, you and our boy? Oh yes, dear, I love you. Yes, yes, yes! The happiness that comes every day can't be expressed: we live on it, so we don't think of it. Like our daily bread—who thinks of that? But when you are thinking of yourself, when you put your head down, and really think, then you say, 'I am ungrateful, for I am happy, and I give no thanks for it.' Or when we are alone together, and walking arm-in-arm, now, at this very moment,—not that I mean only this moment,—I love you, I love you." She put her head down on my arm and pressed it earnestly. "Oh," she said, "if I were to lose you!" She spoke very low, as if afraid. What had frightened her? The darkness and the forest, or her own words?

She went on:—"I have often and often dreamed that I was saying good-by to you. You both cried, and I pressed you so close to my heart that there was only one of us. It was a nightmare, you know, but I don't mind it, for it showed me that my life was in your lives, dear. What is that cracking noise? Didn't you see something just in front of us?"

I answered her by taking her in my arms and folding her to my heart. We walked on, but it was impossible to go on talking. Every now and then she would stop and say, "Hush! hark! No, it is nothing."

At last we saw ahead of us a little light, now visible, now hidden by a tree. It was the lamp set for us in our parlor window. We crossed the stile and were at home. It was high time, for we were wet through.

I brought a huge log, and when the fire had blazed up we sat down in the great chimney-place. The poor girl was

shivering. I took off her boots and held her feet to the fire, screening them with my hands.

"Thanks, dear George, thanks!" she said, leaning on my shoulder and looking at me so tenderly that I felt almost ready to cry.

"What were you saying to me in that horrid wood, my darling?" I asked her, when she was better.

"You are thinking about that? I was frightened, that is all, and when you are frightened you see ghosts."

"We shall be wood-cutters, shan't we?"

And kissing me, with a laugh, she replied: "It is bedtime, Jean of the Woods."

I well remember that walk, for it was our last. Often and often since, at sunset on a dark day, I have been over the same ground; often and often I have stopped where she stood, and stooped and pulled aside the fern, seeking to find, poor fool that I am! the traces of her vanished footsteps. And I have often halted in the clearing under the birches which rained down on us, and there in the shadow I have fancied I caught the flutter of her dress; I have thought I heard her startled note of fright. And on my way home at night, at every step I have found a recollection of her in the distant barking and the breaking branches, as in the trembling of her hand on my arm and the kiss which I gave her.

Once I went into the wood-hut. I saw it all as before,—the family, the smoky interior, the little bench on which we sat,—and I asked for something to drink, that I might see the glass her lips had touched.

"The little lady who makes such good omelettes, she isn't sick, for sure?" asked the old woman.

Probably she saw the tears in my eyes, for she said no more, and I came away.

And so it is that except in my heart, where she lives and is, all that was my darling grows faint and dark and dim.

It is the law of life, but it is a cruel law. Even my poor child is learning to forget, and when I say to him most unwillingly, "Baby dear, do you remember how your mother did this or that?" he answers "Yes"; but I see, alas! that he too is ceasing to remember.

Translation of Agnes Irwin.

HENRY DRUMMOND

(1851–1897)

In the nineteenth century, the record of great literary successes includes many books on religious and social themes. In this field no popularity was more immediate and more widespread than that attained by Henry Drummond. He was born at Stirling, Scotland, in 1851. Educated for the ministry, he passed through the Universities of Edinburgh and Tübingen, and the Free Church Divinity Hall, and after ordination was appointed to a mission chapel at Malta. The beauty and the historic interest of the famous island roused in him a desire for travel, and in the intervals of his professional work he made semi-scientific pilgrimages to the Rocky Mountains and to South Africa, as well as lecturing tours to Canada, Australia, and the United States, where his addresses on scientific, religious, and sociological subjects attracted large audiences. He was appointed lecturer on natural history and science at the Free Church College, Glasgow, in 1877.

A man of indefatigable industry, he published many books, the most widely read of these being ‹Natural Law in the Spiritual World› (1883), a study of psychological conditions from the point of view of the Evolutionist. This work passed through a large number of editions, and was translated into French, German, Dutch, and Norwegian. Scarcely less popular were ‹The Greatest Thing in the World› (love), and ‹Pax Vobiscum.› In 1894 he published a volume called ‹The Ascent of Man,› in which he insists that certain altruistic factors modify the process of Natural Selection. This doctrine elicited much critical commentary from the stricter sects of the scientists, but the new view commended itself at once to the general reader.

The citations here given are selected from Drummond's book of travels, ‹Tropical Africa,› a book whose simplicity and vividness enable the reader to see the Dark Continent exactly as it is. Drummond died, apparently at the height of his powers, on March 11th, 1897.

THE COUNTRY AND ITS PEOPLE

From 'Tropical Africa'

NOTHING could more wildly misrepresent the reality than the idea of one's school days that the heart of Africa is a desert. Africa rises from its three environing oceans in three great tiers, and the general physical geography of these has been already sketched: — first, a coast line, low and deadly; farther in, a plateau the height of the Scottish Grampians; farther in still, a higher plateau, covering the country for thousands of miles with mountain and valley. Now fill in this sketch, and you have Africa before you. Cover the coast belt with rank yellow grass; dot here and there a palm; scatter through it a few demoralized villages; and stock it with the leopard, the hyena, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus. Clothe the mountainous plateaux next, both of them, with endless forests; not grand umbrageous forest like the forests of South America, nor matted jungle like the forests of India, but with thin, rather weak forest,— with forest of low trees, whose half-grown trunks and scanty leaves offer no shade from the tropical sun. Nor is there anything in these trees to the casual eye to remind you that you are in the tropics. Here and there one comes upon a borassus or fan-palm, a candelabra-like euphorbia, a mimosa aflame with color, or a sepulchral baobab. A close inspection also will discover curious creepers and climbers; and among the branches strange orchids hide their eccentric flowers. But the outward type of tree is the same as we have at home — trees resembling the ash, the beech, and the elm, only seldom so large except by the streams, and never so beautiful. Day after day you may wander through these forests, with nothing except the climate to remind you where you are. The beasts to be sure are different, but unless you watch for them you will seldom see any; the birds are different, but you rarely hear them; and as for the rocks, they are our own familiar gneisses and granites, with honest basalt dikes boring through them, and leopard-skin lichens staining their weathered sides. Thousands and thousands of miles, then, of vast thin forest, shadeless, trackless, voiceless, — forest in mountain and forest in plain,— this is East Central Africa.

The indiscriminate praise, formerly lavished on tropical vegetation, has received many shocks from recent travelers. In

Kaffir-land, South Africa, I have seen one or two forests fine enough to justify the enthusiasm of arm-chair word-painters of the tropics; but so far as the central plateau is concerned, the careful judgment of Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace respecting the equatorial belt in general (a judgment which has at once sobered all modern descriptions of tropical lands and made imaginative people more content to stay at home) applies almost to this whole area. The fairy labyrinth of ferns and palms, the festoons of climbing plants blocking the paths and scenting the forests with their resplendent flowers, the gorgeous clouds of insects, the gayly plumaged birds, the paroquets, the monkey swinging from his trapeze in the shaded bowers — these are unknown to Africa. Once a week you will see a palm; once in three months the monkey will cross your path; the flowers on the whole are few; the trees are poor; and to be honest, though the endless forest-clad mountains have a sublimity of their own, and though there are tropical bits along some of the mountain streams of exquisite beauty, nowhere is there anything in grace and sweetness and strength to compare with a Highland glen. For the most part of the year these forests are jaded and sun-stricken, carpeted with no moss or alchemylla or scented woodruff, the bare trunks frescoed with few lichens, their motionless and unrefreshed leaves drooping sullenly from their sapless boughs. Flowers there are, small and great, in endless variety; but there is no display of flowers, no gorgeous show of blossom in the mass, as when the blazing gorse and heather bloom at home. The dazzling glare of the sun in the torrid zone has perhaps something to do with this want of color effect in tropical nature; for there is always about ten minutes just after sunset when the whole tone of the landscape changes like magic, and a singular beauty steals over the scene. This is the sweetest moment of the African day, and night hides only too swiftly the homelike softness and repose so strangely grateful to the over-stimulated eye.

Hidden away in these endless forests, like birds' nests in a wood, in terror of one another and of their common foe the slaver, are small native villages; and here in his virgin simplicity dwells primeval man, without clothes, without civilization, without learning, without religion — the genuine child of nature, thoughtless, careless, and contented. This man is apparently quite happy; he has practically no wants. One stick, pointed, makes him a spear; two sticks rubbed together make him a fire; fifty

sticks tied together make him a house. The bark he peels from them makes his clothes; the fruits which hang on them form his food. It is perfectly astonishing, when one thinks of it, what nature can do for the animal man, to see with what small capital after all a human being can get through the world. I once saw an African buried. According to the custom of his tribe, his entire earthly possessions — and he was an average commoner — were buried with him. Into the grave, after the body, was lowered the dead man's pipe, then a rough knife, then a mud bowl, and last his bow and arrows — the bowstring cut through the middle, a touching symbol that its work was done. This was all. Four items, as an auctioneer would say, were the whole belongings for half a century of this human being. No man knows what a man is till he has seen what a man can be without, and be withal a man. That is to say, no man knows how great man is till he has seen how small he has been once.

The African is often blamed for being lazy, but it is a misuse of words. He does not need to work; with so bountiful a Nature round him it would be gratuitous to work. And his indolence, therefore, as it is called, is just as much a part of himself as his flat nose, and as little blameworthy as slowness in a tortoise. The fact is, Africa is a nation of the unemployed.

THE EAST-AFRICAN LAKE COUNTRY

From 'Tropical Africa'

Somewhere in the Shiré Highlands, in 1859, Livingstone saw a large lake — Lake Shirwa — which is still almost unknown. It lies away to the east, and is bounded by a range of mountains whose lofty summits are visible from the hills round Blantyre. Thinking it might be a useful initiation to African travel if I devoted a short time to its exploration, I set off one morning, accompanied by two members of the Blantyre staff and a small retinue of natives. Steering across country in the direction in which it lay, we found, two days before seeing the actual water, that we were already on the ancient bed of the lake. Though now clothed with forest, the whole district has obviously been under water at a comparatively recent period, and the shores of Lake Shirwa probably reached at one time to within a few miles of Blantyre itself. On reaching the lake a

very aged female chief came to see us, and told us how, long, long ago, a white man came to her village and gave her a present of cloth. Of the white man, who must have been Livingstone, she spoke very kindly; and indeed, wherever David Livingstone's footsteps are crossed in Africa, the fragrance of his memory seems to remain.

The waters of Shirwa are brackish to the taste, and undrinkable; but the saltness must have a peculiar charm for game, for nowhere else in Africa did I see such splendid herds of the larger animals as here. The zebra was especially abundant; and so unaccustomed to be disturbed are these creatures, that with a little care one could watch their movements safely within a very few yards. It may seem unorthodox to say so, but I do not know if among the larger animals there is anything handsomer in creation than the zebra. At close quarters his striped coat is all but as fine as the tiger's, while the form and movement of his body are in every way nobler. The gait, certainly, is not to be compared for gracefulness with that of the many species of antelope and deer who nibble the grass beside him, and one can never quite forget that scientifically he is an ass; but taking him all in all, this fleet and beautiful animal ought to have a higher place in the regard of man than he has yet received.

We were much surprised, considering that this region is almost uninhabited, to discover near the lake shore a native path so beaten, and so recently beaten, by multitudes of human feet, that it could only represent some trunk route through the continent. Following it for a few miles, we soon discovered its function. It was one of the great slave routes through Africa. Signs of the horrid traffic became visible on every side; and from symmetrical arrangements of small piles of stones and freshly cut twigs, planted semaphore-wise upon the path, our native guides made out that a slave caravan was actually passing at the time. We were in fact between two portions of it, the stones and twigs being telegraphic signals between front and rear. Our natives seemed much alarmed at this discovery, and refused to proceed unless we promised not to interfere — a proceeding which, had we attempted it, would simply have meant murder for ourselves and slavery for them. Next day from a hill-top we saw the slave encampment far below, and the ghastly procession marshaling for its march to the distant coast, which many of the hundreds who composed it would never reach alive.

Talking of native foot-paths leads me to turn aside for a moment, to explain to the uninitiated the true mode of African travel. In spite of all the books that have been lavished upon us by our great explorers, few people seem to have any accurate understanding of this most simple process. Some have the impression that everything is done in bullock wagons; an idea borrowed from the Cape, but hopelessly inapplicable to Central Africa, where a wheel at present would be as great a novelty as a polar bear. Others, at the opposite extreme, suppose that the explorer works along solely by compass, making a bee-line for his destination, and steering his caravan through the trackless wilderness like a ship at sea. Now, it may be a surprise to the unenlightened to learn that probably no explorer in forcing his passage through Africa has ever, for more than a few days at a time, been off some beaten track. Probably no country in the world, civilized or uncivilized, is better supplied with paths than this unmapped continent. Every village is connected with some other village, every tribe with the next tribe, every State with its neighbor, and therefore with all the rest. The explorer's business is simply to select from this network of tracks, keep a general direction, and hold on his way. Let him begin at Zanzibar, plant his foot on a native foot-path, and set his face towards Tanganyika. In eight months he will be there. He has simply to persevere. From village to village he will be handed on, zigzagging it may be, sometimes, to avoid the impassable barriers of nature or the rarer perils of hostile tribes; but never taking to the woods, never guided solely by the stars, never in fact leaving a beaten track, till hundreds and hundreds of miles are between him and the sea, and his interminable foot-path ends with a canoe on the shores of Tanganyika. Crossing the lake, landing near some native village, he picks up the thread once more. Again he plods on and on, now on foot, now by canoe, but always keeping his line of villages, until one day suddenly he sniffs the sea-breeze again, and his faithful foot-wide guide lands him on the Atlantic seaboard.

Nor is there any art in finding out these successive villages with their intercommunicating links. He *must* find them out. A whole army of guides, servants, carriers, soldiers, and camp-followers accompany him in his march, and this nondescript regiment must be fed. Indian corn, cassava, mawere, beans, and bananas — these do not grow wild even in Africa. Every meal

has to be bought and paid for in cloth and beads; and scarcely three days can pass without a call having to be made at some village where the necessary supplies can be obtained. A caravan, as a rule, must live from hand to mouth, and its march becomes simply a regulated procession through a chain of markets. Not however that there are any real markets — there are neither bazaars nor stores in native Africa. Thousands of the villages through which the traveler eats his way may never have victualed a caravan before. But with the chief's consent, which is usually easily purchased for a showy present, the villagers unlock their larders, the women flock to the grinding-stones, and basketfuls of food are swiftly exchanged for unknown equivalents in beads and calico.

The native tracks which I have just described are the same in character all over Africa. They are veritable foot-paths, never over a foot in breadth, beaten as hard as adamant, and rutted beneath the level of the forest bed by centuries of native traffic. As a rule these foot-paths are marvelously direct. Like the roads of the old Romans, they run straight on through everything, ridge and mountain and valley, never shying at obstacles, nor anywhere turning aside to breathe. Yet within this general straightforwardness there is a singular eccentricity and indirectness in detail. Although the African foot-path is on the whole a bee-line, no fifty yards of it are ever straight. And the reason is not far to seek. If a stone is encountered, no native will ever think of removing it. Why should he? It is easier to walk round it. The next man who comes that way will do the same. He knows that a hundred men are following him; he looks at the stone; a moment, and it might be unearthed and tossed aside, but no — he also holds on his way. It is not that he resents the trouble, it is the idea that is wanting. It would no more occur to him that that stone was a displaceable object, and that for the general weal he might displace it, than that its feldspar was of the orthoclase variety. Generations and generations of men have passed that stone, and it still waits for a man with an altruistic idea. But it would be a very stony country indeed — and Africa is far from stony — that would wholly account for the aggravating obliqueness and indecision of the African foot-path. Probably each four miles, on an average path, is spun out, by an infinite series of minor sinuosities, to five or six. Now, these deflections are not meaningless. Each has some history —

a history dating back perhaps a thousand years, but to which all clue has centuries ago been lost. The leading cause probably is fallen trees. When a tree falls across a path no man ever removes it. As in the case of the stone, the native goes round it. It is too green to burn in his hut; before it is dry and the white ants have eaten it, the new detour has become part and parcel of the path. The smaller irregularities, on the other hand, represent the trees and stumps of the primeval forest where the track was made at first. But whatever the cause, it is certain that for persistent straightforwardness in the general, and utter vacillation and irresolution in the particular, the African roads are unique in engineering.

Though one of the smaller African lakes, Shirwa is probably larger than all the lakes of Great Britain put together. With the splendid environment of mountains on three of its sides, softened and distanced by perpetual summer haze, it reminds one somewhat of the Great Salt Lake simmering in the July sun. We pitched our tent for a day or two on its western shore, among a harmless and surprised people who had never gazed on the pallid countenances of Englishmen before. Owing to the ravages of the slaver, the people of Shirwa are few, scattered, and poor, and live in abiding terror. The densest population is to be found on the small island, heavily timbered with baobabs, which forms a picturesque feature of the northern end. These Wa-Nyassa, or people of the lake, as they call themselves, have been driven away by fear, and they rarely leave their lake dwelling unless under cover of night. Even then they are liable to capture by any man of a stronger tribe who happens to meet them, and numbers who have been kidnapped in this way are to be found in the villages of neighboring chiefs. This is an amenity of existence in Africa that strikes one as very terrible. It is impossible for those at home to understand how literally savage man is a chattel, and how much his life is spent in the mere safeguarding of his main asset, *i. e.*, himself. There are actually districts in Africa where *three* natives cannot be sent on a message, in case two should combine and sell the third before they return.

WHITE ANTS

From 'Tropical Africa'

THE termite or white ant is a small insect, with a bloated, yellowish-white body, and a somewhat large thorax, oblong-shaped, and colored a disagreeable oily brown. The flabby, tallow-like body makes this insect sufficiently repulsive, but it is for quite another reason that the white ant is the worst abused of all living vermin in warm countries. The termite lives almost exclusively upon wood; and the moment a tree is cut or a log sawn for any economical purpose, this insect is upon its track. One may never see the insect, possibly, in the flesh, for it lives underground; but its ravages confront one at every turn. You build your house perhaps, and for a few months fancy you have pitched upon the one solitary site in the country where there are no white ants. But one day suddenly the door-post totters, and lintel and rafters come down together with a crash. You look at a section of the wrecked timbers, and discover that the whole inside is eaten clean away. The apparently solid logs of which the rest of the house is built are now mere cylinders of bark, and through the thickest of them you could push your little finger. Furniture, tables, chairs, chests of drawers, everything made of wood, is inevitably attacked, and in a single night a strong trunk is often riddled through and through, and turned into matchwood. There is no limit, in fact, to the depredation by these insects, and they will eat books, or leather, or cloth, or anything; and in many parts of Africa I believe if a man lay down to sleep with a wooden leg, it would be a heap of sawdust in the morning. So much feared is this insect now, that no one in certain parts of India and Africa ever attempts to travel with such a thing as a wooden trunk. On the Tanganyika plateau I have camped on ground which was as hard as adamant, and as innocent of white ants apparently as the pavement of St. Paul's; and wakened next morning to find a stout wooden box almost gnawed to pieces. Leather portmanteaus share the same fate, and the only substances which seem to defy the marauders are iron and tin.

But what has this to do with earth or with agriculture? The most important point in the work of the white ant remains to be

noted. I have already said that the white ant is never seen. Why he should have such a repugnance to being looked at is at first sight a mystery, seeing that he himself is stone blind. But his coyness is really due to the desire for self-protection; for the moment his juicy body shows itself above ground there are a dozen enemies waiting to devour it. And yet the white ant can never procure any food until it comes above ground. Nor will it meet the case for the insect to come to the surface under the shadow of night. Night in the tropics, so far as animal life is concerned, is as the day. It is the great feeding-time, the great fighting-time, the carnival of the carnivores, and of all beasts, birds, and insects of prey, from the least to the greatest. It is clear then that darkness is no protection to the white ant; and yet without coming out of the ground it cannot live. How does it solve the difficulty? It takes the ground out along with it. I have seen white ants working on the top of a high tree, and yet they were underground. They took up some of the ground with them to the tree-top; just as the Esquimaux heap up snow, building it into the low tunnel-huts in which they live, so the white ants collect earth, only in this case not from the surface, but from some depth underneath the ground, and plaster it into tunneled ways. Occasionally these run along the ground, but more often mount in endless ramifications to the top of trees, meandering along every branch and twig, and here and there debouching into large covered chambers which occupy half the girth of the trunk. Millions of trees in some districts are thus fantastically plastered over with tubes, galleries, and chambers of earth, and many pounds' weight of subsoil must be brought up for the mining of even a single tree. The building material is conveyed by the insects up a central pipe with which all the galleries communicate, and which at the downward end connects with a series of subterranean passages leading deep into the earth. The method of building the tunnels and covered ways is as follows: At the foot of a tree the tiniest hole cautiously opens in the ground close to the bark. A small head appears, with a grain of earth clasped in its jaws. Against the tree trunk this earth-grain is deposited, and the head is withdrawn. Presently it reappears with another grain of earth; this is laid beside the first, rammed tight against it, and again the builder descends underground for more. The third grain is not placed against the tree, but against the former grain; a fourth, a fifth,

and a sixth follow, and the plan of the foundation begins to suggest itself as soon as these are in position. The stones or grains or pellets of earth are arranged in a semicircular wall; the termite, now assisted by three or four others, standing in the middle between the sheltering wall and the tree, and working briskly with head and mandible to strengthen the position. The wall in fact forms a small moon-rampart, and as it grows higher and higher it soon becomes evident that it is going to grow from a low battlement into a long perpendicular tunnel running up the side of the tree. The workers, safely ensconced inside, are now carrying up the structure with great rapidity, disappearing in turn as soon as they have laid their stone, and rushing off to bring up another. The way in which the building is done is extremely curious, and one could watch the movement of these wonderful little masons by the hour. Each stone as it is brought to the top is first of all covered with mortar. Of course, without this the whole tunnel would crumble into dust before reaching the height of half an inch; but the termite pours over the stone a moist sticky secretion, turning the grain round and round with its mandibles until the whole is covered with slime. Then it places the stone with great care upon the top of the wall, works it about vigorously for a moment or two till it is well jammed into its place, and then starts off instantly for another load.

Peering over the growing wall, one soon discovers one, two, or more termites of a somewhat larger build, considerably longer, and with a very different arrangement of the parts of the head, and especially of the mandibles. These important-looking individuals saunter about the rampart in the most leisurely way, but yet with a certain air of business, as if perhaps the one was the master of works and the other the architect. But closer observation suggests that they are in no wise superintending operations, nor in any immediate way contributing to the structure, for they take not the slightest notice either of the workers or the works. They are posted there in fact as sentries; and there they stand, or promenade about, at the mouth of every tunnel, like Sister Anne, to see if anybody is coming. Sometimes somebody does come, in the shape of another ant; the real ant this time, not the defenseless *Neuropteron*, but some valiant and belted knight from the warlike *Formicidæ*. Singly or in troops, this rapacious little insect, fearless in its chitinous coat of mail, charges down the tree trunk, its antennæ waving defiance

to the enemy and its cruel mandibles thirsting for termite blood. The worker white ant is a poor defenseless creature, and blind and unarmed, would fall an immediate prey to these well-drilled banditti, who forage about in every tropical forest in unnumbered legion. But at the critical moment, like Goliath from the Philistines, the soldier termite advances to the fight. With a few sweeps of its scythe-like jaws it clears the ground, and while the attacking party is carrying off its dead, the builders, unconscious of the fray, quietly continue their work. To every hundred workers in a white-ant colony, which numbers many thousands of individuals, there are perhaps two of these fighting men. The division of labor here is very wonderful; and the fact that besides these two specialized forms there are in every nest two other kinds of the same insect, the kings and queens, shows the remarkable height to which civilization in these communities has attained.

But where is this tunnel going to, and what object have the insects in view in ascending this lofty tree? Thirty feet from the ground, across innumerable forks, at the end of a long branch, are a few feet of dead wood. How the ants know it is there, how they know its sap has dried up, and that it is now fit for the termites' food, is a mystery. Possibly they do not know, and are only prospecting on the chance. The fact that they sometimes make straight for the decaying limb argues in these instances a kind of definite instinct; but on the other hand, the fact that in most cases the whole tree, in every branch and limb, is covered with termite tunnels, would show perhaps that they work most commonly on speculation, while the number of abandoned tunnels, ending on a sound branch in a *cul de sac*, proves how often they must suffer the usual disappointments of all such adventurers. The extent to which these insects carry on their tunneling is quite incredible, until one has seen it in nature with his own eyes. The tunnels are perhaps about the thickness of a small-sized gas-pipe, but there are junctions here and there of large dimensions, and occasionally patches of earthwork are found, embracing nearly the whole trunk for some feet. The outside of these tunnels, which are never quite straight, but wander irregularly along stem and branch, resembles in texture a coarse sandpaper; and the color, although this naturally varies with the soil, is usually a reddish brown. The quantity of earth and mud plastered over a single tree is often enormous; and

when one thinks that it is not only an isolated specimen here and there that is frescoed in this way, but often all the trees of a forest, some idea will be formed of the magnitude of the operations of these insects, and the extent of their influence upon the soil which they are thus ceaselessly transporting from underneath the ground.

In traveling through the great forests of the Rocky Mountains or of the Western States, the broken branches and fallen trunks, strewing the ground breast-high with all sorts of decaying litter, frequently make locomotion impossible. To attempt to ride through these Western forests, with their meshwork of interlocked branches and decaying trunks, is often out of the question, and one has to dismount and drag his horse after him as if he were clambering through a wood-yard. But in an African forest not a fallen branch is seen. One is struck at first at a certain clean look about the great forests of the interior, a novel and unaccountable cleanness, as if the forest bed was carefully swept and dusted daily by unseen elves. And so indeed it is. Scavengers of a hundred kinds remove decaying animal matter, from the carcass of a fallen elephant to the broken wing of a gnat; eating it, or carrying it out of sight and burying it in the deodorizing earth. And these countless millions of termites perform a similar function for the vegetable world, making away with all plants and trees, all stems, twigs, and tissues, the moment the finger of decay strikes the signal. Constantly in these woods one comes across what appear to be sticks and branches and bundles of fagots, but when closely examined they are seen to be mere casts in mud. From these hollow tubes, which preserve the original form of the branch down to the minutest knot or fork, the ligneous tissue is often entirely removed, while others are met with in all stages of demolition. There is the section of an actual specimen, which is not yet completely destroyed, and from which the mode of attack may be easily seen. The insects start apparently from two centres. One company attacks the inner bark, which is the favorite morsel, leaving the coarse outer bark untouched, or more usually replacing it with grains of earth, atom by atom, as they eat it away. The inner bark is gnawed off likewise as they go along, but the woody tissue beneath is allowed to remain, to form a protective sheath for the second company, who begin work at the centre. This second contingent eats its way outward and

onward, leaving a thin tube of the outer wood to the last, as props to the mine, till they have finished the main excavation. When a fallen trunk lying upon the ground is the object of attack, the outer cylinder is frequently left quite intact, and it is only when one tries to drag it off to his camp-fire that he finds to his disgust that he is dealing with a mere hollow tube, a few lines in thickness, filled up with mud.

But the works above ground represent only a part of the labors of these slow-moving but most industrious of creatures. The arboreal tubes are only the prolongation of a much more elaborate system of subterranean tunnels, which extend over large areas and mine the earth sometimes to a depth of many feet or even yards.

The material excavated from these underground galleries and from the succession of domed chambers — used as nurseries or granaries — to which they lead, has to be thrown out upon the surface. And it is from these materials that the huge ant-hills are reared, which form so distinctive a feature of the African landscape. These heaps and mounds are so conspicuous that they may be seen for miles, and so numerous are they and so useful as cover to the sportsman, that without them in certain districts hunting would be impossible. The first things, indeed, to strike the traveler in entering the interior are the mounds of the white ant, now dotting the plain in groups like a small cemetery, now rising into mounds, singly or in clusters, each thirty or forty feet in diameter and ten or fifteen in height; or again, standing out against the sky like obelisks, their bare sides carved and fluted into all sorts of fantastic shapes. In India these ant-heaps seldom attain a height of more than a couple of feet, but in Central Africa they form veritable hills, and contain many tons of earth. The brick houses of the Scotch mission-station on Lake Nyassa have all been built out of a single ants' nest, and the quarry from which the material has been derived forms a pit beside the settlement some dozen feet in depth. A supply of bricks as large again could probably still be taken from this convenient depot; and the missionaries on Lake Tanganyika and onwards to Victoria Nyanza have been similarly indebted to the labors of the termites. In South Africa the Zulus and Kaffirs pave all their huts with white-ant earth; and during the Boer war our troops in Pretoria, by scooping out the interior from the smaller beehive-shaped ant-heaps and covering

the top with clay, constantly used them as ovens. These ant-heaps may be said to abound over the whole interior of Africa, and there are several distinct species. The most peculiar, as well as the most ornate, is a small variety from one to two feet in height, which occurs in myriads along the shores of Lake Tanganyika. It is built in symmetrical tiers, and resembles a pile of small rounded hats, one above another, the rims depending like eaves, and sheltering the body of the hill from rain. To estimate the amount of earth per acre raised from the water-line of the subsoil by white ants, would not in some districts be an impossible task; and it would be found probably that the quantity at least equaled that manipulated annually in temperate regions by the earthworm.

These mounds, however, are more than mere waste-heaps. Like the corresponding region underground, they are built into a meshwork of tunnels, galleries, and chambers, where the social interests of the community are attended to. The most spacious of these chambers, usually far underground, is very properly allocated to the head of the society, the queen. The queen termite is a very rare insect, and as there are seldom more than one or at most two to a colony, and as the royal apartments are hidden far in the earth, few persons have ever seen a queen; and indeed most, if they did happen to come across it, from its very singular appearance would refuse to believe that it had any connection with white ants. It possesses indeed the true termite head, but there the resemblance to the other members of the family stops; for the size of the head bears about the same proportion to the rest of the body as does the tuft on his Glengarry bonnet to a six-foot Highlander. The phenomenal corpulence of the royal body in the case of the queen termite is possibly due in part to want of exercise; for once seated upon her throne, she never stirs to the end of her days. She lies there, a large, loathsome, cylindrical package, two or three inches long, in shape like a sausage, and as white as a bolster. Her one duty in life is to lay eggs; and it must be confessed she discharges her function with complete success, for in a single day her progeny often amounts to many thousands, and for months this enormous fecundity never slackens. The body increases slowly in size, and through the transparent skin the long folded ovary may be seen, with the eggs, impelled by a peristaltic motion, passing onward for delivery to the workers, who are waiting to carry them to the nurseries, where they

are hatched. Assiduous attention meantime is paid to the queen by other workers, who feed her diligently, with much self-denial stuffing her with morsel after morsel from their own jaws. A guard of honor in the shape of a few of the larger soldier ants is also in attendance, as a last and almost unnecessary precaution. In addition finally to the soldiers, workers, and queen, the royal chamber has also one other inmate — the king. He is a very ordinary-looking insect, about the same size as the soldiers, but the arrangement of the parts of the head and body is widely different, and like the queen he is furnished with eyes.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

(1585–1649)

IT SEEMS to be the mission of many writers to illuminate contemporary literature and so to light the way for future students, rather than to make any vital contribution to the achievement of their time. Such writers reflect the culture of their own day and represent its ideals; and although their creative work may be slight, their loss to literature would be serious. Among these lesser men stands that sincere poet, Drummond of Hawthornden. In Scotland under the Stuarts, when the vital energy of the land was concentrated upon politics and theology, native literature was reduced to a mere reflection of the pre-Spenserian classicism of England. Into this waste of correct mediocrity entered the poetry of William Drummond, an avowed and enthusiastic follower of the Elizabethan school, a finished scholar, one of the typical Scottish gentlemen who were then making Scottish history. Courtier and trifler though he was, however, he showed himself so true a poet of nature that his felicities of phrase seem to anticipate the sensuous realism of Keats and his successors.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

William Drummond, born in 1585, was a cadet of the historic house which in 1357 gave in marriage to King Robert III. the beautiful Annabella Drummond, who was destined to become the ancestress of the royal Stuarts of Scotland and England. In his own day the family, whose head was the Earl of Perth, was powerful in Scottish affairs, and the history of the clan Drummond would be largely a history of the events which led to the Protectorate. Throughout the storm and stress that preceded the civil war Drummond was a loyalist, though at one time he appeared to be identified with the Covenanters. His literary influence, which was considerable, was always thrown on the side of the King, while the term "Drummondism" was a popular synonym for the conservative policy. Throughout the struggle, however, Drummond seems to have been forced into activity by circumstances rather than by choice. He had the instincts of a recluse and a scholar. He delighted in the society

of literary men, and he was much engrossed in philosophical speculations.

In spite of the difficulties of distance, he managed to keep abreast of the thought of literary London, the London of Drayton and Webster, of Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, and Ford. His chief satisfaction was to know that his own work was not unacceptable to this brilliant group, and one of the great pleasures of his life was a visit from Ben Jonson, who, making a walking tour to Scotland, found at Hawthornden that congenial hospitality in which his soul delighted. Of this famous visit, as of other important events, Drummond kept a record, in which he set down his guest's behavior, opinions, and confidential sayings. Warmly as he admired Jonson's genius, he found his personality oppressive, and intrusted his criticisms to his diary. When this was published, more than a century later, the gentle Scot was accused of bad taste, breach of confidence, and disloyalty to friendship. But his defense lies in the fact that the book was meant for no eyes but his own, and that the intimacy and candor of its revelations were intended to preserve his recollections of a memorable experience.

If his environment was not entirely favorable to literary excellences, it is yet very likely that Drummond developed the full measure of his gift. He expressed the spirit of the more imaginative generation which succeeded a hard and fettered predecessor, and it is for this that literature owes him its peculiar debt.

His career began in his twenty-ninth year with the publication of an elegy on the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I. This poem, under the title 'Tears on the Death of Mœliades,' appeared in 1613, and reached a third edition within a twelvemonth. Its two hundred lines show the finished versification of the scholar, with much poetic grace. It was a product of the Spenserian school, and emphasized the fact that the representative literature of the land had abandoned the Scottish dialect for English forms. Drummond's second volume of poems commemorated the death of his wife and his love of her. It is in this work that the ultimate mood of the poet appears. Much beauty of form, a delightful sensitiveness to nature, a luxuriance of color, and a finely tempered thoughtfulness pervade the poems. His next production, celebrating the visit of James I. to his native land, was entitled 'Forth Feasting,' and represented the Forth and all its borders as rejoicing in the presence of their King. To the reader of to-day the panegyric sounds fulsome and the poetry stilted, and the once famous book has now merely an archaic interest.

Drummond's reputation is based upon the 'Poems,' and upon the Jeremy-Taylor-like 'Cypress Grove,' published in 1623 in connection with the religious verses called 'Flowers of Sion.' 'Cypress Grove'

is an essay on death, akin in spirit to the religious temper of the Middle Ages, and in philosophic breadth to the diviner mood of Plato. Only a mind of a high order would have conceived so beautiful and lofty a meditation on the Final Mystery. This brief essay marks the utmost reach of Drummond's mind, and shows the strength of that serene spirituality, which could thus hold its way undisturbed by the sectarian bitterness that fixed a great gulf between England and Scotland. 'The History of the Five Jameses,' which Drummond was ten years in compiling and which was not published until six years after his death, added nothing to his reputation. It lacked alike the diligent minuteness of the chronicler and the broader view of the historian. Many minor papers on the state of religion and politics, chief of which is the political tract 'Irene,' show Drummond's aggressive interest in contemporary affairs. It is not generally known that this gentle scholar was also an inventor of military engines. In 1626 Charles I. engaged him to produce sixteen machines and "not a few inventions besides." The biographers have remained curiously ignorant of this phase of his activity, but the State papers show that the King named him "our faithful subject, William Drummond of Hawthornden." He died in 1649, his death being hastened, it was said, by his passion of grief over the martyrdom of King Charles.

SEXTAIN

THE heaven doth not contain so many stars,
So many leaves not prostrate lie in woods
When autumn's old and Boreas sounds his wars,
So many waves have not the ocean floods,
As my rent mind hath torments all the night,
And heart spends sighs when Phœbus brings the light.

Why should I have been partner of the light,
Who, crost in birth by bad aspéct of stars,
Have never since had happy day or night?
Why was not I a liver in the woods,
Or citizen of Thetis's crystal floods,
Than made a man, for love and fortune's wars?

I look each day when death should end the wars,
Uncivil wars, 'twixt sense and reason's light;
My pains I count to mountains, meads, and floods,
And of my sorrow partners make the stars;
All desolate I haunt the fearful woods,
When I should give myself to rest at night.

With watchful eyes I ne'er behold the night,
Mother of peace, but ah! to me of wars,
And Cynthia, queen-like, shining through the woods,
When straight those lamps come in my thought, whose light
My judgment dazzled, passing brightest stars,
And then mine eyes en-isle themselves with floods.

Turn to their springs again first shall the floods,
Clear shall the sun the sad and gloomy night,
To dance about the pole cease shall the stars,
The elements renew their ancient wars
Shall first, and be deprived of place and light,
E'er I find rest in city, fields, or woods.

End these my days, indwellers of the woods,
Take this my life, ye deep and raging floods;
Sun, never rise to clear me with thy light,
Horror and darkness, keep a lasting night;
Consume me, care, with thy intestine wars,
And stay your influence o'er me, bright stars!

In vain the stars, indwellers of the woods,
Care, horror, wars, I call, and raging floods,
For all have sworn no night shall dim my sight.

MADRIGAL

THIS world a-hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod
fierce is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

REASON AND FEELING

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods shall return to naught;
That fairest States have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of sp'rit, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,—
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love a jarring is of minds' accords,
Where sense and will envassal Reason's power:
Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

DEGENERACY OF THE WORLD

What hapless hap had I for to be born
In these unhappy times, and dying days
Of this now doting World, when Good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and Virtue's held a-scorn!
When such are only prized, by wretched ways,
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn;
When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And bravest minds live orphan-like forlorn!
Why was not I born in that golden age
When gold was not yet known? and those black arts
By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts staining Earth's stately stage?
To have been then, O Heaven! 't had been my bliss;
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

THE BRIEFNESS OF LIFE

Look, how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so my life, contentment being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,

With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim, therefore, whom the night
By darkness would imprison on his way,—
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright,
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day;
Thy sun posts westward, passèd is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

THE UNIVERSE

Of this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the leaves and sheets could turn with care—
Of Him who it corrects and did it frame
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out his power, which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence, extending everywhere,
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page and period of the same.
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colored vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best;
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

ON DEATH

From 'Cypress Grove'

Death is a piece of the order of this all, a part of the life of this world; for while the world is the world, some creatures must die and others take life. Eternal things are raised far above this orb of generation and corruption where the First Matter, like a still flowing and ebbing sea, with diverse waves but the same water, keepeth a restless and never tiring current; what is below in the universality of its kind doth not in itself abide. . . . If thou dost complain there shall be a time in the which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not too grieve that there was a time in which thou wast not, and so that thou art not as old as the enlivening planet of Time? . . . The excellent fabric of the universe itself shall one day suffer ruin, or change like ruin, and poor earthlings, thus to be handled, complain!

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

(1854–1907)

BY SUSAN E. CAMERON

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, poet of the *habitant* or French-Canadian peasant, was born in Ireland in 1854 and began his Canadian life in 1864. The poet's father, who had been an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary, died a few months after his emigration to Canada, leaving his four young sons, of whom William Henry was the eldest, with little to start them on their journey of life, except a few excellent traditions. The eldest boy, after only a year or two at school, insisted upon sharing his mother's burdens by becoming a wage-earner. He learned telegraphy, soon obtained a position, and followed this calling for several years. During this, the impressionable period of boyhood, he was living in the French Canadian village of Bord-à-Plouffe, on the banks of the Rivière des Prairies which flows at the back of that Mount Royal which gives its name to Montreal.

It was here that the poet learned to love the country of his adoption, and to appreciate a type of its people not always appreciated or even understood by their English-speaking compatriots. From the first, Drummond seems to have established sympathetic relations with his neighbors, the *habitants*, farmers and woodsmen, who, with their simple wives and huge families, exhibited, within a few miles of the metropolis of Canada, a type of pastoral life not very different from that of their ancestors of the early days of the old régime.

> «Ma fader an' ma moder too got nice, nice familee,
> Dat's ten garçon an' f'orteen girl, was mak' it twenty-t'ree.»

The Irish boy mingled with the merrymakings of such families, learned the quaint speech which bridged the distance between their language and his, learned to love the old French songs, and stored up many impressions to be committed to writing years later.

But the young settler was not to spend his life as a telegraph operator, or as a dreamer in idyllic Bord-à-Plouffe. His own efforts and a happy turn in family affairs enabled him to take a course at the Montreal High School, then at McGill University, and finally to qualify as a physician at Bishop's College. At college he was known as a good sport rather than a hard student, but on graduation in 1884, his rank was good enough to secure him a house surgeon's appointment in the Western Hospital, Montreal. On the expiration of this engage-

ment he practised for some four years in rural districts in the Province of Quebec, gathering, no doubt, a fresh fund of country experiences, and seeing country life from a new angle. More than once in the poems we get a glimpse of the typical country doctor:

> «But Docteur Fiset, not moche fonne he get,
> Drivin' all over the whole contree,
> If de road she's bad, if de road she's good,
> W'en ev'ryt'ing's drown on de spring-tam flood,
> An' workin' for noting half tam mebbe!»

Removal from country to city practice, in Montreal, brought Dr. Drummond into a more complex but perhaps not less arduous life. Yet it was in the intervals of heavy medical work that he found time to write the poems which fill his five volumes: ‹The Habitant,› ‹Johnnie Courteau,› ‹Phil-o-rum's Canoe,› ‹The Voyageur,› and ‹The Great Fight.› All these were published (by G. P. Putnam's Sons), with illustrations by Mr. F. S. Coburn, at intervals between the years 1897 and 1908. The last was a posthumous volume prefaced by a biographical sketch written by the poet's wife.

From the first the poems were popular. A second edition of ‹The Habitant› was called for almost as soon as the first appeared. Everyone was quoting ‹The Wreck of the Julie Plante,› or the adventures of the inimitable Jean Bateese Trudeau, who returned from the States «Trudeau no more, but John B. Waterhole.» There was pathos as well as humor in the lyrics which at first sight looked so novel, but which the reader, once initiated into the quaint dialect, found to spring from the ancient sources of laughter and tears. There was patriotism, too, of the right Canadian note. ‹The Habitant's Jubilee Ode› carries a message which is timely to-day.

The faintly heard objection that this mixture of English and French was not the language used by any Frenchman, however Canadian he might be, was met by Dr. Drummond himself in his statement: «It seemed to me that I could best attain the object in view by having my friends tell their own tales in their own way, as they would relate them to English-speaking auditors not conversant with the French tongue.» And Dr. Louis Frechette, a Canadian poet of purest French style, far from resenting the appearance of the hybrid dialect, saluted his brother poet in the phrase which Longfellow had applied to himself — «The pathfinder of a new land of song.» Dr. Drummond died in his fifty-third year, at Cobalt, Ont.

The selections which follow are from ‹The Habitant› and Other French-Canadian Poems.› Copyright by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and reprinted by their permission.

DE HABITANT

De place I get born, me, is up on de reever
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc,
Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it
An' whole place she's mebbe two honder arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran' fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know —

All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ryboddy,
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere
On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',
W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue —
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter
An' back on de medder is sing de gou-glou —

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,
Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder
An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack —

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de race
Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's purty soon lef' her,
W'y ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin'
Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne —
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is jompin'
Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us
An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year,
Den bee commence hummin', for summer is comin'
An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Dat's very nice tam for wake up on de morning
An' lissen de rossignol sing ev'ry place,
Feel sout' win' a-blowin' see clover a-growin'
An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face.

Mos' ev'ry day raf' it is pass on de rapide
De voyageurs singin' some ole chanson
'Bout girl down de reever — too bad dey mus' leave her,
But comin' back soon wit' beaucoup d'argent.

An' den w'en de fall an' de winter come roun' us
An' bird of de summer is all fly away,
W'en mebbe she's snowin' an' nort' win' is blowin'
An' night is mos' t'ree tam so long as de day.

You t'ink it was bodder de habitant farmer?
Not at all — he is happy an' feel satisfy,
An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de wood-pile
Is ready for burn on de stove by an' bye.

W'en I got plaintee hay put away on de stable
So de sheep an' de cow, dey got no chance to freeze,
An' de hen all togedder — I don't min' de wedder —
De nort' win' may blow jus' so moche as she please.

An' some cole winter night how I wish you can see us,
W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman sew
By de stove of T'ree Reever — ma wife's fader geev her
On day we get marry, dat's long tam ago —

De boy an' de girl, dey was readin' it's lesson,
De cat on de corner she's bite heem de pup,
Ole «Carleau» he's snorin' an' beeg stove is roarin'
So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she bus' up.

Philomene — dat's de oldes' — is sit on de winder
An' kip jus' so quiet lak wan leetle mouse,
She say de more finer moon never was shiner —
Very fonny, for moon isn't dat side de house.

But purty soon den, we hear foot on de outside,
An' some wan is place it hees han' on de latch,
Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brulé
He's tak' it firs' prize on de grand ploughin' match.

Ha! ha! Philomene! — dat was smart trick you play us,
Come help de young feller tak' snow from hees neck,
Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder
W'en moon you was look for is come, I expec' —

Isidore, he is tole us de news on de parish
'Bout hees Lajeunesse Colt — travel two forty, sure,
Bout Jeremie Choquette, come back from Woonsocket
An' t'ree new leetle twin on Madame Vaillancour'.

But nine o'clock strike, an' de chil'ren is sleepy,
Mese'f an' ole woman can't stay up no more
So alone by de fire — 'cos dey say dey ain't tire —
We lef' Philomene an' de young Isidore.

I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de kitchen
'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de sky,
For Philomene's takin' long tam get awaken
Nex' day, she's so sleepy on bote of de eye.

Dat's wan of dem ting's, ev'ry tam on de fashion,
An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen.
Got not'ing for say me — I spark it sam' way me
W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomene.

We leev very quiet 'way back on de contree,
Don't put on sam style lak de big village,
W'en we don't get de monee you t'ink dat is fonny
An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes Sauvages.

But I tole you — dat's true — I don't go on de city
If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup d'argent —
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me
On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.

THE WRECK OF THE «JULIE PLANTE»

A LEGEND OF LAC ST. PIERRE

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow «Julie Plante»
Got scar't an' run below —
For de win' she blow lak hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck too —
He call de crew from up de hole
He call de cook also.

De cook she's name was Rosie,
  She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
  On de Grande Lachine Canal.

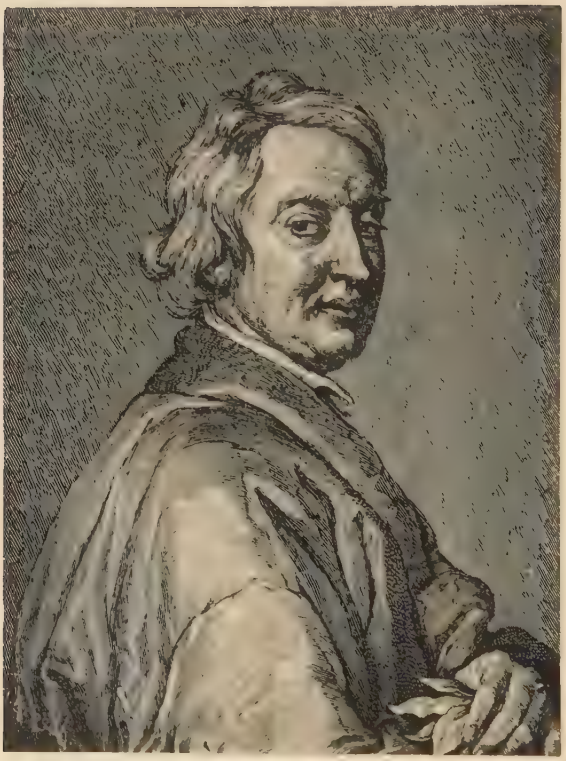
De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes', —
  De sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie cry «Mon cher captinne,
  Mon cher, w'at I shall do?»
Den de captinne t'row de big ankerre,
  But still the scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
  Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
  De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
  An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve,
  An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, «Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
  I go drown for your sak'.»

Nex' morning very early
  'Bout ha'f-pas' two — t'ree — four —
De captinne — scow — an' de poor Rosie
  Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,
  Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
  Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL

Now all good wood scow sailor man
  Tak' warning by dat storm
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
  An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane
  An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre,
  So long you stay on shore.



JOHN DRYDEN

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631–1700)

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

JOHN DRYDEN, the foremost man of letters of the period following the Restoration, was born at Aldwinkle, a village of Northamptonshire, on August 9th, 1631. He died May 1st, 1700. His life was therefore coeval with the closing period of the fierce controversies which culminated in the civil war and the triumph of the Parliamentary party; that, in turn, to be followed successively by the iron rule of Cromwell, by the restoration of the exiled Stuarts, and the reactionary tendencies in politics that accompanied that event; and finally with the effectual exclusion from the throne of this same family by the revolution of 1688, leaving behind, however, to their successors a smoldering Jacobite hostility that perpetually plotted the overthrow of the new government and later broke out twice into open revolt. All these changes of fortune, with their changes of opinion, are faithfully reflected in the productions of Dryden. To understand him thoroughly requires therefore an intimate familiarity with the civil and religious movements which characterize the whole period. Equally also do his writings, both creative and critical, represent the revolution of literary taste that took place in the latter half of the seventeenth century. It was while he was in the midst of his intellectual activity that French canons of criticism became largely the accepted rules, by which the value of English productions was tested. This was especially true of the drama. The study of Dryden is accordingly a study of the political and literary history of his times to an extent that is correspondingly true of no other English author before or since.

His family, both on the father's and the mother's side, was in full sympathy with the party opposed to the court. The son was educated at Westminster, then under the mastership of Richard Busby, whose relentless use of the rod has made his name famous in that long line of flagellants who have been at the head of the great English public schools. From Westminster he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. There he received the degree of A. B. in January 1654. Later in that same decade — the precise date is not known — he took up his residence in London; and in London the rest of his life was almost entirely spent.

Dryden's first published literary effort appeared in a little volume made up of thirty-three elegies, by various authors, on the death of a youth of great promise who had been educated at Westminster. This was Lord Hastings, the eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon. He had died of the small-pox. Dryden's contribution was written in 1649, and consisted of but little over a hundred lines. No one expects great verse from a boy of eighteen; but the most extravagant anticipations of sorry performance will fail to come up to the reality of the wretchedness which was here attained. It was in words like these that the future laureate bewailed the death of the young nobleman and depicted the disease of which he died:—

> «Was there no milder way but the small-pox,
> The very filthiness of Pandora's box?
> So many spots, like næves, our Venus soil?
> One jewel set off with so many a foil?
> Blisters with pride swelled, which through his flesh did sprout
> Like rosebuds, stuck in the lily-skin about.
> Each little pimple had a tear in it,
> To wail the fault its rising did commit;
> Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at strife,
> Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
> Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
> The cabinet of a richer soul within?
> No comet need foretell his change drew on,
> Whose corps might seem a constellation.»

Criticism cannot be rendered sufficiently vituperative to characterize properly such a passage. It is fuller of conceits than ever Cowley crowded into the same space; and lines more crabbed and inharmonious Donne never succeeded in perpetrating. Its production upsets all principles of prophecy. The wretchedest of poetasters can take courage, when he contemplates the profundity of the depth out of which uprose the greatest poet of his time.

Dryden is, in fact, an example of that somewhat rare class of writers who steadily improve with advancing years. Most poets write their best verse before middle life. Many of them after that time go through a period of decline, and sometimes of rapid decline; and if they live to reach old age, they add to the quantity of their production without sensibly increasing its value. This general truth is conspicuously untrue of Dryden. His first work gave no promise of his future excellence, and it was by very slow degrees that he attained to the mastery of his art. But the older he grew, the better he wrote; and the volume published a few months before his death, and largely composed almost under its shadow, so far from showing the

slightest sign of failing power, contains a great deal of the best poetry he ever produced.

As Dryden's relatives were Puritans, and some of them held place under the government, it was natural that upon coming to London he should attach himself to that party. Accordingly it is no surprise to find him duly mourning the death of the great Protector in certain 'Heroic Stanzas Consecrated to the Memory of Oliver Cromwell.' The first edition bears the date of 1659, and so far as we know, the production was Dryden's second venture in poetry. It was written in the measure of Davenant's 'Gondibert,' and is by no means a poor piece of work, though it has been sometimes so styled. It certainly pays not simply a high but a discerning tribute to the genius of Cromwell. Before two years had gone by, we find its author greeting the return of Charles with effusive loyalty, and with predictions of prosperity and honor to attend his reign, which events were soon woefully to belie. The poet has been severely censured for this change of attitude. It is a censure which might be bestowed with as much propriety upon the whole population of England. The joyful expectations to which he gave utterance were almost universal; and no other charge can well be brought against him than that he had the ability and took the occasion to express sentiments which were felt by nearly the entire nation.

From this time on, Dryden appears more and more in the public eye, and slowly but steadily forged his way to the front as the representative man of letters of his time. In 1670 he was appointed to the two distinct offices of poet laureate and historiographer royal. Thenceforward his relations with the court became close, and so they did not cease to be until the expulsion of James II. In 1683 he received a further mark of royal favor, in being made collector of customs of the port of London. In the political controversies which subsequently arose, Dryden's writings faithfully represented the sentiments of the side he had chosen, and expressed their prejudices and aversions not merely with force but also with virulence. His first literary activity, however, was on neutral ground. After eighteen years of compulsory closing, the Restoration opened wide once more the doors of the theatre. Dryden, like every one else possessed of literary ability, began to write for the stage. His first play, a comedy entitled 'The Wild Gallant,' was brought out in February 1663; and for the eighteen years following, it was compositions of such nature that occupied the main portion of his literary life. During that time he produced wholly or in part twenty-two comedies and tragedies. His pieces must from the outset have met with a fair degree of success, otherwise the King's Company would not have entered into a contract with him, as it did in 1667, to furnish for

them each year a fixed number of plays, in consideration of his receiving a certain share of the profits of the theatre.

Yet it cannot be said that Dryden was in any respect a dramatist of a high order. As a writer of comedy he was not only inferior to contemporaries and immediate successors like Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, but in certain ways he was surpassed by Shadwell, the very man whom he himself has consigned to a disagreeable immortality as the hero of the 'MacFlecknoe.' His comedies are not merely full of obscenity,—which seems to have been a necessary ingredient to suit them to the taste of the age,—but they are full of a peculiarly disagreeable obscenity. One of his worst offenses in this direction, and altogether his most impudent one, was his adaptation for the stage of Shakespeare's 'Tempest.' The two plays are worth reading together for the sake of seeing how easily a pure and perfect creation of genius can be vulgarized in language and spirit almost beyond the possibility of recognition. In his tragedies, however, Dryden was much more successful. Yet even these, in spite of the excellence of occasional passages, do not attain to a high rank. Indeed, thought and expression are at times extravagant, not to say stilted, to an extent which afterward led him himself to make them the subject of ridicule. It was in them, however, during these years that he perfected by degrees his mastery of heroic verse, of which later he was to display the capabilities in a way that had never previously been seen and has never since been surpassed.

A controversy in regard to the proper method of composing plays brought forward Dryden, at an early period in his literary career, as a writer of prose. In this he at once attained unusual eminence. In him appear for the first time united the two characters of poet and of critic. Ben Jonson had in a measure preceded him in this respect; but Jonson's criticism was not so much devoted to the examination of general principles as to the exposure of the hopeless, helpless obtuseness of the men who had a different opinion of his works from what he himself entertained. The questions discussed by Dryden were of a more general nature. With the Stuarts had come in French literary tastes and French literary methods. The age was supposed to be too refined to be pleased with what had satisfied the coarse palates of preceding generations. In stage-writing in particular, the doctrine of the unities, almost uniformly violated by Shakespeare and most of the Elizabethans, was now held up as the only correct method of composition that could be employed by any writer who sought to conform to the true principles of art. Along with this came the substitution in the drama of rhyme for blank verse. Upon the comparative merits of these two as employed in tragedy, arose the first controversy in which Dryden was engaged. This one was

with his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard; for in 1663 Dryden had become the husband of the daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, thus marrying, as Pope expressed it, «misery in a noble wife.» Dryden was an advocate of rhyme; and the controversy on this point began with the publication in 1668 of his 'Essay of Dramatic Poesy.' It was afterward carried on by both parties, in prefaces to the plays they successively published. The prefaces to these productions regularly became later the place where Dryden laid down his critical doctrines on all points that engaged his attention; and whether we agree with his views or not, we are always sure to be charmed with the manner in which they are expressed.

In 1667 Dryden published a long poem entitled 'Annus Mirabilis.' It was in the same measure as the stanzas on Oliver Cromwell. It gave him a good deal of reputation at the time; but though it is far from being a despicable performance, few there are now who read it and still fewer who re-read it. Far different has been the fate of his next work. It was not until 1681, when England was beginning to emerge slowly from the excitement and agitation growing out of the alleged Popish plot, that he brought out his 'Absalom and Achitophel,' without question the greatest combined poetical and political satire to be found in our tongue. Here it was that for the first time he fully displayed his mastery over heroic verse. The notion once so widely prevalent — for the vogue of which, indeed, Dryden himself is mainly responsible — that Waller and Denham brought this verse to perfection, it now requires both extensive and special ignorance of our earlier authors to entertain; but on the other hand, there is no question that he himself imparted to the line a variety, vigor, and sustained majesty of movement such as the verse in its modern form had never previously received. There is therefore a fairly full measure of truth in the lines in which he was characterized by Pope: —

> «Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestic march and energy divine.»

These lines of Pope, it may be added, exemplify purposely two peculiarities of Dryden's versification, — the occasional use of the triplet instead of the regular couplet, and of the Alexandrine, or line of six feet, in place of the usual line of five.

The poem is largely an attack upon the Earl of Shaftesbury, who in it bears the title of Achitophel. The portrayal of this statesman, which is given in this volume, is ample evidence of that skill of the poet in characterization which has made the pictures he drew immortal. Perhaps even more effective was the description of the

Duke of Buckingham, under the designation of Zimri. For attacking that nobleman Dryden had both political and personal reasons. Buckingham had now joined the opponents of the court. Ten years previously the poet himself had been brought by him on the stage, with the aid of others, in the play called 'The Rehearsal.' His usual actions had been mimicked, his usual expressions had been put into the mouth of the character created to represent him, who was styled Bayes. This title had been given him because Dryden figuratively wore the bays, or laurel, as poet laureate. The name henceforward stuck. Dryden's turn had now come; and it was in these following lines that he drew the unfaded and fadeless picture of this nobleman, whose reputation even then was notorious rather than famous, and whose intellect was motley-minded rather than versatile:—

> «Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
> In the front rank of these did Zimri stand,
> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by starts and nothing long,
> But in the course of one revolving moon
> Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
> Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
> Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
> Blest madman, who could every hour employ
> With something new to wish or to enjoy!
> Railing and praising were his usual themes,
> And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
> So over-violent or over-civil
> That every man with him was God or Devil.
> In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
> Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
> Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
> He had his jest, and they had his estate.»

As an example of the loftier and more majestic style occasionally found in this poem, is the powerful appeal of Achitophel to Absalom. The latter, it is to be said, stands for the Duke of Monmouth, the eldest of the illegitimate sons of Charles II. Him many of the so-called country party, now beginning to be styled Whigs, were endeavoring to have recognized as the next successor to the throne, in place of the Roman Catholic brother of the king, James, Duke of York. As a favorite son of the monarch, he, though then in opposition, is treated tenderly by Dryden throughout; and this feeling is plainly visible in the opening of the address to him put into the mouth of Achitophel, in these words:—

«Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,
Thy longing country's darling and desire,
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire,
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas and shows the promised land,
Whose dawning day in every distant age
Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage,
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision and the old men's dream,—
Thee savior, thee the nation's vows confess,
And never satisfied with seeing, bless.»

Dryden followed up the attack upon Shaftesbury with a poem entitled 'The Medal.' This satire, which appeared in March 1682, was called forth by the action of the partisans of the Whig leader in having a medal struck commemorating his release from the Tower, after the grand jury had thrown out the charge of treason which had been brought against him. Both of these pieces were followed by a host of replies. Some of them did not refrain from personal attack, which indeed had a certain justification in the poet's own violence of denunciation. The most abusive of these was a poem by Thomas Shadwell, entitled 'The Medal of John Bayes.' Such persons as fancy Dryden's subsequent punishment of that dramatist unwarranted in its severity should in justice read this ferociously scurrilous diatribe, in which every charge against the poet that malice or envy had concocted and rumor had set afloat, was here industriously raked together; and to the muck-heap thus collected, the intimacy of previous acquaintance was doubtless enabled to contribute its due quota of malignant assertion and more malignant insinuation. Shadwell was soon supplied, however, with ample reason to regret his action. Dryden's first and best known rejoinder is 'MacFlecknoe, or a Satire on the True Blue Protestant Poet T. S.' This production has always had the reputation in literature of being the severest personal satire in the language; but it requires now for its appreciation an intimate acquaintance with Shadwell's plays, which very few possess. It is further disfigured in places by a coarseness from which, indeed, none of the poet's writings were certain to be free. Its general spirit can be indicated by a brief extract from its opening paragraph. Flecknoe, it is to be said, was a feeble poet who had died a few years before. He is here represented as having long reigned over the kingdom of dullness, but knowing that his end was close at hand, determines to settle the succession to the State. Accordingly he fixes upon his son Shadwell as the one best fitted to take his place in ruling over the realm of nonsense, and in continuing the war with wit and sense. The announcement of his intention he begins in the following words:—

«—'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.»

Far more bitter, however, was the renewed attack which a month later Dryden inserted in the two hundred lines he contributed to the continuation of 'Absalom and Achitophel' that was written by Nahum Tate. In this second part, which came out in November 1682, he devoted himself in particular to two of his opponents, Settle and Shadwell, under the names respectively of Doeg and Og—«two fools,» he says, in his energetic way,—

«That crutch their feeble sense on verse;
Who by my Muse to all succeeding times
Shall live in spite of their own doggerel rhymes.»

Of Settle, whose poetry was possessed of much smoothness but little sense, he spoke in a tone of contemptuous good-nature, though the object of the attack must certainly have deemed the tender mercies of Dryden to be cruel. It was in this way he was described, to quote a few lines:—

«Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature.
. . . . . .
Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;
Hanging supposes human soul and reason,—
This animal's below committing treason:
Shall he be hanged who never could rebel?
That's a preferment for Achitophel.
. . . . . .
Let him rail on; let his invective Muse
Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse,
Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offense.»

But it was not till he came to the portraiture of Shadwell that he gave full vent to the ferocity of his satire. He taunted him with the unwieldiness of his bulk, the grossness of his habits, with his want of wealth, and finally closed up with some lines into which he concentrated all the venom of his previous attacks:—

«But though Heaven made him poor, with reverence speaking,
He never was a poet of God's making.

The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing — *Be thou dull;*
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk; do anything but write.
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men;
A strong nativity — but for the pen;
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayest live, avoiding pen and ink.
I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason, botched in rhyme, will be thy bane;
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck;
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck.

. . . . . .

«A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing treason and for writing dull;
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.
Hadst thou the glories of thy King exprest,
Thy praises had been satires at the best;
But thou in clumsy verse, unlicked, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed.
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of King David's foes be this the doom,—
May all be like the young man Absalom;
And for my foes may this their blessing be,—
To talk like Doeg and to write like thee.»

Refinement of tone is not the distinguishing characteristic of satire of this sort. It does not attack its object by delicate insinuation or remote suggestion. It operates by heavy downright blows which crush by the mere weight and power of the stroke. There was in truth in those days a certain brutality not only permitted but expected in the way men spoke of each other, and Dryden conformed in this as in other respects to the manners and methods of his age. But of its kind the attack is perfect. The blows of a bludgeon which make of the victim a shapeless mass kill as effectively as the steel or poison which leaves every feature undisturbed, and to the common apprehension it serves to render the killing more manifest. At any rate, so long as a person has been done to death, it makes comparatively little difference how the death was brought about; and the object in this instance of Dryden's attack, though a man of no mean abilities, has never recovered from the demolition which his reputation then underwent.

In 1685 Charles II. died, and his brother James ascended the throne. In the following year Dryden went over to the Roman Catholic Church. No act of his life has met with severer censure. Nor can

there be any doubt that the time he took to change his religion afforded ground for distrusting the sincerity of his motives. A king was on the throne who was straining every nerve to bring the Church of England once more under the sway of the Church of Rome. Obviously the adoption of the latter faith would recommend the poet to the favor of the bigoted monarch, and tend to advance his personal interests. There is no wonder, therefore, that he should at the time have been accused of being actuated by the unworthiest of reasons, and that the charge should continue to be repeated to our day. Yet a close study of Dryden's life and writings indicates that the step he took was a natural if not an inevitable outcome of the processes through which his opinions had been passing. He had been early trained in the strict tenets of the Puritan party. From these he had been carried over to the loose beliefs and looser life that followed everywhere hard upon the Restoration. By the sentiments then prevailing he was profoundly affected. Nothing in the writings of the first half of his literary life is more marked — not even his flings at matrimony — than the scoffing way in which he usually spoke of the clergy. His tone towards them is almost always contemptuous, where it is not positively vituperative. His famous political satire began with this line —

«In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin;» —

and a little later in the course of the same poem he observed that —

«Fraud was used, the sacrificer's trade,»

the «sacrificer» here denoting the priest. This feeling toward the clergy never in truth deserted him entirely. But no one who reads carefully his 'Religio Laici,' a poem published in 1682, can fail to perceive that even then he had not only drifted far away from the faith of his childhood, but had begun to be tormented and perplexed by the insoluble problems connected with the life and destiny of man, and with his relations to his Creator. The subject was not likely to weigh less heavily upon him in the years that followed. To Dryden, as to many before and since, it may have seemed the easiest method of deliverance from the difficulties in which he found himself involved, to cast the burden of doubts which disquieted the mind and depressed the heart, upon a Church that undertakes to assume the whole responsibility for the man's future on condition of his yielding to it an unquestioning faith in the present.

An immediate result of his conversion was the production in 1687 of one of his most deservedly famous poems, 'The Hind and the Panther.' He began it with the idea of assisting in bringing about the reconciliation between the Panther, typifying the Church of England, and the Hind, typifying the Church of Rome. It is apparent

that before he finished it he saw that the project was hopeless. It is a poem of over twenty-five hundred lines, of which the opening up to line 150 is printed in this volume. Part of the passage here cited contains, without professing it as an object, and probably without intending it, the best defense that could be made for his change of religion. The production in its entirety is remarkable for the skill which its author displayed in carrying on an argument in verse. In this he certainly had no superior among poets, perhaps no equal. The work naturally created a great sensation in those days of fierce political and religious controversy. Both it and its writer were made the object of constant attack. A criticism, in particular, appeared upon it in the shape of a dialogue in prose with snatches of verse interspersed. It is usually known by the title of 'The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse,' and was exalted at the time by unreasoning partisanship into a wonderful performance. Even to the present day, this dreary specimen of polemics is described as a very witty work by those who have never struggled to read it. It was the production of Charles Montagu, the future Earl of Halifax, and of Matthew Prior. A story too is still constantly repeated that Dryden was much hurt by the attacks of these two young men, to whom he had been kind, and wept over their ingratitude. If he shed any tears at all upon the occasion, they must have been due to the mortification he felt that any two persons who had been admitted to his friendship should have been guilty of twaddle so desperately tedious.

The flight of James and the accession of William and Mary threw Dryden at once out of the favor of the court, upon which to a large extent he had long depended for support. As a Jacobite he could not take the oath of allegiance; but there is hardly any doubt that under any circumstances he would have been deprived of the offices of place and profit he held. In the laureateship he was succeeded by his old antagonist Shadwell; and within a few years he saw the dignity of the position still further degraded by the appointment to it of Nahum Tate, one of the worst of the long procession of poetasters who have filled it. Dryden henceforth belonged to the party out of power. His feelings about his changed relations are shown plainly in the fine epistle with which he consoled Congreve for the failure of his comedy of the 'Double Dealer.' Yet displaced and unpensioned, and sometimes the object of hostile attack, his literary supremacy was more absolute than ever. All young authors, whether Whigs or Tories, sought his society and courted his favor; and his seat at Will's coffee-house was the throne from which he swayed the literary sceptre of England.

After the revolution of 1688 Dryden gave himself entirely up to authorship. He first turned to the stage; and between 1690 and 1694

he produced five plays. With the failure in the last-mentioned year of his tragi-comedy called 'Love Triumphant,' he abandoned writing for the theatre. The period immediately following he devoted mainly to his translation of Virgil, which was published in 1697. It was highly successful; but far more reputation came to him from a large folio volume that was brought out in November 1699, under the title of 'Fables.' Its contents consisted mainly of poetical narratives founded upon certain stories of the 'Decameron,' and of the modernization of some of the 'Canterbury Tales.' In certain ways these have been his most successful pieces, and have made his name familiar to successive generations of readers. Of the tales from Boccaccio, that of 'Cymon and Iphigenia' is on the whole the most pleasing. The modernizations of Chaucer were long regarded as superior to the original; and though superior knowledge of the original has effectually banished that belief, there is on the other hand no justification for the derogatory terms which are now sometimes applied to Dryden's versions.

The verse in this volume was preceded by a long critical essay in prose. Many of its views, especially those about the language of Chaucer, have been long discarded; but the criticism will always be read with pleasure for the genial spirit and sound sense which pervade it, and the unstudied ease with which it is written. Cowley and Dryden are in fact the founders of modern English prose; and the influence of the latter has been much greater than that of the former, inasmuch as he touched upon a far wider variety of topics, and for that reason obtained a far larger circle of readers in the century following his death. There was also the same steady improvement in Dryden's critical taste that there was in his poetical expression. His admiration for Shakespeare constantly improved during his whole life; and it is to be noticed that in what is generally regarded as the best of his plays — 'All for Love,' brought out in the winter of 1677–78 — he of his own accord abandoned rhyme for blank verse.

The publication of the 'Fables' was Dryden's last appearance before the public. In the following year he died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey by the side of Chaucer and Cowley. After his death his fame steadily increased instead of diminishing. For a long period his superiority in his particular line was ungrudgingly conceded by all, or if contested, was contested by Pope alone. His poetry indeed is not of the highest kind, though usually infinitely superior to that of his detractors. Still his excellences were those of the intellect and not of the spirit. On the higher planes of thought and feeling he rarely moves; to the highest he never aspires. The nearest he ever approaches to the former is in his later work, where

religious emotion or religious zeal has lent to expression the aid of its intensity. There is a striking example of this in the personal references to his own experiences in the lines cited below from 'The Hind and the Panther.' Something too of the same spirit can be found, expressed in lofty language, in the following passage from the same poem, descriptive of the unity of the Church of Rome as contrasted with the numerous warring sects into which the Protestant body is divided:—

> «One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
> Entire, one solid shining diamond,
> Not sparkles shattered into sects like you:
> One is the Church, and must be to be true,
> One central principle of unity.
> As undivided, so from errors free;
> As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
> Thus she, and none but she, the insulting rage
> Of heretics opposed from age to age;
> Still when the giant brood invades her throne,
> She stoops from heaven and meets them half-way down,
> And with paternal thunders vindicates her crown.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> «Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
> Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
> From east to west triumphantly she rides,
> All shores are watered by her wealthy tides.
> The gospel sound diffused from Pole to Pole,
> Where winds can carry and where waves can roll,
> The selfsame doctrine of the sacred page
> Conveyed to every clime, in every age.»

But though Dryden's poetry is not of the highest class, it is of the very highest kind in its class. Wherever the pure intellect comes into play, there he is invariably excellent. There is never any weakness; there is never any vagueness; there is never any deviation from the true path into aimless digression. His words invariably go straight to the mark, and not unfrequently with a directness and force that fully merit the epithet of «burning» applied to them by the poet Gray. His thoughts always rise naturally out of the matter in hand; and in the treatment of the meanest subjects he is not only never mean, but often falls without apparent effort into a felicity of phrase which holds the attention and implants itself in the memory. The benefit of exercise, for instance, is not a topic that can be deemed highly poetical; but in his epistle on country life addressed to his cousin John Driden, the moment he comes to speak of hunting and its salutary results his expression at once leaves the commonplace, and embodies the thought in these pointed lines:—

«So lived our sires, ere doctors learned to kill,
And multiply with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
. . . . . .
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood:
But we their sons, a pampered race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.»

In a similar way in 'Cymon and Iphigenia' the contempt which Dryden, in common with the Tories of his time, felt for the English militia force, found vent in the following vigorous passage, really descriptive of them and their conduct though the scene is laid in Rhodes:—

«The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands; maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defense;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand:
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepared
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.»

In a world where what is feeble in expression is so often supposed to indicate peculiar delicacy; where what is vague is so often deemed peculiarly poetical; and where what is involved and crabbed and hard to comprehend is thought to denote peculiar profundity,—it is a pleasure to turn to a writer with a rank settled by the consensus of successive generations, who thought clearly and wrote forcibly, who knew always what he had to say and then said it with directness and power. There are greater poets than he; but so long as men continue to delight in vividness of expression, in majesty of numbers, in masculine strength and all-abounding vigor, so long will Dryden continue to hold his present high place among English authors.

The writings of Dryden constitute of themselves a literature. They treat of a vast variety of topics in many different departments of intellectual activity. The completest edition of his works was first published in 1808 under the editorship of Walter Scott. It fills twenty-one volumes, the first of which however is devoted to a biography. The notes to this edition are generally excellent; the text is very

indifferent. A revised edition of it has been recently published under the editorship of George Saintsbury. But easily accessible is a single-volume edition of the poems alone, edited by W. D. Christie, which furnishes a superior text, and is amply supplied with all necessary annotations.

Thomas R. Lounsbury.

FROM 'THE HIND AND THE PANTHER'

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many wingèd wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.
Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
The immortal part assumed immortal state.
Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose
And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains.
With grief and gladness mixed, their mother viewed
Her martyred offspring and their race renewed;
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpassed.
Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrained
By sovereign power, her company disdained,
Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true she bounded by and tripped so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight;

For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be loved needs only to be seen.
  The bloody Bear, an independent beast,
Unlicked to form, in groans her hate expressed.
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare
Professed neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,
Mimicked all sects and had his own to chuse;
Still when the Lion looked, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled baptist Boar, impure as he,
But whitened with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions filled the sacred place,
And mountains leveled in his furious race;
So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But since the mighty ravage which he made
In German forests had his guilt betrayed,
With broken tusks and with a borrowed name,
He shunned the vengeance and concealed the shame,
So lurked in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil;
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chased from Nice, then by Socinus nursed,
His impious race their blasphemy renewed,
And Nature's King through Nature's optics viewed;
Reversed they viewed him lessened to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God descry.
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
  What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than thy self revealed;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory and be mine the shame!

Good life be now my task; my doubts are done;
What more could fright my faith than Three in One?
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Disguised in mortal mold and infancy,
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And after that, trust my imperfect sense
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compel,
And shall my sight and touch and taste rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can themselves perceive
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they, who say the Host should be descried
By sense, define a body glorified,
Impassible, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through the opposing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confessed in open sight.
For since thus wondrously he passed, 'tis plain
One single place two bodies did contain;
And sure the same omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let Reason then at her own quarry fly;
But how can finite grasp infinity?
'Tis urged again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.
For latter ages must on former wait,
And what began belief must propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by power Divine
As means or ends of some more deep design?
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the Eternal Son.
God thus asserted: Man is to believe
Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith rely
On the proponent Heaven's authority.

If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit;
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take the unuseful scaffolding away.
Reason by sense no more can understand;
The game is played into another hand.
Why choose we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?
In the same vessel which our Savior bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood
And not veil these again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent;
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what his clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what he made so plain?
To take up half on trust and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great sums and to compound the small,
For who would break with Heaven, and would not break for all?
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss;
The bank above must fail before the venture miss.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MR. CONGREVE

On His Comedy Called 'The Double Dealer'

Well then, the promised hour is come at last;
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ;
Conquering with force of arms and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race before the flood;
And thus, when Charles returned, our empire stood.
Like Janus, he the stubborn soil manured,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cured;
Tamed us to manners, when the stage was rude,
And boisterous English wit with art endued.

Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gained in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first;
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length,
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base,
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space;
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He moved the mind, but had not power to raise.
Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please,
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In differing talents both adorned their age
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One matched in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see:
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley.
All this in blooming youth you have achieved;
Nor are your foiled contemporaries grieved.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless Consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bowed to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.
  O that your brows my laurel had sustained!
Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned:
The father had descended for the son,
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the State one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose:
But now, not I, but poetry, is curst;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy: Thou shalt be seen,
Though with some short parenthesis between,
High on the throne of wit, and seated there,
Not mine—that's little—but thy laurel wear.

Thy first attempt an early promise made;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native store:
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much; she could not give him more.
Maintain your post: that's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage:
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on His providence:
But you, whom every Muse and grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and oh, defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you:
And take for tribute what these lines express;
You merit more, nor could my love do less.

ODE

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

THOU youngest virgin daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new-plucked from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighboring star,
Thou roll'st above us in thy wandering race,
Or in procession fixed and regular
Moved with the heaven's majestic pace,
Or called to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st with seraphims the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region be thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;

Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse
In no ignoble verse,
But such as thy own voice did practice here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given,
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of Heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain
(An early, rich, and inexhausted vein).
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was formed at first with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return, to fill or mend the quire of thy celestial kind.

May we presume to say that at thy birth
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth?
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And even the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tuned it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth;
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distilled their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all the blest fraternity of love
Solemnized there thy birth, and kept thy holiday above.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of Poesy!
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordained above,
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love!
Oh wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubric and adulterate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own,)
To increase the steaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say to excuse our second fall?
Let this thy Vestal, Heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled,
Unmixed with foreign filth and undefiled;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For Nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigor did her verse adorn
That it seemed borrowed, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test and every light her Muse will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
Even love (for love sometimes her Muse exprest)
Was but a lambent flame which played about her breast;
Light as the vapors of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth exprest,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretched her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependences was framed,
As conquerors will never want pretense,
(When armed to justify the offense,)
And the whole fief in right of Poetry she claimed.

The country open lay without defense;
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament,
And all the large demains which the dumb Sister swayed;
All bowed beneath her government,
Received in triumph wheresoe'er she went.
Her pencil drew whate'er her soul designed,
And oft the happy draught surpassed the image in her mind;
The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks
And fruitful plains and barren rocks;
Of shallow brooks that flowed so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods
Which, as in mirrors, showed the woods,
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defaced, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopled Ark the whole creation bore.

The scene then changed; with bold erected look
Our martial King the sight with reverence strook:
For, not content to express his outward part,
Her hand called out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figured there,
As when by magic ghosts are made appear.
Our phœnix Queen was portrayed too so bright
Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observed, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands;
Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank the Queen.

Thus nothing to her genius was denied,
  But like a ball of fire, the farther thrown,
  Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every side.
What next she had designed, Heaven only knows.
To such immoderate growth her conquest rose
That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportioned shape and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit nor piety could Fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel Destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
  But, like a hardened felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
  And plundered first, and then destroyed.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
  But thus Orinda died:
Heaven by the same disease did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

Meantime, her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return with vain devotion pays.
  Ah, generous youth! that wish forbear,
  The winds too soon will waft thee here!
  Slack all thy sails, and fear to come;
Alas! thou knowest not, thou art wrecked at home.
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face;
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,
Among the Pleiads, a new-kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
  To raise the nations under ground;
When in the Valley of Jehoshaphat
The judging God shall close the book of Fate,
  And there the last assizes keep
  For those who wake and those who sleep;

When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are covered with the lightest ground,
And straight, with inborn vigor, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shalt go,
As harbinger of Heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learned below.

A SONG

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserved for your victorious eyes:
From crowds whom at your feet you see,
Oh pity and distinguish me!
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was designed,
Your every motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost, unless you love;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

LINES PRINTED UNDER MILTON'S PORTRAIT

IN TONSON'S FOLIO EDITION OF THE 'PARADISE LOST,' 1688

THREE poets, in three distant ages born.
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last:
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

A Song in Honor of St. Cecilia's Day: 1697

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire.
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed:
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus's blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS

Bacchus's blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turn of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

V

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee;
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
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ACHITOPHEL*

From 'Absalom and Achitophel

THIS plot, which failed for want of common-sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For as when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humor, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So several factions from this first ferment
Work up to foam, and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Opposed the power to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were raised in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked councils fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.

*Lord Shaftesbury.

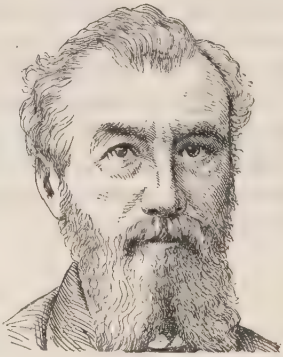
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the State.
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seized with fear yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offense be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the Crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the Crown, and skulked behind the laws.
The wished occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.

MAXIME DU CAMP

(1822–1894)

«Why have I always felt happy, filled with the spirit of content and of infinite independence, whenever I have slept in the tent or in the ruins of foreign lands?» The love of change and adventure has been the spring of Du Camp's life, a life whose events are blended so intimately with his literary achievement, that to know the one is to know the other. This practical man of the world has an imaginative, beauty-loving side to his nature, which craves stimulus from tropical unfamiliar nature and exotic ways.

So, after the usual training of French boys in lycée and college,—«in those hideous houses where they wearied our childhood,» as he says,—the just-emancipated youth of twenty-two left his home in Paris for an eighteen-months' trip in the far East. The color and variety of the experience whetted his love of travel, and very soon after his return he began a serious study of photography in view of future plans.



Maxime Du Camp

Then came the revolution of 1848, the overthrow of Louis Philippe; and Du Camp had an opportunity to prove his courage and patriotism in the ranks of the National Guard. In his 'Souvenirs de l'Année 1848,' he tells the story with color and interest, and with the forceful logic of an eye-witness.

His bravery and a serious wound won him the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, bestowed by General Cavaignac. This drew attention to him, and led the minister of public instruction to intrust him a few months later with a mission of exploration to Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, and Asia Minor; a result of which trip was his first literary success. Utilizing his photographic knowledge, he collected a great many negatives for future development. Upon his return he published a volume of descriptive sketches, 'Le Nil, Egypte, et Nubie,' generously illustrated with printed reproductions of these pictures. This first combination of photography and typography was popular, and was speedily imitated, initiative of many illustrated books.

Later, Du Camp's warlike and exploring instincts led him at his own expense into Sicily with Garibaldi, where he collected matter and photographs for 'Les Deux Siciles,' another successful volume. In 1851 he associated with others to found the Revue de Paris, for which he wrote regularly until its suspension in 1858. He has also written a great deal for the Revue des Deux Mondes, in which for several years he continued a series of historical studies upon the government of Paris. The six volumes upon 'Paris: its Organs, its Functions, its Life, during the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century,' form one of his chief achievements. His personal knowledge on the subject, and his access to valuable unpublished documents, give it authoritative value.

In 'Les Ancêtres de la Commune,' and 'Les Convulsions de Paris,' he has accomplished much more in the same line. The latter, a brilliant circumstantial exposition of the Commune, a logical condemnation of its folly and ignorance, brought him gratitude from the French Academy, and aided his election to that body in 1880. For this extensive work on contemporary politics, for his illustrated travels, and his artistic and literary criticism, he is better known than for his two or three novels and volumes of poetry.

Du Camp's may be characterized as a soldierly style, strong, direct, and personal. He loves to retrace old scenes with the later visible sequence of cause and effect. Always straightforward, sometimes bluntly self-assertive, he is sometimes eloquent. Perhaps his great charm is spontaneity.

A STREET SCENE DURING THE COMMUNE

From 'The Convulsions of Paris'

THERE were strange episodes during this terrible evening. At half-past eight, M. Rouville, a Protestant minister, was at home in a house he owns on the Rue de Lille. He heard an alarm, the cry, "Everything is burning! Escape!" Then he went down, saw the street in flames, and the poor people weeping as they escaped. Just as he was returning to rescue a few valuables, some federates rushed into the court, crying, "Hurry! They are setting the place on fire!" He took some money and the manuscript of the sermons he had preached. Mechanically he seized his hat and cane. Then, throwing a last look around the apartment where he had long lived, invoking the memory of the great Biblical destructions familiar to him in Holy Writ,

weak and trembling with emotion, he descended the staircase from his home.

There was indescribable tumult in the street, dominated by the cry of women; a shrill wordless involuntary cry of terror, vibrating above the uproar like a desperate appeal to which no supernatural power replied. Pastor Rouville stopped. The house next his own was in flames. They were setting fire to the one opposite. The houses between the Rue de Beaune and the Rue du Bac, red from cellar to garret, were vomiting flame from all the broken windows.

The pastor's family were not at Paris. He was alone with a faithful maid, who did not leave him for a moment. This doubtless determined his resolution, and gave him courage to brave all to save his house. If he had felt his wife and daughter near, he would have thought only of their safety, and would have hastened to get them away from the place, where, he said, "One could die of horror."

Pastor Rouville is a small man, whose great activity keeps him young and remarkably energetic. He belongs to the strong race of Southern Protestants, which has resisted everything to guard its faith. I should not be surprised if he has had some nimble Cévennole, companion of Jean Cavalier, among his ancestors. Chaplain in the prisons of the Seine, accustomed to sound doubtful spirits, to seek in vicious hearts some intact fibres which could re-attach them to virtue; fervent in faith, eloquent, with a high voice which could rise above the tumult, knowing by experience that there is no obscurity so profound that light cannot be made to penetrate it,—he had remained on duty at his post during the Commune; for the prisoners had more need of spiritual aid, now that the regular administration no longer watched over them. He had been indignant at the incarceration of Catholic priests, and had signed the fine protest demanding the liberty of the archbishop, which the ministers had carried to the Hôtel de Ville.

Alone in the presence of the great disaster which threatened him, he commended his spirit to God, remembering that the little stone of David had killed the giant Philistine, and he decided to fight for his home. He encamped energetically before the door, to forbid access; and using the weapons bestowed upon him by Providence and study, he spoke. The federates stopped before this man, whose simplicity rendered him heroic. One may guess what he said to them:—

"Why strike the innocent and tender, as if they were execrable? Why be enraged with a Protestant, a minister, whose religion, founded on the dogma of free examination, is naturally allied to republican ideas? The faith he teaches is that promulgated by Christ: Christ said to Peter, 'Sheathe thy sword;' he said to men, 'Love one another!' No, the people of Paris, this people whose sufferings have been shared, whose unfortunates have been succored during the siege; this people, so good when not led astray by the wicked; this people will not burn the house of a poor minister, whose whole life has been passed in the exercise of charity."

The pastor must have been eloquent and have spoken with profound conviction, for the federates who were listening to him began to weep, then seized and embraced him. Meantime the tenants of the shops in his house had lowered the iron curtains, which at least was an obstacle against the first throwing of petroleum. This lasted an hour. The federates, evidently softened and touched by the pastor's despair, remained near him and had pity upon him. An old sergeant of the National Guard stayed beside him, as if to bring him help in case of need, and to maintain a little order among his subordinates. Some hope revived in M. Rouville's heart, and he was saying to himself that perhaps his house would be spared, when some young men, wearing the braided caps of officers, arrived as if to inspect the fires. Seeing one house intact, emerging like a little island from an ocean of flames, they exclaimed. The pastor sprang forward and wanted to argue with them. It was trouble wasted. One of these young scamps said to him, "You are an old reactionist: you bore us with your talking. If you don't like it, we will pin you to the wall." Then, turning toward the federates and pointing to the houses on the Rue de Lille, he cried, "All that belongs to the people. The people have the right to burn everything."

This had perhaps decided the fate of the pastor's house, when the sergeant of federates interfered, and addressing the officer said to him, "I have received orders to stop the fire just here." "Show me your order," answered the officer. The sergeant replied, "It is a verbal order." Then there was a lively quarrel between the two men. The sergeant was firm. The officer insisted, and according to the custom of the moment, threatened to have the rebel shot.

The situation was becoming grave, when an incident resolved it. A mounted officer galloped up and ordered all the federates

to retreat, because they were about to be surrounded by the troops from Versailles.

Nearly all the National Guards hurried away. The sergeant who had remained near the pastor said, "Get away, scurry, father! You will get yourself killed, and that will not save your camp."

The other officers passed, commanded everything to be burned, and when the sergeant resisted, compelled him to leave. For half an hour the unhappy pastor remained alone, holding back the incendiaries, passing from supplications to threats, and gaining time by every possible artifice. The sergeant returned with tearful eyes, and showed the dismayed pastor a written order to burn the house, sent by his chiefs. Not yet discouraged, the pastor roused the compassion of the old sergeant, and so moved him that the rebel cried, "Ah, well! so much the worse! I'll disobey. No, I won't let your house be burned. They'll shoot me. It's all the same. I deserve to be." Then raising his hand toward the sky, where the stars shone like sparks through the veil of wind-driven smoke, he cried "O my father, I believe in God! Fear nothing; I will stay here. They shan't touch your house. I shall know how to keep off plunderers!"

O strange deceiving people; ready for all crimes, ready for all good actions, according to the voice which speaks to thee and the emotion which carries thee away! This sergeant was indeed thy likeness, and one need not despair of thee, although thou dishearten those who love thee best!

The brandy at the wine merchants'; the ether at the druggists'; the powder and shot forgotten in stations, or secreted in cellars, burst with terrible explosions and scattered flaming coals. The pastor looked at his house, still miraculously intact. He gave it a last look, and departed sobbing. It was eleven o'clock. For three hours in the midst of this furnace he had resisted the incendiaries. His strength was exhausted. The faithful servant, who went back again and again to rescue one thing more from the burning, dragged him away. In the Rue des Saints-Pères they plunged into darkness, all the deeper for the brazier of sparkling lights behind them. They groped their way over the barricades through a shower of bullets. More than once they fell down. Finally, safe and sound despite the dangers braved, they reached the Rue de Seine, near the Rue de Bucy, where they found refuge in a lodging-house.

Next day Pastor Rouville ran towards the Rue de Lille. His house was standing intact. The old sergeant had kept his word. What became of this brave man, who at the risk of his life saved the property of a man whose speech had touched him? Perhaps he perished. Perhaps he received his due reward. Perhaps he drags out a wretched life in some workshop of a penitentiary. I know not his fate, nor even his name.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, SENIOR

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, SENIOR

(1803?–1870)

BY ANDREW LANG

NO AUTHOR is less capable of being illustrated by extracts than Alexandre Dumas. Writers like Prosper Mérimée or Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson can be not inadequately represented by a short story or a brief scene. Even from Scott's work we can detach 'Wandering Willie's Tale,' or 'The Tapestried Chamber,' or the study of Effie Deans in prison, or of Jeanie Deans before the Queen. But Dumas is invariably diffuse; though, unlike other diffuse talkers and writers, he is seldom tedious. He is long without *longueurs*. A single example will explain this better than a page of disquisition. The present selector had meant to extract Dumas's first meeting with Charles Nodier at the theatre. In memory, that amusing scene appeared to occupy some six pages. In fact, it covers nearly a hundred and thirty pages of the Brussels edition of the 'Memoirs' of Dumas. One reads it with such pleasure that looked back upon, it seems short, while it is infinitely too long to be extracted. In dialogue Dumas is both excellent and copious, so that he cannot well be abbreviated. He is the Porthos of novelists, gigantic, yet (at his best) muscular and not overgrown. For these reasons, extracts out of his romances do no justice to Dumas. To read one of his novels, say 'The Three Musketeers,' even in a slovenly translation, is to know more of him than a world of critics and essayists can teach. It is also to forget the world, and to dwell in a careless Paradise. Our object therefore is not to give an "essence of Dumas," but to make readers peruse him in his own books, and to save them trouble by indicating, among these books, the best.

It is notorious that Dumas was at the head of a "Company" like that which Scott laughingly proposed to form "for writing and publishing the class of books called Waverley Novels." In legal phrase; Dumas "deviled" his work; he had assistants, "researchers," collaborators. He would briefly sketch a plot, indicate the authorities to be consulted, hand his notes to Maquet or Fiorentino, receive their draught, and expand that into a romance. Work thus executed cannot be equal to itself. Many books signed by Dumas may be neglected without loss. Even to his best works, one or other of his assistants was apt to assert a claim. The answer is convincing. Not one of

these ingenious men ever produced, by himself, anything that could be mistaken for the work of the master. All his good things have the same stamp and the same spirit, which we find nowhere else. Again, nobody contests his authorship of his own 'Memoirs,' or of his book about his dogs, birds, and other beasts—'The Story of My Pets.' Now, the merit of these productions is, in kind, identical with many of the merits of his best novels. There is the same good-humor, gayety, and fullness of life. We may therefore read Dumas's central romances without much fear of being grateful to the wrong person. Against the modern theory that the Iliad and Odyssey are the work of many hands in many ages, we can urge that these supposed "hands" never did anything nearly so good for themselves; and the same argument applies in the case of Alexandre Dumas.

A brief sketch of his life must now be given. "No man has had so many of his possessions disputed as myself," says Dumas. Not only his right to his novels, but his right to his name and to legitimate birth, was contested. Here we shall follow his own account of himself in his 'Memoirs,' which do not cover nearly the whole of his life. Alexandre Dumas was born at Villers-Cotterets-sur-Aisne, on July 24th, 1803(?). He lived to almost exactly the threescore and ten years of the Psalmist. He saw the fall of Napoleon, the restoration of the rightful king, the expulsion of the Legitimate monarch in 1830, the Orleans rule, its overthrow in 1848, the Republic, the Empire, and the Terrible Year, 1870–1871. Then he died, in the hour of the sorrow of his

"Immortal and indomitable France."

Dumas's full name was noble: he was Alexandre Dumas-Davy de la Pailleterie. His family estate, La Pailleterie, was made a marquisate by Louis XIV. in 1707. About 1760 the grandfather of Dumas sold his lands in France, and went to Hayti. There in 1762 was born his father, son of Louise Cossette Dumas and of the Marquis de la Pailleterie. The mother must have been a woman of color; Dumas talks of his father's "mulatto hue," and he himself had undoubted traces of African blood. Yet it appears that the grandparents were duly married. In 1772, his wife having died, the old marquis returned to France. The Revolution broke out, and the father of Alexandre Dumas fought in the armies of the Republic. The cruel mob called him by way of mockery, "Monsieur Humanity," because he endeavored to rescue the victims of their ferocity. He was a man of great courage and enormous physical strength. Napoleon, in honor of one of his feats of arms, called him in a dispatch "The Horatius Cocles of the Republic." He was with Napoleon in

Egypt, where a quarrel arose, as he suspected and opposed the ambition of the future emperor. Though Dumas found a treasure in a bey's house, he honorably presented it to his government. He died in France, a poor man, in 1806.

Dumas was not at home when his father died. He was staying, a child of four, with his cousin Marianne.

> «At midnight I was awakened, or rather my cousin and I were awakened, by a great blow struck on the door of our room. By the light of a night lamp I saw my cousin start up, much alarmed. No mortal could have knocked at our chamber door, for the outer doors were locked. [He gives a plan of the house.] I got out of bed to open the door. 'Where are you going, Alexandre?' cried my cousin.
>
> «'To let in papa, who is coming to say adieu.'
>
> «The girl dragged me back to bed; I cried, 'Adieu, papa, adieu!' Something like a sighing breath passed over my face. . . . My father had died at the hour when we heard the knock!»

This anecdote may remind the reader of what occurred at Abbotsford on the night when Mr. Bullock died in London. Dumas tells another tale of the same kind ('Memoirs,' Vol. xi., page 255: Brussels, 1852). On the night of his mother's death he in vain sought a similar experience. These things «come not by observation»; but Dumas, like Scott, had a mind not untuned to such themes, though not superstitious.

Young Dumas, like most men of literary genius, taught himself to read. A Buffon with plates was the treasure of the child, already a lover of animals. To know more about the beasts he learned to read for his own pleasure. Of mythology he was as fond as Keats. His intellectual life began (like the imaginative life of our race) in legends of beasts and gods. For Dumas was born *un primitif*, as the French say; his taste was the old immortal human taste for romance, for tales of adventure, love, and war. This predilection is now of course often scouted by critics who are over-civilized and under-educated. Superior persons will never share the love of Dumas which was common to Thackeray and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. From Buffon he went on to the 'Letters to Émil' (letters on mythology), and to the 'Arabian Nights.' An imaginative child, he knew the «pains of sleep» as Coleridge did, and the terrors of vain imagination. Many children whose manhood is not marked by genius are visionaries. A visionary too was little Dumas, like Scott, Coleridge, and George Sand in childhood. To the material world he ever showed a bold face. «I have never known doubt or despair,» he says; his faith in God was always unshaken; the doctrine of immortality he regarded rather with hope than absolute belief. Yet surely it is a corollary to the main article of his creed.

At ten, Dumas went to a private school kept by an Abbé Grégoire. At the Restoration, a boy of twelve, he made and he adhered to an important resolution. He chose to keep his grandmaternal name of Dumas, like his father, and to drop the name and arms of De la Pailleterie, with all the hopes of boons from the restored Royalists. Dumas remained a man of the popular party, though he had certain relations of friendship with the house of Orléans. But he entertained no posthumous hatred of the old monarchy and the old times. His kings are nearly as good, in his romances, as Sir Walter's own, and his Henri III. and Henri IV. may be named with Scott's Gentle King Jamie and Louis XI.

Madame Dumas, marquise as she was by marriage, kept a tobacconist's shop; and in education, Dumas was mainly noted for his calligraphy. Poaching was now the boy's favorite amusement; all through his life he was very fond of sport. Napoleon returned from Elba; Dumas saw him drive through Villers-Cotterets on his way to Waterloo. Soon afterwards came in stragglers; the English, they said, had been defeated at five o'clock on June 18th, but the Prussians arrived at six o'clock and won the battle. What the English were doing between five and six does not appear; it hardly seems that they quitted the field. The theory of that British defeat at Waterloo was never abandoned by Dumas. He saw Napoleon return through Villers-Cotterets. «Wellington, Bülow, Blücher, were but masks of men; really they were spirits sent by the Most High to defeat Napoleon.» It is a pious opinion!

At the age of fifteen Dumas, like Scott, became a notary's clerk. About this time he saw 'Hamlet' played, in the version of Ducis. Corneille and Racine had always been disliked by this born romanticist. 'Hamlet' carried him off his feet. Soon afterwards he read Bürger's 'Lenore,' the ballad which Scott translated at the very beginning of his career as an author.

> «Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
> Splash! splash! along the sea;
> The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
> The flashing pebbles flee.»

This German ballad, says Scott, «struck him as the kind of thing he could do himself.» And Dumas found that the refrain

> «Hurrah, fantôme, les morts vont vite,»

was more to his taste than the French poetry of the eighteenth century. He tried to translate 'Lenore.' Scott finished it in a night; Dumas gave up in despair. But this, he says, was the beginning of his authorship. He had not yet opened a volume of Scott or Cooper, «ces deux grands romanciers.» With a friend named Leuven he

began to try to write plays (1820–1821). He now poached his way to Paris, defraying his expenses with the game he shot on the road. Shakespeare too was a poacher; let us excuse the eccentricities of genius. He made Talma's acquaintance; he went to the play; he resigned his clerkship: "Paris was my future." Thither he went; his father's name served him with General Foy, and he obtained a little post in the household of the Duc D'Orléans — a supernumerary secretaryship at £60 a year. At the play he met Charles Nodier, reading the rarest of Elzevirs, and at intervals (like Charles Lamb) hissing his own piece! This delightful scene, with its consequences, occupies one hundred and thirty pages!

Dumas now made the acquaintance of Frederic Soulié, and became a pillar of theatres. He began to read with a purpose: first he read Scott; "The clouds lifted, and I beheld new horizons." Then he turned to Cooper; then to Byron. One day he entered his office, crying aloud, "Byron is dead!" "Who is Byron?" said one of his chiefs. Here Dumas breaks off in his 'Memoirs' to give a life of Byron! He tought his first duel in the snow, and won an easy, almost a bloodless victory. For years he and Leuven wrote plays together,— plays which were never accepted.

At last he, Rousseau (not Jean Jacques!), and Leuven composed a piece together. Refused at one house, it was accepted at another: 'La Chasse et l'Amour' (The Chase and Love) was presented on September 22d, 1823. It succeeded. A volume of three short stories sold to the extent of four copies. Dumas saw that he must "make a name" before he could make a livelihood. "I do not believe in neglected talent and unappreciated genius," says he. Like Mr. Arthur Pendennis, he wrote verses "up to" pictures. Thackeray did the same. "Lady Blessington once sent him an album print of a boy and girl fishing, with a request that he would make some verses for it. 'And,' he said, 'I liked the idea, and set about it at once. I was two entire days at it,— was so occupied with it, so engrossed by it, that I did not shave during the whole time.'" So says Mr. Locker-Lampson.

We cannot all be Dumas or Thackeray. But if any literary beginner reads these lines, let him take Dumas's advice; let him disbelieve in neglected genius, and do the work that comes in his way, as best he can. Dumas had a little anonymous success in 1826, a vaudeville at the Porte-Saint-Martin. At last he achieved a serious tragedy, or melodrama, in verse, 'Christine.' He wrote to Nodier, reminding him of their meeting at the play. The author of 'Trilby' introduced him to Taylor; Taylor took him to the Théâtre Français; 'Christine' was read and accepted unanimously.

Dumas now struck the vein of his fortune. By chance he opened a volume of Anquetil, and read an anecdote of the court of Henri III.

This led him to study the history of Saint Megrin, in the Memoirs of L'Estoile, where he met Quelus, and Maugiron, and Bussy d'Amboise, with the stirring tale of his last fight against twelve men. Out of these facts he made his play 'Henri III.,' and the same studies inspired that trilogy of romances 'La Reine Margot' (Queen Margot), 'La Dame de Monsoreau' (The Lady of Monsoreau), and 'Les Quarante-Cinq' (The Forty-Five). These are, with the trilogy of the 'Mousquetaires,' his central works as a romancer, and he was twenty-five when he began to deal with the romance of history. His habit was to narrate his play or novel, to his friends, to invent as he talked, and so to arrive at his general plan. The mere writing gave him no trouble. We shall later show his method in the composition of 'The Three Musketeers.'

'Christine' had been wrecked among the cross-currents of theatrical life. 'Henri III.' was more fortunate. Dumas was indeed obliged to choose between his little office and the stage; he abandoned his secretaryship. In 1829 occurred this "duel between his past and his future." Just before the first night of the drama, Dumas's mother, whom he tenderly loved, was stricken down by paralysis. He tended her, he watched over his piece, he almost dragged the Duc d'Orléans to the theatre. On that night he made the acquaintance of Hugo and Alfred de Vigny. Dumas passed the evening between the theatre and his mother's bedside. When the curtain fell, he was "called on"; the audience stood up uncovered, the Duc d'Orléans and all!

Next morning Dumas, like Byron, "woke to find himself famous." He had "made his name" in the only legitimate way,—by his work. Troubles followed, difficulties with the Censorship, duels and rumors of duels, and the whole romantic upheaval which accompanied the Revolution of 1830. Dumas was attached again to the Orléans household. He dabbled in animal magnetism, which had been called mesmerism, and now is known as hypnotism. The phenomena are the same; only the explanations vary. About 1830 there was a mania for animal magnetism in Paris; Lady Louisa Stuart recounted some of the marvels to Sir Walter Scott, who treated the reports with disdain. When writing his romance 'Joseph Balsamo' (a tale of the French Revolution), Dumas made studies of animal magnetism, and was, or believed himself to be, an adept. The orthodox party of modern hypnotists merely hold that by certain physical means, a state of somnambulism can be produced in certain people. Once in that state, the patients are subject to "suggestion," and are obedient to the will of the hypnotizer. He for his part exerts no "magnetic current," no novel unexplained force or fluid. Some recent French and English experiments are not easily to be reconciled with this hypothesis. Dumas himself believed that he exerted a magnetic force, and

without any "passes" or other mechanical means, could hypnotize persons who did not know what he was about, and so were not influenced by "suggestion." In a few cases he held that his patients became clairvoyant; one of them made many political prophecies,—all unfulfilled. Another, in trance, improved vastly as a singer; "her normal voice stopped at *contre-si*. I bade her rise to *contre-re*, which she did; though incapable of it when awake." So far, this justifies the plot of Mr. Du Maurier's novel 'Trilby.' Dumas offers no theory; he states facts, as he says, including "post-hypnotic suggestion."

These experiments were made by Dumas merely as part of his studies for 'Joseph Balsamo' (Cagliostro); his conclusion was that hypnotism is not yet reduced to a scientific formula. In fiction it is already overworked. Dumas got his 'Christine' acted at last. Then broke out the Revolution of 1830. Dumas's description of his activity is "as good as a novel," but too long and varied for condensation. It seems better to give this extract about his life of poverty before his mother died, before fame visited him. (I quote Miss Cheape's translation of the passage included in her 'Stories of Beasts,' published by Longmans, Green and Company.)

He had, in later years, named a cat Mysouff II.

"If you won't think me impertinent, sir," said Madame Lamarque, "I should so like to know what Mysouff means."

"Mysouff just means Mysouff, Madame Lamarque."

"It is a cat's name, then?"

"Certainly, since Mysouff the First was so-called. It is true, Madame Lamarque, you never knew Mysouff." And I became so thoughtful that Madame Lamarque was kind enough to withdraw quietly, without asking any questions about Mysouff the First.

That name had taken me back to fifteen years ago, when my mother was still living. I had then the great happiness of having a mother to scold me sometimes. At the time I speak of, I held a situation in the service of the Duc d'Orléans, with a salary of 1500 francs. My work occupied me from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon. We had a cat in those days, whose name was Mysouff. This cat had missed his vocation; he ought to have been a dog. Every morning I started for my office at half-past nine, and came back every evening at half-past five. Every morning Mysouff followed me to the corner of a particular street, and every evening I found him in the same street, at the same corner, waiting for me. Now the curious thing was that on the days when I had found some amusement elsewhere, and was not coming home to dinner, it was of no use to open the door for Mysouff to go and meet me. Mysouff, in the attitude of the serpent with its tail in its mouth, refused to stir from his cushion. On the other hand, on the days I did come, Mysouff would scratch at the door until some one opened it for him. My mother was very fond of Mysouff; she used to call him her barometer.

«Mysouff marks my good and my bad weather,» my dear mother would say: «the days you come in are my days of sunshine; my rainy days are when you stay away.»

When I came home I used to see Mysouff at the street corner, sitting quite still and gazing into the distance. As soon as he caught sight of me, he began to move his tail; then as I drew nearer, he rose and walked backward and forward across the pavement with his back arched and his tail in the air. When I reached him, he jumped up upon me as a dog would have done, and bounded and played round me as I walked towards the house; but when I was close to it he dashed in at full speed. Two seconds after, I used to see my mother at the door.

Never again in this world, but perhaps in the next, I shall see her standing waiting for me at the door.

That is what I was thinking of, dear readers, when the name of Mysouff brought back all these recollections; so you understand why I did not answer Madame Lamarque's question.

The life of Dumas after 1830 need not be followed step by step; indeed, for lack of memoirs, to follow it is by no means easy.

Dumas, by dint of successful plays, and later of successful novels, earned large sums of money—£40,000 in one year, it is said. He traveled far and wide, and compiled books of travel. In the forties, before the Revolution of 1848, he built a kind of Abbotsford of his own, named «Monte Cristo,» near St. Germains, and joyously ruined himself. «Monte Cristo,» like Abbotsford, has been described as a palace. Now, Abbotsford is so far from being a palace that Mr. Hope Scott, when his wife, Scott's granddaughter, inherited the place, was obliged to build an additional wing.

At Monte Cristo Dumas kept but one man-servant, Michel (his «Tom Purdie»), who was groom, keeper, porter, gardener, and everything. Nor did Dumas ruin himself by paying exorbitant prices for poor lands, as Scott did. His collection of books and curios was no rival for that of Abbotsford. But like Scott, he gave away money to right and left, and he kept open house. He was eaten up by parasites,—beggars, poor greedy hangers-on of letters, secretaries, above all by tribes of musical people. On every side money flowed from him; hard as he worked, largely as he earned, he spent more. His very dog brought in thirteen other dogs to bed and board. He kept monkeys, cats, eagles, a vulture, a perfect menagerie. His own account of these guests may be read in 'My Pets'; perhaps the most humorous, good-humored, and amusing of all his works.

The Revolution of 1848 impoverished him and drove him from Monte Cristo; not out of debt to his neighbors. Dumas was a cheerful giver, but did not love to «fritter away his money in paying bills.» He started newspapers, such as The Musketeer, and rather lost than gained by a careless editorship. A successful play would

enrich him, and he would throw away his gains. He went with Garibaldi on his expedition against the King of Naples, and was received with ingratitude by the Neapolitans.

A friend of Daniel Dunglas Home, the «medium,» he accompanied him to Russia, where Home married a lady of a noble and wealthy family. Returned to France, Dumas found his popularity waning. His plays often failed; he had outlived his success and his generation; he had saved nothing; he had to turn in need to his son Alexandre, the famous dramatist. Finally he died, doubting the security of his own fame, in the year of the sorrows of France.

Dumas is described by Michelet as «a force of nature.» Never was there in modern literature a force more puissant, more capricious, or more genial. His quantity of mind was out of all proportion to its quality. He could learn everything with ease; he was a skilled cook, a fencer; he knew almost as if by intuition the technique and terminology of all arts and crafts. Ignorant of Greek, he criticized and appreciated Homer with an unmatched zest and appreciation. Into the dry bones of history he breathed life, mere names becoming full-blooded fellow-creatures under his spell. His inspiration was derived from Scott, a man far more learned than he, but scarcely better gifted with creative energy. Like Scott he is long, perhaps prolix; like him he is indifferent to niceties of style, does not linger over the choice of words, but serves himself with the first that comes to hand. Scott's wide science of human nature is not his; but his heroes, often rather ruffianly, are seldom mere exemplary young men of no particular mark. More brilliantly and rapidly than Scott, he indicates action in dialogue. He does not aim at the construction of rounded plots; his novels are chronicles which need never stop while his heroes are alive. His plan is to take a canvas of fact, in memoir or history, and to embroider his fantasies on that. Occasionally the canvas (as Mr. Saintsbury says) shows through, and we have blocks of actual history. His 'Joan of Arc' begins as a romance, and ends with a comparatively plain statement of facts too great for any art but Shakespeare's. But as a rule it is not historical facts, it is the fictitious adventures of characters living in an historical atmosphere, that entertain us in Dumas.

The minute inquirer may now compare the sixteenth-century 'Memoirs of Monsieur D'Artagnan' (fictitious memoirs, no doubt) with the use made of them by Dumas in 'The Three Musketeers' and 'Twenty Years After.' The 'Memoirs' (reprinted by the Librairie Illustrée, Paris) gave Dumas his opening scenes; gave him young D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos, Aramis, Rosnay, De Treville, Milady, the whole complicated intrigue of Milady, D'Artagnan, and De Vardes. They gave him several incidents, duels, and «local color.» By

making Milady the wife of Athos, Dumas knotted his plot; he added the journey to England, after the Queen's diamonds; from a subordinate character he borrowed the clerical character of Aramis; a mere hint in the 'Memoirs' suggested the Bastion Saint-Gervais. The discrimination of character, the dialogue, and many adventures, are Dumas's own; he was aided by Maquet in the actual writing. In a similar way, Brantôme and L'Estoile, in their 'Memoirs,' supply the canvas of the tales of the Valois cycle.

The beginner in Dumas will assuredly find the following his best works. For the Valois period, 'The Horoscope' (a good deal neglected), 'Queen Margot,' 'The Lady of Monsoreau,' 'The Forty-Five.' 'Isabeau of Bavière,' an early novel, deals with the anarchy and misery before the coming of Jeanne d'Arc. For Henri II., 'The Two Dianas' is indicated. For the times of Richelieu, Mazarin, Louis XIV., we have 'The Three Musketeers,' 'Twenty Years After,' and 'The Viscount of Bragelonne.' These deal with the youth, middle age, old age, and death of D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos, and Aramis. The Revolutionary novels, 'Joseph Balsamo,' 'The Queen's Necklace,' and others, are much less excellent. The Regency is not ill done in 'The Regent's Daughter'; and 'The Chevalier of Harmenthal,' with 'Olympe of Cleves,' has many admirers. Quite apart from these is the immense modern fantasy of 'The Count of Monte Cristo'; the opening part alone is worthy of the master. 'The Black Tulip,' so warmly praised by Thackeray, is an innocent little romance of the days of Dutch William. *Les jeunes filles* may read 'The Black Tulip': indeed, Dumas does not sacrifice at all to "the Goddess of Lubricity," even when he describes very lax moralities.

With a knowledge of these books, and of 'My Pets' and the 'Memoirs,' any student will find himself at home in Dumas, and can make wider ranges in that great wilderness of fancy. Some autobiographical details will be found in the novel called 'Ange Pithou.' 'Isaac Laquedem' was meant to be a romance of the Wandering Jew; only two volumes are published. Philosophy a reader will not find, nor delicate analysis, nor "chiseled style"; but he will be in touch with a great sunny life, rejoicing in all the accidents of existence.

A Lang

THE CURE FOR DORMICE THAT EAT PEACHES

From 'The Count of Monte Cristo'

NOT on the same night he had intended, but the next morning, the Count of Monte Cristo went out on the road to Orléans. Leaving the village of Linas, without stopping at the telegraph, which at the moment the count passed threw out its long bony arms, he reached the tower of Montlhéry, situated, as every one knows, upon the highest point of the plain of that name. At the foot of the hill the count dismounted, and began to ascend the mountain by a little winding path about eighteen inches wide; when he reached the summit he found himself stopped by a hedge, upon which green fruit had succeeded to red and white flowers.

Monte Cristo looked for the door of the inclosure, and was not long in finding it. It was a little wooden gate, working on willow hinges, and fastened with a nail and string. The count soon understood its mechanism, and the door opened. He then found himself in a little marvelously well-kept garden, about twenty feet long by twelve wide, bounded on one side by part of the hedge, in which was formed the ingenious machine we have named a door; and on the other by the old tower, covered with ivy and studded with wild flowers. Monte Cristo stopped, after having closed the door and fastened the string to the nail, and cast a look around.

"The man at the telegraph," said he, "must either keep a gardener or devote himself passionately to horticulture." Suddenly he struck himself against something crouching behind a wheelbarrow filled with leaves; the something rose, uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and Monte Cristo found himself facing a man about fifty years old, who was plucking strawberries, which he was placing upon vine-leaves. He had twelve leaves and about as many strawberries, which, on rising suddenly, he let fall from his hand. "You are gathering your crop, sir?" said Monte Cristo, smiling.

"Excuse me, sir," replied the man, raising his hand to his cap; "I am not up there, I know, but I have only just come down."

"Do not let me interfere with you in anything, my friend," said the count; "gather your strawberries, if indeed there are any left."

"I have ten left," said the man, "for here are eleven, and I had twenty-one, five more than last year. But I am not surprised; the spring has been warm this year, and strawberries require heat, sir. This is the reason that, instead of the sixteen I had last year, I have this year, you see, eleven already plucked — twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen. Ah, I miss three! they were here last night, sir — I am sure they were here — I counted them. It must be the son of Mother Simon who has stolen them; I saw him strolling about here this morning. Ah! the young rascal! stealing in a garden; he does not know where that may lead him to."

"Certainly, it is wrong," said Monte Cristo, "but you should take into consideration the youth and greediness of the delinquent."

"Of course," said the gardener, "but that does not make it the less unpleasant. But, sir, once more I beg pardon; perhaps you are an official that I am detaining here?" And he glanced timidly at the count's blue coat.

"Calm yourself, my friend," said the count, with that smile which at his will became so terrible or benevolent, and which this time beamed only with the latter expression; "I am not an inspector, but a traveler, conducted here by curiosity he half repents of, since he causes you to lose your time."

"Ah! my time is not valuable," replied the man, with a melancholy smile. "Still, it belongs to the government, and I ought not to waste it; but having received the signal that I might rest for an hour" (here he glanced at a sun-dial, for there was everything in the inclosure of Montlhéry, even a sun-dial), "and having ten minutes before me, and my strawberries being ripe, when a day longer — by-the-by, sir, do you think dormice eat them?"

"Indeed, I should think not," replied Monte Cristo: "dormice are bad neighbors for us who do not eat them preserved, as the Romans did."

"What! did the Romans eat them?" said the gardener; "eat dormice?"

"I have read so," said the count.

"Really! They can't be nice, though they do say 'as fat as a dormouse.' It is not a wonder they are fat, sleeping all day, and only waking to eat all night. Listen: last year I had four apricots — they stole one; I had one nectarine, only one — well,

sir, they ate half of it on the wall; a splendid nectarine — I never ate a better."

"You ate it?"

"That is to say, the half that was left — you understand; it was exquisite, sir. Ah, those gentlemen never choose the worst morsels; like Mother Simon's son, who has not chosen the worst strawberries. But this year," continued the horticulturist, "I'll take care it shall not happen, even if I should be forced to sit up the whole night to watch when the strawberries are ripe." Monte Cristo had seen enough. Every man has a devouring passion in his heart, as every fruit has its worm; that of the man at the telegraph was horticulture. He began gathering the vine-leaves which screened the sun from the grapes, and won the heart of the gardener. "Did you come here, sir, to see the telegraph?" he said.

"Yes, if not contrary to the rules."

"Oh no," said the gardener; "there are no orders against doing so, providing there is nothing dangerous, and that no one knows what we are saying."

"I have been told," said the count, "that you do not always yourselves understand the signals you repeat."

"Certainly, sir; and that is what I like best," said the man, smiling.

"Why do you like that best?"

"Because then I have no responsibility. I am a machine then, and nothing else; and so long as I work, nothing more is required of me."

"Is it possible," said Monte Cristo to himself, "that I can have met with a man that has no ambition? That would spoil my plans."

"Sir," said the gardener, glancing at the sun-dial, "the ten minutes are nearly expired; I must return to my post. Will you go up with me?"

"I follow you." Monte Cristo entered the tower, which was divided into three stages. The lowest contained gardening implements, such as spades, rakes, watering-pots, hung against the wall; this was all the furniture. The second was the usual dwelling or rather sleeping-place of the man; it contained a few poor articles of household furniture, a bed, a table, two chairs, a stone pitcher, and some dry herbs hung up to the ceiling, which the count recognized as sweet-peas, and of which the good

man was preserving the seeds, having labeled them with as much care as if he had been a botanist.

"Does it require much study to learn the art of telegraphing, sir?" asked Monte Cristo.

"The study does not take long; it was acting as a supernumerary that was so tedious."

"And what is the pay?"

"A thousand francs, sir."

"It is nothing."

"No; but then we are lodged, as you perceive."

Monte Cristo looked at the room. They passed on to the third stage; it was the room of the telegraph. Monte Cristo looked in turns at the two iron handles by which the machine was worked. "It is very interesting," he said; "but it must be very tedious for a lifetime."

"Yes. At first my neck was cramped with looking at it, but at the end of a year I became used to it; and then we have our hours of recreation, and our holidays when we have a fog."

"Ah, to be sure."

"Those are indeed holidays to me; I go into the garden, I plant, prune, trim, and kill the insects all day long."

"How long have you been here?"

"Ten years, and five as a supernumerary make fifteen."

"You are—"

"Fifty-five years old."

"How long must you serve to claim the pension?"

"Oh, sir, twenty-five years."

"And how much is the pension?"

"A hundred crowns."

"Poor humanity!" murmured Monte Cristo.

"What did you say, sir?" asked the man.

"I was saying it was very interesting."

"What was?"

"All you were showing me. And you really understand none of these signals?"

"None at all."

"And have you never tried to understand them?"

"Never. Why should I?"

"But still there are some signals only addressed to you."

"Certainly."

"And do you understand them?"

"They are always the same."

"And they mean—"

"*Nothing new; You have an hour;* or *To-morrow.*"

"This is simple enough," said the count; "but look! is not your correspondent putting himself in motion?"

"Ah yes; thank you, sir."

"And what is it saying—anything you understand?"

"Yes; it asks if I am ready."

"And you reply?"

"By the same sign, which at the same time tells my right-hand correspondent that I am ready, while it gives notice to my left-hand correspondent to prepare in his turn."

"It is very ingenious," said the count.

"You will see," said the man, proudly; "in five minutes he will speak."

"I have then five minutes," said Monte Cristo to himself; "it is more time than I require. My dear sir, will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"What is it, sir?"

"You are fond of gardening?"

"Passionately."

"And you would be pleased to have, instead of this terrace of twenty feet, an inclosure of two acres?"

"Sir, I should make a terrestrial paradise of it."

"You live badly on your thousand francs?"

"Badly enough; but yet I do live."

"Yes; but you have only a small garden."

"True, the garden is not large."

"And then, such as it is, it is filled with dormice, who eat everything."

"Ah! they are my scourges."

"Tell me, should you have the misfortune to turn your head while your right-hand correspondent was telegraphing—"

"I should not see him."

"Then what would happen?"

"I could not repeat the signals."

"And then?"

"Not having repeated them, through negligence, I should be fined."

"How much?"

"A hundred francs."

"The tenth of your income—that would be fine work."

"Ah!" said the man.

"Has it ever happened to you?" said Monte Cristo.

"Once, sir, when I was grafting a rose-tree."

"Well, suppose you were to alter a signal, and substitute another?"

"Ah, that is another case; I should be turned off, and lose my pension."

"Three hundred francs."

"A hundred crowns; yes, sir; so you see that I am not likely to do any of these things."

"Not even for fifteen years' wages? Come, it is worth thinking about?"

"For fifteen thousand francs!"

"Yes."

"Sir, you alarm me."

"Nonsense!"

"Sir, you are tempting me?"

"Just so; fifteen thousand francs, do you understand?

"Sir, let me see my right-hand correspondent!"

"On the contrary, do not look at him, but on this."

"What is it?"

"What! do you not know these little papers?"

"Bank-notes!"

"Exactly; there are fifteen of them."

"And whose are they?"

"Yours, if you like."

"Mine!" exclaimed the man, half suffocated.

"Yes; yours—your own property."

"Sir, my right-hand correspondent is signaling."

"Let him."

"Sir, you have distracted me; I shall be fined."

"That will cost you a hundred francs; you see it is your interest to take my bank-notes."

"Sir, my right-hand correspondent redoubles his signals; he is impatient."

"Never mind—take these;" and the count placed the packet in the hands of the man. "Now, this is not all," he said; "you cannot live upon your fifteen thousand francs."

"I shall still have my place."

"No! you will lose it, for you are going to alter the sign of your correspondent."

"Oh, sir, what are you proposing?"

"A jest!"

"Sir, unless you force me—"

"I think I can effectually force you;" and Monte Cristo drew another packet from his pocket. "Here are ten thousand more francs," he said; "with the fifteen thousand already in your pocket, they will make twenty-five thousand. With five thousand you can buy a pretty little house with two acres of land; the remaining twenty thousand will bring you in a thousand francs a year."

"A garden with two acres of land!"

"And a thousand francs a year."

"Oh heavens!"

"Come, take them!" and Monte Cristo forced the bank-notes into his hand.

"What am I to do?"

"Nothing very difficult."

"But what is it?"

"To repeat these signs;" Monte Cristo took a paper from his pocket, upon which were drawn three signs, with numbers to indicate the order in which they were to be worked.

"There, you see it will not take long."

"Yes; but—"

"Do this, and you will have nectarines and all the rest." The mark was hit: red with fever, while the large drops fell from his brow, the man executed, one after the other, the three signs given by the count; notwithstanding the frightful contortions of the right-hand correspondent, who, not understanding the change, began to think the gardener had become mad. As to the left-hand one, he conscientiously repeated the same signals, which were definitively carried to the Minister of the Interior. "Now you are rich," said Monte Cristo.

"Yes," replied the man, "but at what a price!"

"Listen, friend," said Monte Cristo. "I do not wish to cause you any remorse; believe me, then, when I swear to you that you have wronged no man, but on the contrary have benefited mankind." The man looked at the bank-notes, felt them, counted them; he turned pale, then red; then rushed into his room to drink a glass of water, but he had no time to reach the water-jug, and fainted in the midst of his dried herbs. Five minutes after the new telegram reached the minister, Debray had the horses put to his carriage, and drove to Danglars's.

« Has your husband any Spanish bonds? » he asked of the baroness.

« I think so, indeed! He has six millions' worth. »

« He must sell them at whatever price. »

« Why? »

« Because Don Carlos has fled from Bourges, and has returned to Spain. »

« How do you know? »— Debray shrugged his shoulders. « The idea of asking how I hear the news! » he said. The baroness did not wait for a repetition; she ran to her husband, who immediately hastened to his agent and ordered him to sell at any price. When it was seen that Danglars sold, the Spanish funds fell directly. Danglars lost five hundred thousand francs; but he rid himself of all his Spanish shares. The same evening the following was read in Le Messager: —

« Telegraphic dispatch. The King, Don Carlos, has escaped the vigilance exercised over him at Bourges, and has returned to Spain by the Catalonian frontier. Barcelona has risen in his favor. »

All that evening nothing was spoken of but the foresight of Danglars, who had sold his shares, and of the luck of the stockjobber, who only lost five hundred thousand francs by such a blow. Those who had kept their shares, or bought those of Danglars, looked upon themselves as ruined, and passed a very bad night. Next morning Le Moniteur contained the following:

« It was without any foundation that Le Messager yesterday announced the flight of Don Carlos and the revolt of Barcelona. The King (Don Carlos) has not left Bourges, and the peninsula is in the enjoyment of profound peace. A telegraphic signal, improperly interpreted owing to the fog, was the cause of this error. »

The funds rose one per cent. higher than before they had fallen. This, reckoning his loss, and what he had missed gaining, made the difference of a million to Danglars. « Good! » said Monte Cristo to Morrel, who was at his house when the news arrived of the strange reverse of fortune of which Danglars had been the victim. « I have just made a discovery for twenty-five thousand francs, for which I would have paid a hundred thousand. »

« What have you discovered? » asked Morrel.

« I have just discovered the method of ridding a gardener of the dormice that eat his peaches »

THE SHOULDER OF ATHOS, THE BELT OF PORTHOS, AND THE HANDKERCHIEF OF ARAMIS

From 'The Three Musketeers'

FURIOUS with rage, D'Artagnan crossed the ante-room in three strides, and began to descend the stairs four steps at a time, without looking where he was going; when suddenly he was brought up short by knocking violently against the shoulder of a musketeer who was leaving the apartments of M. De Treville. The young man staggered backwards from the shock, uttering a cry, or rather a yell.

"Excuse me," said D'Artagnan, trying to pass him, "but I am in a great hurry."

He had hardly placed his foot on the next step, when he was stopped by the grasp of an iron wrist on his sash.

"You are in a great hurry!" cried the musketeer, whose face was the color of a shroud; "and you think that is enough apology for nearly knocking me down? Not so fast, my young man. I suppose you imagine that because you heard M. De Treville speaking to us rather brusquely to-day, that everybody may treat us in the same way? But you are mistaken, and it is as well you should learn that you are not M. De Treville."

"Upon my honor," replied D'Artagnan, recognizing Athos, who was returning to his room after having his wound dressed, "upon my honor, it was an accident, and therefore I begged your pardon. I should have thought that was all that was necessary. I repeat that I am in a very great hurry, and I should be much obliged if you would let me go my way."

"Monsieur," said Athos, loosening his hold, "you are sadly lacking in courtesy, and one sees that you must have had a rustic upbringing."

D'Artagnan was by this time half-way down another flight; but on hearing Athos's remark he stopped short.

"My faith, monsieur!" exclaimed he, "however rustic I may be, I shall not come to you to teach me manners."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Athos.

"Oh, if I was only not in such haste," cried D'Artagnan; "if only I was not pursuing somebody—"

"Monsieur, you will find me without running after me. Do you understand?"

"And where, if you please?"

"Near Carmes-Deschaux."

"At what hour?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"Very good. At twelve I will be there."

"And don't be late, for at a quarter past twelve I will cut off your ears for you."

"All right," called out D'Artagnan, dashing on down-stairs after his man; "you may expect me at ten minutes before the hour."

But he was not to escape so easily. At the street door stood Porthos, talking to a sentry, and between the two men there was barely space for a man to pass. D'Artagnan took it for granted that he could get through, and darted on, swift as an arrow, but he had not reckoned on the gale that was blowing. As he passed, a sudden gust wrapped Porthos's mantle tight round him; and though the owner of the garment could easily have freed him had he so chosen, for reasons of his own he preferred to draw the folds still closer.

D'Artagnan, hearing the volley of oaths let fall by the musketeers, feared he might have damaged the splendor of the belt, and struggled to unwind himself; but when he at length freed his head, he found that like most things in this world the belt had two sides, and while the front bristled with gold, the back was mere leather; which explains why Porthos always had a cold and could not part from his mantle.

"Confound you!" cried Porthos, struggling in his turn, "have you gone mad, that you tumble over people like this?"

"Excuse me," answered D'Artagnan, "but I am in a great hurry. I am pursuing some one, and—"

"And I suppose that on such occasions you leave your eyes behind you?" asked Porthos.

"No," replied D'Artagnan, rather nettled; "and thanks to my eyes, I often see things that other people don't."

Possibly Porthos might have understood this allusion, but in any case he did not attempt to control his anger, and said sharply:—

"Monsieur, we shall have to give you a lesson if you take to tumbling against the musketeers like this!"

"A lesson, monsieur!" replied D'Artagnan; "that is rather a severe expression."

"It is the expression of a man who is always accustomed to look his enemies in the face."

"Oh, if that is all, there is no fear of *your* turning your back on anybody," and enchanted at his own wit, the young man walked away in fits of laughter.

Porthos foamed with rage, and rushed after D'Artagnan.

"By-and-by, by-and-by," cried the latter; "when you have not got your mantle on."

"At one o'clock then, behind the Luxembourg."

"All right; at one o'clock," replied D'Artagnan as he vanished around the corner.

But he could see no one either in the street he had passed through, or in the one his eager gaze was searching; however slowly the stranger might have walked, he had gone his way, or perhaps into some house. D'Artagnan inquired of everybody he met, but could find nothing at all about him. This chase however did him good in one way; for in proportion as the sweat started out on his forehead, his heart began to cool.

He began to think over the many unlucky things which had happened. It was scarcely eleven in the morning, and yet this morning had already brought him into disgrace with M. Treville, who must think the way D'Artagnan had left him was rather boorish.

Moreover, he had gotten himself into two fierce duels with two men, each able to kill three D'Artagnans; in a word, with two musketeers,—beings he set so high that he placed them above all other men.

It was a sad lookout. To be sure, as the youth was certain to be killed by Athos, he was not much disturbed about Porthos. As hope is the last thing to die in a man's heart, however, he ended by hoping that he might come out alive from both duels, even if dreadfully injured; and on that supposition he scored himself in this way for his conduct:—

"What a rattle-headed dunce I am! That brave and unfortunate Athos was wounded right on that shoulder I ran against head-foremost, like a ram. The only thing that surprises me is that he didn't strike me dead on the spot; he had provocation enough, for I must have hurt him savagely. As to Porthos—oh! as to Porthos—that's a funny affair!"

And the youth began to laugh aloud in spite of himself; looking round carefully, however, to see if his laughing alone in public without apparent cause aroused any suspicion.

"As to Porthos, it is funny enough, to be sure, but I am a crazy blockhead all the same. Are people to be run into without warning? No! And have I any right to peep under their cloaks to see what they haven't got? He would have forgiven me, I am sure, if I had said nothing to him about that cursed cloak,—with a double meaning, it is true, but too broad a joke in one of them! Ah! cursed Gascon that I am, I believe I should crack a joke if I was being roasted over a slow fire. Friend D'Artagnan," he went on, speaking to himself with the gentleness he thought fair, "if you get away, which there is not much chance of, I would advise you to practice entire politeness for the future. You must henceforth be admired and quoted as a model of it. To be obliging and civil does not necessarily make a man a coward. Look at Aramis, now: mildness and grace embodied; and did anybody ever dream of calling Aramis a coward? No indeed, and from this instant I will try to model myself after him. And luckily, here he is."

D'Artagnan, walking and soliloquizing, had come within a few steps of the Aiguillon House, and in front of it saw Aramis chatting gayly with three of the King's Guards. Aramis also saw D'Artagnan; but not having forgotten that it was in his presence M. de Treville had got so angry in the morning, and as a witness of the rebuke was not at all pleasant, he pretended not to see him. D'Artagnan, on the other hand, full of his plans of conciliation and politeness, approached the young man with a profound bow accompanied by a most gracious smile. Aramis bowed slightly but did not smile. Moreover, all four immediately broke off their conversation.

D'Artagnan was not so dull as not to see he was not wanted; but he was not yet used enough to social customs to know how to extricate himself dexterously from his false position, which his generally is who accosts people he is little acquainted with, and mingles in a conversation which does not concern him. He was mentally casting about for the least awkward manner of retreat, when he noticed that Aramis had let his handkerchief fall, and (doubtless by mistake) put his foot on it. This seemed a favorable chance to repair his mistake of intrusion: he stooped down, and with the most gracious air he could assume, drew the handkerchief from under the foot in spite of the efforts made to detain it, and holding it out to Aramis, said:—

"I believe, sir, this is a handkerchief you would be sorry to lose?"

The handkerchief was in truth richly embroidered, and had a cornet and a coat of arms at one corner. Aramis blushed excessively, and snatched rather than took the handkerchief.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed one of the guards, "will you go on saying now, most discreet Aramis, that you are not on good terms with Madame de Bois-Tracy, when that gracious lady does you the favor of lending you her handkerchief!"

Aramis darted at D'Artagnan one of those looks which tell a man that he has made a mortal enemy; then assuming his mild air he said:—

"You are mistaken, gentlemen: this handkerchief is not mine, and I cannot understand why this gentleman has taken it into his head to offer it to me rather than to one of you. And as a proof of what I say, here is mine in my pocket."

So saying, he pulled out his handkerchief, which was also not only a very dainty one, and of fine linen (though linen was then costly), but was embroidered and without arms, bearing only a single cipher, the owner's.

This time D'Artagnan saw his mistake; but Aramis's friends were by no means convinced, and one of them, addressing the young musketeer with pretended gravity, said:—

"If things were as you make out, I should feel obliged, my dear Aramis, to reclaim it myself; for as you very well know, Bois-Tracy is an intimate friend of mine, and I cannot allow one of his wife's belongings to be exhibited as a trophy."

"You make the demand clumsily," replied Aramis; "and while I acknowledge the justice of your reclamation, I refuse it on account of the form."

"The fact is," D'Artagnan put in hesitatingly, "I did not actually see the handkerchief fall from M. Aramis's pocket. He had his foot on it, that's all, and I thought it was his."

"And you were deceived, my dear sir," replied Aramis coldly, very little obliged for the explanation; then turning to the guard who had professed himself Bois-Tracy's friend—"Besides," he went on, "I have reflected, my dear intimate friend of Bois-Tracy, that I am not less devotedly his friend than you can possibly be, so that this handkerchief is quite as likely to have fallen from your pocket as from mine!"

"On my honor, no!"

"You are about to swear on your honor, and I on my word; and then it will be pretty evident that one of us will have lied.

Now here, Montaran, we will do better than that: let each take a half."

"Perfectly fair," cried the other two guardsmen; "the judgment of Solomon! Aramis, you are certainly full of wisdom!"

They burst into a loud laugh, and as may be supposed, the incident bore no other fruit. In a minute or two the conversation stopped, and the three guards and the musketeer, after heartily shaking hands, separated, the guards going one way and Aramis another.

"Now is the time to make my peace with this gentleman," said D'Artagnan to himself, having stood on one side during all the latter part of the conversation; and in this good spirit drawing near to Aramis, who was going off without paying any attention to him, he said:—

"You will excuse me, I hope."

"Ah!" interrupted Aramis, "permit me to observe to you, sir, that you have not acted in this affair as a man of good breeding ought."

"What!" cried D'Artagnan, "do you suppose—"

"I suppose that you are not a fool, and that you knew very well, even though you come from Gascony, that people do not stand on handkerchiefs for nothing. What the devil! Paris is not paved with linen!"

"Sir, you do wrong in trying to humiliate me," said D'Artagnan, in whom his native pugnacity began to speak louder than his peaceful resolutions. "I come from Gascony, it is true; and since you know it, there is no need to tell you that Gascons are not very patient, so that when they have asked pardon once, even for a folly, they think they have done at least as much again as they ought to have done."

"Sir, what I say to you about this matter," said Aramis, "is not for the sake of hunting a quarrel. Thank Heaven, I am not a swashbuckler, and being a musketeer only for a while, I only fight when I am forced to do so, and always with great reluctance; but this time the affair is serious, for here is a lady compromised by you."

"By us, you mean," cried D'Artagnan.

"Why did you give me back the handkerchief so awkwardly?"

"Why did you let it fall so awkwardly?"

"I have said that the handkerchief did not fall from my pocket."

"Well, by saying that you have told two lies, sir; for I saw it fall."

"Oh ho! you take it up that way, do you, Master Gascon? Well, I will teach you how to behave yourself."

"And I will send you back to your pulpit, Master Priest. Draw, if you please, and instantly—"

"Not so, if you please, my good friend; not here, at least. Do you not see that we are opposite Aiguillon House, full of the Cardinal's creatures? How do I know that it is not his Eminence who has honored you with the commission to bring him in my head? Now, I entertain an absurd partiality for my head, it seems to suit my shoulders so finely. I have no objection to killing you, you may be sure, but quietly, in a snug, distant spot, where you will not be able to boast of your death to anybody."

"I agree, but don't be too confident; and take away your handkerchief—whether it belongs to you or somebody else, perhaps you may stand in need of it to bandage up a wound. As a Gascon, I don't put off engagements for prudence's sake."

"Prudence is a virtue useless enough to musketeers, I know, but indispensable to churchmen; and as I am only a temporary musketeer, I hold it best to be prudent. At two o'clock I shall have the honor of expecting you at Treville's. There I will point out the best place and time to you."

The two bowed and separated. Aramis went up the street which led to the Luxembourg; while D'Artagnan, seeing that the appointed hour was coming near, took the road to the Carmes-Deschaux, saying to himself, "I certainly cannot hope to come out of these scrapes alive; but if I am doomed to be killed, it will be by a royal musketeer."

THE DEFENSE OF THE BASTION SAINT-GERVAIS

From 'The Three Musketeers'

When D'Artagnan arrived, he found his three friends all together. Athos was thinking deeply, Porthos was twirling his mustache, and Aramis was reading his prayers out of a beautiful little book bound in blue velvet.

"My faith, gentlemen!" exclaimed he, "I hope that what you have to tell me is very important, or I shall owe you a grudge

for dragging me here, out of my bed, after a whole night passed in taking and dismantling a bastion! Ah, it is a thousand pities you were not there! It was warm work!"

"We were somewhere else, where it was not very cold either," replied Porthos, giving his mustache another twist. . . .

"Aramis," said Athos, "didn't you breakfast the other day at Parpaillot's?"

"Yes."

"Were you comfortable there?"

"No, I did not like it at all. It was a fast day, and they had nothing but meat."

"What, no fish to be had in a seaport town?"

"They say," replied Aramis, taking up his book, "that they have all taken to the deep sea, since the Cardinal built that dike."

"That is not what I was asking," replied Athos. "Were you quite free and at your ease, or did any one pay attention to you?"

"Oh, nobody paid any attention to me. And if *that* is your object, Athos, Parpaillot's will suit us very well."

"Let us go at once then," said Athos, "for these walls are like paper."

On the way they met Grimaud [the valet of Athos], whom Athos beckoned silently to follow them. Grimaud, according to his custom, obeyed without a word. The poor fellow had almost forgotten how to speak!

It did not take them long to reach Parpaillot's, but unluckily the hour was ill chosen for a private conference. The *réveille* had just been sounded, and the sleepy soldiers were all pouring into the inn. This state of matters delighted the landlord, but was hardly so agreeable to the four friends, who merely nodded sulkily at the salutations of the crowd.

"If we are not careful," said Athos, rousing himself, "we shall find ourselves landed in some quarrel, which would be highly inconvenient at this moment. D'Artagnan, tell us about your night's work, and then we will tell you about ours."

"Ah yes," said a light-horse soldier, who was slowly sipping a glass of brandy, "you were down at the trenches last night, I think, and I believe you had a brush with the Rochellois."

D'Artagnan looked at Athos, to see if he ought to answer or not.

"My dear fellow," replied Athos, "I don't think you are aware that M. De Busigny did you the honor to address you! Since these gentlemen are interested in last night's affair, tell them about it."

"Is it true that you captured a bastion?" asked a Swiss, who had filled his beer up with rum.

"Yes, monsieur," replied D'Artagnan, "we had that honor. We also introduced a barrel of powder into a corner, which in exploding opened a really beautiful breach; and as the bastion was not built yesterday, the whole building was severely shaken."

"What bastion was it?" said a dragoon, who was holding a goose on the point of his sword, and cooking it at the fire.

"The Bastion Saint-Gervais," replied D'Artagnan; "the Rochellois behind it were always annoying our men."

"And there was a good deal of sharp-shooting?"

"A good deal. We lost five men, and the Rochellois eight or ten."

"But this morning," went on the light-horseman, "they will probably send down some pioneers to rebuild the bastion."

"Yes, probably," answered D'Artagnan.

"Gentlemen," broke in Athos, "I want to propose a bet."

"What bet?" asked the light-horseman.

"I bet you, M. De Busigny, that I and my three friends Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, will breakfast in the Bastion Saint-Gervais, and will hold it an hour by the clock, against all comers."

Porthos and Aramis looked at each other. They were beginning to understand what Athos had in his head.

"But," objected D'Artagnan, leaning over to whisper to Athos, "we shall be killed without a chance of escape."

"We shall be killed a great deal more certainly if we don't go," replied Athos.

"Ah!" ejaculated Porthos, twirling his mustache, "that is a grand bet."

"I take it," said M. De Busigny; "let us fix the stakes."

"That is easily done," replied Athos. "We are four and you are four. The loser shall give the whole eight a dinner."

"Very well, let us agree to that," said M. De Busigny and the dragoon.

"Your breakfast is ready, gentlemen," broke in the landlord at this instant.

"Then bring it here," answered Athos.

The landlord obeyed, and Athos, making a sign to Grimaud, pointed out a large basket standing in a corner, which he was to fill with wine and food.

"But where are you going to eat it?" asked the landlord.

"What does that matter to you as long as you are paid?" replied Athos, throwing two pistoles on the table. Then, turning to M. De Busigny, he observed:—

"Will you have the kindness, monsieur, to set your watch by mine, or let me set mine by yours?"

"Certainly, monsieur," said the light-horseman, drawing out a beautiful watch incrusted with diamonds; "half-past seven."

"Five-and-twenty minutes to eight. So I am five minutes faster than you;" and bowing to the rest of the company, the four young men took the road to the Bastion Saint-Gervais, followed by Grimaud carrying the basket. He had not the faintest idea where they were going, or what they were to do, but Athos had given his orders, and he always obeyed without questioning.

As long as they were within the camp, the four friends remained silent; but once they had passed the wall of circumvallation, D'Artagnan, who was completely in the dark, thought it was time to ask for an explanation.

"And now, my dear Athos," said he, "will you be good enough to tell me where we are bound for?"

"Why, for the bastion, of course."

"And what are we to do when we get there?"

"I told you before. We are going to breakfast."

"But why didn't we do that at Parpaillot's?"

"Because we had some important matters to discuss, and it was impossible to talk for five minutes at that inn, with all those people coming and going, and perpetually bowing and speaking to you. Here at least," continued Athos, pointing to the bastion, "we shall not be interrupted."

"It seems to me," said D'Artagnan, with the caution which was as much his characteristic as his foolhardy courage, "it seems to me that we might have found some secluded place among the sand-hills on the sea-shore."

"Oh, somebody would have seen, and in a quarter of an hour spies would have informed the Cardinal that we were holding council."

"Yes," said Aramis. "Athos is right. *Animadvertuntur in desertis.*"

"A desert would have done very well," replied Porthos; "but first we should have to find it."

"There is no desert where a bird cannot fly overhead, or a fish jump out of the water, or a rabbit run out of his hole; and bird, fish, and rabbit have all become spies of the Cardinal. Much better to go on with our adventure, which we cannot now give up without dishonor. We have made a bet, and a bet on the spur of the moment; a bet of which I defy any one to guess the true meaning. To win it, we must hold the bastion for an hour. Either they will attack us, or they won't. If we are left unmolested, we shall have plenty of time to talk without any one overhearing us, for I will answer for the walls of this bastion having no ears. If they try to dislodge us, we can talk all the same, and in defending our position shall cover ourselves with glory. You see that from every point of view we have the whip hand."

"Yes," said D'Artagnan, "but most certainly we shall attract some stray bullet."

"My good fellow," remarked Athos, "do you really think that the enemy's bullets are those we have most cause to fear?"

"But surely, if we were embarking on such an expedition, we ought to have brought our muskets?"

"Porthos, you are a goose! What would be the good of burdening ourselves with anything so useless?"

"I should hardly think that a heavy musket, a dozen cartridges, and a powder flask would be useless when one is in the presence of an enemy."

"Dear me!" said Athos, "didn't you hear what D'Artagnan was saying?"

"What did D'Artagnan say?" asked Porthos.

"He said that during last night's attack eight or ten Frenchmen were killed, and as many Rochellois."

"Well?"

"Well, hasn't everybody been too busy ever since to think of stripping the dead bodies?"

"What then?"

"What then? Why, we shall find their muskets, their flasks, and their cartridges, all waiting for us; and instead of four muskets and twelve charges, there will be fifteen pieces and a hundred bullets."

"O Athos," exclaimed Aramis, "you are a great man!"

Porthos nodded approval; only D'Artagnan did not seem to be convinced; and Grimaud appeared to have his doubts, for seeing they were still making for the bastion (which up to that moment he had declined to believe), he plucked his master by the coat.

"Where are we going?" he asked by a sign.

Athos pointed out the bastion.

"But," objected Grimaud, speaking always in pantomime, "we shall leave our bodies there."

Athos raised his hands and eyes to heaven. Grimaud placed his basket on the ground and sat down, shaking his head.

Athos took a pistol from his belt, looked to see if it was well primed, cocked it, and approached the barrel to Grimaud's ear. Grimaud was on his legs again, as if by magic. Athos then signed to him to take up the basket and go on.

Grimaud obeyed.

When they reached the bastion, the four friends turned round and beheld over three hundred soldiers assembled at the gate of the camp; M. De Busigny, the dragoon, the Swiss, and their silent companion forming a group apart.

Athos removed his hat, put it on the edge of his sword, and waved it in the air.

The spectators returned his salute and gave a great hurrah, which penetrated to their ears even at that distance. Then all four disappeared inside the bastion, where Grimaud had preceded them.

THE CONSULTATION OF THE MUSKETEERS

From 'The Three Musketeers'

As Athos had assumed, the bastion was only occupied by a dozen dead men, French and Rochellois.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, to whom the command of the expedition naturally fell, "while Grimaud lays out breakfast, we will begin by picking up the muskets and cartridges, and of course there is nothing in this employment to prevent our talking. Our friends here," he added, pointing to the dead, "will pay no attention to us."

"But after we have made sure they have nothing in their pockets, we had better throw them into the trench," said Porthos.

"Yes," replied Athos, "that is Grimaud's business."

"Well then," said D'Artagnan, "let Grimaud search them, and after he has done so, throw them over the wall."

"He shall do nothing of the sort," replied Athos; "we may find them useful yet."

"You are going mad, my good fellow! Of what use can these dead men be?"

"Don't judge hastily, say the gospel and the Cardinal," replied Athos. "How many guns have we got?"

"Twelve," said Aramis.

"How many charges?"

"A hundred."

"That will do. Now let us load."

They set to work; and as they finished loading the last gun, Grimaud made a sign that breakfast was ready.

By a gesture Athos replied that they were ready also, and then pointed out a pepper-box turret, where Grimaud was to keep watch. To help him pass the time Athos allowed him to take some bread, two cutlets, and a bottle of wine. . . .

"Now," said D'Artagnan, "that there is no chance of our being overheard, I hope you will tell us your secret."

"I trust, gentlemen, to give you both pleasure and glory at once," replied Athos. "I have made you take a charming walk, and now here is an excellent breakfast; while below, as you may see through the loop-holes, are five hundred persons, who consider us to be either lunatics or heroes,—two classes of idiots who have much in common. . . ."

"What is the matter, Grimaud? As the circumstances are grave, I will allow you to speak, but be short, I beg. What is it?"

"A troop."

"How many?"

"Twenty?"

"What are they?"

"Sixteen pioneers, four soldiers."

"How far off?"

"Five hundred paces."

"Then we have just time to finish this fowl and drink your health, D'Artagnan."

A few minutes later the troop hove in sight, marching along a narrow trench that connected the bastion and the town.

"Bah!" said Athos. "It was scarcely worth while disturbing ourselves for a mere handful of rascals armed with pickaxes, hoes, and shovels. Grimaud had only got to make them a sign to return whence they came, and I am sure they would have left us in peace."

"I doubt it," said D'Artagnan, "for they are advancing steadily. And besides the sappers, there are four soldiers and a brigadier, all armed with muskets."

"It is only because they have not seen us," replied Athos.

"Upon my honor," cried Aramis, "I feel quite ashamed to fire on poor devils like that."

"False priest!" exclaimed Porthos, "to have pity on heretics."

"Aramis is right," said Athos. "I will warn them."

"What on earth are you doing?" said D'Artagnan. "You will get yourself shot, my good fellow."

But Athos paid no attention to this remark, and mounting the breach, his hat in one hand and his musket in the other, he addressed the troop, who were so astonished at this unexpected apparition that they halted about fifty paces distant. "Gentlemen," he said, bowing courteously as he spoke, "I am at this moment breakfasting with some friends in the shelter of this bastion. As you know, there is nothing so unpleasant as to be disturbed during your meals; therefore we should be greatly obliged if you would postpone any business you may have here, till we have finished, or else call again. Unless, indeed, you have the happy inspiration to quit the side of rebellion, and to drink, with us, to the health of the King of France."

"Do take care, Athos!" exclaimed D'Artagnan; "don't you see they are aiming at you?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Athos; "but they are only civilians, who don't know how to shoot; and they will never touch me."

He had scarcely uttered the words when four muskets fired simultaneously. The balls fell round Athos, but not one grazed him.

Four muskets immediately answered, but these were better directed than the others. Three of the soldiers fell dead, and one of the sappers was wounded.

"Grimaud, another musket," said Athos, who was still on the breach. Grimaud obeyed; a second volley was fired; the brigadier and two pioneers fell dead, and the rest of the troop took flight.

"Now we must make a sortie," cried Athos; and the four comrades dashed out of the fort, picked up the muskets belonging to the dead soldiers, and retreated to the bastion, carrying the trophies of their victory. . . .

"To arms!" called Grimaud.

The young men jumped up and ran for their muskets.

This time the advancing troop was composed of twenty or twenty-five men, but they were no longer sappers, but soldiers of the garrison.

"Hadn't we better return to the camp?" said Porthos. "The fight is not equal at all."

"Impossible, for three reasons," said Athos. "First, because we haven't finished breakfast; second, because we have several important things to discuss; and third, because there are still ten minutes before the hour is up."

"Well, anyway," remarked Aramis, "we had better have some plan of campaign."

"It is very simple," replied Athos. "The moment the enemy is within reach, we fire. If they still come on, we fire again, and go on firing as long as our guns are loaded. If any of them are left, and they try to carry the place by assault, we will let them get well into the ditch, and then drop on their heads a piece of the wall, that only keeps poised by a kind of miracle."

"Bravo," cried Porthos. "Athos, you were born to be a general; and the Cardinal, who thinks himself a great commander, is not to be compared to you."

"Gentlemen," replied Athos, "remember, one thing at a time. Cover your man well."

"I have mine," said D'Artagnan.

"And I," said Porthos and Aramis.

"Then fire;" and as Athos gave the word, the muskets rang out and four men fell. Then the drum beat, and the little army advanced to the charge, while all the while the fire was kept up, irregularly, but with a sure aim. The Rochellois however did not flinch, but came on steadily.

When they reached the foot of the bastion, the enemy still numbered twelve or fifteen. A sharp fire received them, but they never faltered, and leaping the trench, prepared to scale the breach.

"Now, comrades!" cried Athos. "Let us make an end of them. To the wall!"

And all four, aided by Grimaud, began to push with their guns a huge block of wall, which swayed as if with the wind, and then rolled slowly down into the trench. A horrible cry was heard, a cloud of dust mounted upwards; and all was silent.

"Have we crushed them all, do you think?" asked Athos.

"It looks like it," answered D'Artagnan.

"No," said Porthos, "for two or three are limping off."

Athos looked at his watch.

"Gentlemen," he said, "an hour has elapsed since we came here, and we have won our bet." . . .

"What is going on in the town?" asked Athos.

"It is a call to arms."

They listened, and the sound of a drum reached their ears.

"They must be sending us an entire regiment," said Athos.

"You don't mean to fight a whole regiment?" said Porthos.

"Why not?" asked the musketeer. "If we had only had the sense to bring another dozen bottles, I could make head against an army!"

"As I live, the drum is coming nearer," said D'Artagnan.

"Let it," replied Athos. "It takes a quarter of an hour to get from here to the town, so it takes a quarter of an hour to get from the town here. That is more than enough time for us to arrange our plans. If we leave this, we shall never find such a good position. . . . But I must first give Grimaud his orders;" and Athos made a sign to his servant.

"Grimaud," said he, pointing to the dead who were lying on the bastion, "you will take these gentlemen and prop them up against the wall, and put their hats on their heads and their guns in their hands."

"Great man!" ejaculated D'Artagnan; "I begin to see."

"You do?" asked Porthos.

"Do *you* understand, Grimaud?" said Aramis.

Grimaud nodded.

"Then we are all right," said Athos. . . .

"On guard!" cried D'Artagnan. "Look at those red and black points moving down there! A regiment, did you call it, Athos?—it is a perfect army!"

"My word, yes!" said Athos, "there they come! How cunning to beat neither drums nor trumpets. Are you ready, Grimaud?"

Grimaud silently nodded, and showed them a dozen dead men, arranged skillfully in various attitudes, some porting arms, some taking aim, others drawing their swords.

"Well done!" exclaimed Athos, "it does honor to your imagination."

"If it is all the same to you," said Porthos, "I should like to understand what is going on."

"Let us get away first," replied D'Artagnan, "and you will understand after."

"One moment, please! Give Grimaud time to clear away the breakfast."

"Ah!" said Aramis; "the red and black specks are becoming more distinct, and I agree with D'Artagnan that we have no time to lose before we regain the camp."

"Very well," rejoined Athos, "I have nothing to say against retreating. The wager was for an hour, and we have been here an hour and a half. Let us be off at once."

The four comrades went out at the back, following Grimaud, who had already departed with the basket.

"Oh!" cried Athos, stopping suddenly, "what the devil is to be done?"

"Has anything been forgotten?" asked Aramis.

"Our flag, man, our flag! We can't leave our flag in the enemy's hands, if it is nothing but a napkin." And Athos dashed again into the bastion, and bore away the flag unhurt, amid a volley of balls from the Rochellois.

He waved his flag, while turning his back on the troops of the town, and saluting those of the camp. From both sides arose great cries, of anger on the one hand and enthusiasm on the other, and the napkin, pierced with three bullet-holes, was in truth transformed into a flag. "Come down, come down!" they shouted from the camp.

Athos came down, and his friends, who had awaited him anxiously, received him with joy.

"Be quick, Athos," said D'Artagnan; "now that we have got everything but money, it would be stupid to get killed."

But Athos would not hurry himself, and they had to keep pace with him.

By this time Grimaud and his basket were well beyond bullet range, while in the distance the sounds of rapid firing might be heard.

"What are they doing?" asked Porthos; "what are they firing at?"

"At our dead men," replied Athos.

"But they don't fire back."

"Exactly so; therefore the enemy will come to the conclusion that there is an ambuscade. They will hold a council, and send an envoy with a flag of truce, and when they at last find out the joke, we shall be out of reach. So it is no use getting apoplexy by racing."

"Oh, I understand," said Porthos, full of astonishment.

"That is a mercy!" replied Athos, shrugging his shoulders, as they approached the camp, which was watching their progress in a ferment of admiration.

This time a new fusillade was begun, and the balls whistled close to the heads of the four victors and fell about their ears. The Rochellois had entered the bastion.

"What bad shooting!" said D'Artagnan. "How many was it we killed? Twelve?"

"Twelve or fifteen."

"And how many did we crush?"

"Eight or ten."

"And not a scratch to show for it."

"Ah, what is that on your hand, D'Artagnan? It looks to me like blood."

"It's nothing," replied D'Artagnan.

"A spent ball?"

"Not even that."

"But what is it, then?" As we have said, the silent and resolute Athos loved D'Artagnan like his own son, and showed every now and then all the anxiety of a father.

"The skin is rubbed off, that is all," said D'Artagnan. "My fingers were caught between two stones — the stone of the wall and the stone of my ring."

"That is what comes of having diamonds," remarked Athos disdainfully. . . .

"Here we are at the camp, and they are coming to meet us and bring us in triumphantly."

And he only spoke the truth, for the whole camp was in a turmoil. More than two thousand people had gazed, as at a play, at the lucky bit of braggadocio of the four friends,— braggadocio of which they were far from suspecting the real motive. The cry of "Long live the musketeers," resounded on all sides, and M. De Busigny was the first to hold out his hand to Athos and to declare that he had lost his wager. The dragoon and the

Swiss had followed him, and all the others had followed the dragoon and the Swiss. There was nothing but congratulations, hand-shakings, embraces; and the tumult became so great that the Cardinal thought there must be a revolt, and sent La Houdinière, his captain of guards, to find out what was the matter.

"Well?" asked the Cardinal, as his messenger returned.

"Well, monseigneur," replied La Houdinière, "it is about three musketeers and a guardsman who made a bet with M. De Busigny to go and breakfast at the Bastion Saint-Gervais, and while breakfasting, held it for two hours against the enemy, and killed I don't know how many Rochellois."

"You asked the names of these gentlemen?"

"Yes, monseigneur."

"What are they?"

"Athos, Porthos, and Aramis."

"Always my three heroes," murmured the Cardinal. "And the guardsman?"

"M. D'Artagnan."

"Always my young rogue! I must gain over these men."

And the same evening, the Cardinal had a conversation with M. De Treville about the morning's exploit, with which the whole camp was still ringing. M. De Treville, who had heard it all at first hand, gave his Eminence all the details, not forgetting the episode of the napkin.

"Very good, M. De Treville," said the Cardinal; "but you must get me that napkin, and I will have three golden lilies embroidered on it, and give as a banner to your company."

"Monseigneur," replied M. De Treville, "that would be an injustice to the guards. M. D'Artagnan does not belong to me, but to M. Des Essarts."

"Then you must take him," said the Cardinal. "As these four brave soldiers love each other so much, they ought certainly to be in the same regiment."

That evening M. De Treville announced the good news to the three musketeers and to D'Artagnan, and invited them all to breakfast the following day.

D'Artagnan was nearly beside himself with joy. As we know, it had been the dream of his life to be a musketeer.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

From 'The Viscount of Bragelonne'

[Dumas adopts the theory that the Man in the Iron Mask was the suppressed twin brother of Louis XIV.]

"WHAT is all this noise?" asked Philippe, turning towards the door of the concealed staircase. And as he spoke a voice was heard saying, "This way, this way. Still a few steps, sire."

"It is M. Fouquet's voice," said D'Artagnan, who was standing near the Queen Mother.

"Then M. D'Herblay will not be far off," added Philippe; but little did he expect to see the person who actually entered.

All eyes were riveted on the door, from which the voice of M. Fouquet proceeded; but it was not he who came through.

A cry of anguish rang through the room, breaking forth simultaneously from the King and the spectators, and surely never had been seen a stranger sight.

The shutters were half closed, and only a feeble light struggled through the velvet curtains, with their thick silk linings, and the eyes of the courtiers had to get accustomed to the darkness before they could distinguish between the surrounding objects. But once discerned, they stood out as clear as day.

So, looking up, they saw Louis XIV. in the doorway of the private stair, his face pale and his brows bent; and behind him stood Fouquet.

The Queen Mother, whose hand held that of Philippe, uttered a shriek at the sight, thinking that she beheld a ghost.

Monsieur staggered for a moment and turned away his head, looking from the King who was facing him to the King who was by his side.

Madame on the contrary stepped forward, thinking it must be her brother-in-law reflected in a mirror. And indeed, this seemed the only rational explanation of the double image.

Both young men, agitated and trembling, clenching their hands, darting flames of fury from their eyes, dumb, breathless, ready to spring at each other's throats, resembled each other so exactly in feature, figure, and even, by pure accident, in dress, that Anne of Austria herself stood confounded. For as yet the truth had not dawned on her. There are some torments that we

all instinctively reject. It is easier far to accept the supernatural, the impossible.

That he should encounter such obstacles had never for one moment occurred to Louis. He imagined he had only to show himself, for the world to fall at his feet. The Sun-king could have no rival; and where his rays did not fall, there must be darkness—

As to Fouquet, who could describe his bewilderment at the sight of the living portrait of his master? Then he thought that Aramis was right, and that the new-comer was every whit as much a king as his double, and that after all, perhaps he had made a mistake when he had declined to share in the *coup d'état* so cleverly plotted by the General of the Jesuits.

And then, it was equally the blood royal of Louis XIII. that Fouquet had determined to sacrifice to blood in all respects identical; a noble ambition, to one that was selfish. And it was the mere aspect of the pretender which showed him all these things.

D'Artagnan, leaning against the wall and facing Fouquet, was debating in his own mind the key to this wonderful riddle. He felt instinctively, though he could not have told why, that in the meeting of the two Louis XIV.s lay the explanation of all that had seemed suspicious in the conduct of Aramis during the last few days.

Suddenly Louis XIV., by nature the most impatient of the two young men, and with the habit of command that was the result of training, strode across the room and flung open one of the shutters. The flood of light that streamed through the window caused Philippe involuntarily to recoil, and to step back into the shelter of an alcove.

The movement struck Louis, and turning to the Queen he said:

"Mother, do you not know your own son, although every one else has denied his King?"

Anne trembled at his voice and raised her arms to heaven, but could not utter a single word.

"Mother," retorted Philippe in his quietest tones, "do you not know your own son?"

And this time it was Louis who stepped back.

As for Anne, pierced to the heart with grief and remorse, she could bear it no longer. She staggered where she stood, and unaided by her attendants, who seemed turned into stone, she sank down on a sofa with a sigh.

This spectacle was too much for Louis. He rushed to D'Artagnan, whose brain was going round with bewilderment, and who clung to the door as his last hope.

"To me, musketeer! Look us both in the face, and see which is the paler, he or I."

The cry awoke D'Artagnan from his stupor, and struck the chord of obedience strong in the bosom of every soldier. He lifted his head, and striding straight up to Philippe laid his hand on his shoulder, saying quietly:—

"Monsieur, you are my prisoner."

Philippe remained absolutely still, as if nailed to the floor, his eyes fixed despairingly on the King who was his brother. His silence reproached him as no words could have done, with the bitterness of the past and the tortures of the future.

And the King understood, and his soul sank within him. His eyes fell, and drawing his brother and sister-in-law with him, he hastily quitted the room; forgetting in his agitation even his mother, lying motionless on the couch beside him, not three paces from the son whom for the second time she was allowing to be condemned to a death in life.

Philippe drew near to her, and said softly:—

"If you had not been my mother, madame, I must have cursed you for the misery you have caused me."

D'Artagnan overheard, and a shiver of pity passed through him. He bowed respectfully to the young prince, and said:—

"Forgive me, monseigneur; I am only a soldier, and my faith is due to him who has left us."

"Thank you, M. D'Artagnan. But what has become of M. D'Herblay?"

"M. D'Herblay is safe, monseigneur," answered a voice behind them; "and while I am alive and free, not a hair of his head shall be hurt."

"M. Fouquet!" said the prince, smiling sadly.

"Forgive me, monseigneur," cried Fouquet, falling on his knees; "but he who has left the room was my guest."

"Ah!" murmured Philippe to himself with a sigh, "you are loyal friends and true hearts. You make me regret the world I am leaving. M. D'Artagnan, I will follow you."

As he spoke, Colbert entered and handed to the captain of the musketeers an order from the King; then bowed, and went out.

D'Artagnan glanced at the paper, and in a sudden burst of wrath crumpled it in his hand.

"What is the matter?" asked the prince.

"Read it, monseigneur," answered the musketeer.

And Philippe read these words, written hastily by the King himself:—

"M. D'Artagnan will conduct the prisoner to the Îles Sainte-Marguerite. He will see that his face is covered with an iron mask, which must never be lifted on pain of death."

"It is just," said Philippe; "I am ready."

"Aramis was right," whispered Fouquet to D'Artagnan, "this is as good a king as the other."

"Better," replied D'Artagnan; "he only needed you and me."

A TRICK IS PLAYED ON HENRY III. BY AID OF CHICOT

From 'The Lady of Monsoreau'

THE King and Chicot remained quiet and silent for the next ten minutes. Then suddenly the King sat up, and the noise he made roused Chicot, who was just dropping off to sleep.

The two looked at each other with sparkling eyes.

"What is it?" asked Chicot in a low voice.

"Do you hear that sighing sound?" replied the King in a lower voice still. "Listen!"

As he spoke, one of the wax candles in the hand of the golden satyr went out; then a second, then a third. After a moment, the fourth went out also.

"Oh, oh!" cried Chicot, "that is more than a sighing sound." But he had hardly uttered the last word when in its turn the lamp was extinguished, and the room was in darkness, save for the flickering glow of the dying embers.

"Look out!" exclaimed Chicot, jumping up.

"He is going to speak," said the King, shrinking back into his bed.

"Then listen and let us hear what he says," replied Chicot, and at the same instant a voice which sounded at once both piercing and hollow, proceeded from the space between the bed and the wall.

"Hardened sinner, are you there?"

"Yes, yes, Lord," gasped Henri with chattering teeth.

"Dear me!" remarked Chicot, "that is a very hoarse voice to have come from heaven! I feel dreadfully frightened; but never mind!"

"Do you hear me?" asked the voice.

"Yes, Lord," stammered Henri; "and I bow before your anger."

"Do you think you are carrying out my will by performing all the mummeries you have taken part in to-day, while your heart is full of the things of this world?"

"Well said!" cried Chicot; "you touched him there!"

The King's hands shook as he clasped them, and Chicot went up to him.

"Well," murmured Henri, "are you convinced now?"

"Wait a bit," answered Chicot.

"What do you want more?"

"Hush! listen to me. Creep softly out of bed, and let me take your place."

"Why?"

"Because then the anger of the Lord will fall first upon me."

"And do you think I shall escape?"

"We will try, anyway;" and with affectionate persistence he pushed the King out of bed, and took his place.

"Now, Henri," he said, "go and lie on my sofa, and leave all to me."

Henri obeyed; he began to understand Chicot's plan.

"You are silent," continued the voice, "which proves that your heart is hardened."

"Oh, pardon, pardon, Lord!" exclaimed Chicot, imitating the King's nasal twang. Then, stretching himself out of bed, he whispered to the King, "It is very odd, but the heavenly voice does not seem to know that it is Chicot who is speaking."

"Oh!" replied Henri, "what do you suppose is the meaning of that?"

"Don't be in a hurry; plenty of strange things will happen yet!"

"Miserable creature that you are!" went on the voice.

"Yes, Lord, yes!" answered Chicot. "I am a horrible sinner, hardened in crime."

"Then confess your sins, and repent."

"I acknowledge," said Chicot, "that I dealt wickedly by my cousin Condé, whose wife I betrayed; and I repent bitterly."

"What is that you are saying?" cried the King. "There is no good in mentioning that. It has all been forgotten long ago."

"Oh, has it?" replied Chicot; "then we will pass on to something else."

"Answer," said the voice.

"I acknowledge," said the false Henri, "that I behaved like a thief toward the Poles, who had elected me their king, in stealing away to France one fine night, carrying with me all the crown jewels; and I repent bitterly."

"Idiot!" exclaimed Henri, "what are you talking about now? Nobody remembers anything about that."

"Let me alone," answered Chicot, "I must go on pretending to be the King."

"Speak," said the voice.

"I acknowledge," continued Chicot, "that I snatched the throne from my brother D'Alençon, who was the rightful heir, since I had formally renounced my claims when I was elected King of Poland; I repent bitterly."

"Rascal!" cried the King.

"There is yet something more," said the voice.

"I acknowledge to have plotted with my excellent mother, Catherine de' Medicis, to hunt from France my brother-in-law the King of Navarre, after first destroying all his friends, and my sister Queen Marguerite, after first destroying all her lovers; and I repent bitterly."

"Scoundrel! Cease!" muttered the King, his teeth clenched in anger.

"Sire, it is no use trying to hide what Providence knows as well as we do."

"There is a crime unconfessed that has nothing to do with politics," said the voice.

"Ah, now we are getting to it," observed Chicot dolefully; "it is about my conduct, I suppose?"

"It is," answered the voice.

"I cannot deny," continued Chicot, always speaking in the name of the King, "that I am very effeminate, very lazy, a hopeless trifler, an incorrigible hypocrite."

"It is true," said the voice.

"I have behaved ill to all women, to my own wife in particular; and such a good wife too."

"A man should love his wife as himself, and above all the world," cried the voice angrily.

"Oh dear!" wailed Chicot in despairing tones; "then I certainly have sinned terribly."

"And by your example you have caused others to sin."

"That is true, sadly true."

"You very nearly sent that poor Saint-Luc to perdition."

"Bah!" said Chicot, "are you sure I did not send him there quite?"

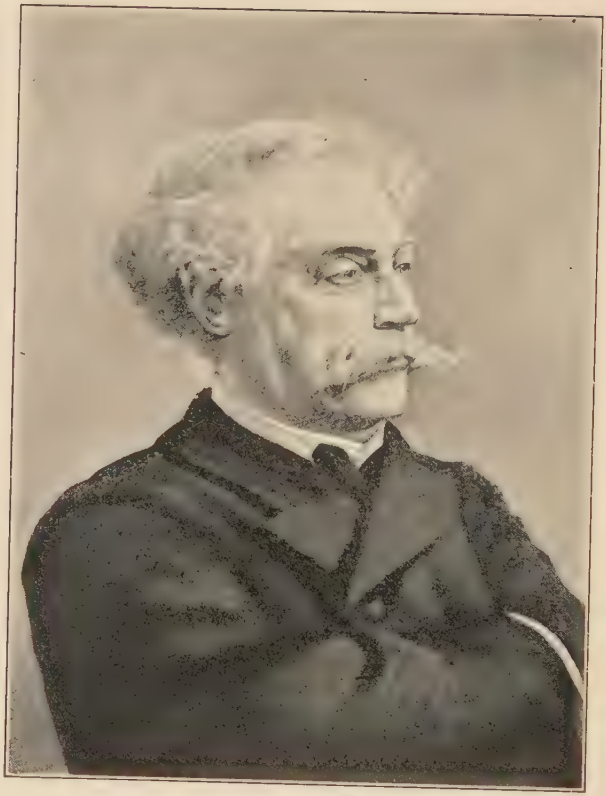
"No; but such a fate may befall both of you if you do not let him go back to his family at break of day."

"Dear me!" said Chicot to the King, "the voice seems to take a great interest in the house of Cossé."

"If you disobey me, you will suffer the same torments as Sardanapalus, Nabuchodnosor, and the Marshal De Retz."

Henry III. gave a loud groan; at this threat he became more frightened than ever.

"I am lost," he ejaculated wildly; "I am lost. That voice from on high will be my death-warrant."



ALEXANDER DUMAS, JUNIOR

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, JUNIOR

(1824–1895)

BY FRANCISQUE SARCEY

WE SHALL not say much about the life of Alexandre Dumas the younger. The history of a great writer is the history of his works. He was born in Paris, on July 27th, 1824. His name on the register of births appears as "Alexandre, son of Marie Catherine Lebay, seamstress." He was not acknowledged by his father until he had reached his sixth year, March 7th, 1830. I emphasize this particular because it had great influence on the bent of his genius. During all his life Dumas was haunted by a desire of rehabilitating illegitimate children, of creating a reaction against their treatment by the Civil Code and the prejudice which makes of them something little better than outcasts in society.

"When seven years old," he himself says, "I entered as a boarder the school of Monsieur Vauthier, on Rue Montagne Saint-Geneviève. Thence I passed, about two years later, to the Saint-Victor School; the principal was Monsieur Goubaux, a friend of my father, with whom he collaborated under the *nom de plume* of Dinaux. This school, which numbered two hundred and fifty boarding pupils, and with the rather strange habits which I tried to depict in 'The Clémenceau Case,' occupied all the ground covered to-day by the Casino de Paris and the 'Pôle-Nord' establishment. When about fifteen I left the Saint-Victor School for Monsieur Hénon's school, which was situated in the Rue de Courcelles and has now disappeared. It is in the Collège Bourbon (now the Lycée Condorcet) that I received all my instruction, as the pupils of the two schools where I lived attended the college classes. I never belonged to any of the higher State schools,—I have not even the degree of bachelor."

At the end of his years of study he returned to his father. He did not stay there more than six months. The rather tumultuous life which he saw in the house disturbed his proud mind, already filled with serious yearnings.

"You have debts," his father said to him. "Do as I do: work, and you will pay them."

Such was indeed the young man's intention. His first work was a one-act play in verse, 'The Queen's Jewel,' which no one, assuredly,

would mention to-day but for his signature. The date was 1845, and the author was then twenty-one. Other works by him were published at various times in the Journal des Demoiselles.

«I was,» he has said, «the careless, lazy, and spoilt child of all my father's friends. I believed in the eternity of youth, of strength, of joy. I spent the whole day laughing, the whole night sleeping, unless I had some reason for writing verses.»

About 1846 he set resolutely to work. He turned to novel-writing, which seemed to him to offer greater facilities for reaching the public and greater chances of immediate income than dramatic composition. Only two of his novels have survived: 'La Dame aux Camélias' ('Camille': 1848), because from this book came the immortal drama by the same title; and 'The Clémenceau Case,' because the author wrote it when he was in complete possession of his talent, and because moreover it is a first-rate work.

It was in 1852 that the Vaudeville Theatre gave the first performance of 'Camille,' the fortune of which was to be so extraordinary. For two or three years the play had been tossed from theatre to theatre. Nobody wanted it. To the ideas of the time it seemed simply shocking, and the play was still forbidden in London after its performances in France were numbered by the hundreds.

There is this special trait in 'Camille'—it was a work all instinct with the spirit of youth. Dumas twenty years later sadly said: «I might perhaps make another 'Demi-Monde'; I could not make another 'Camille.'» There existed, indeed, other works which have all the fire and charm of the twentieth year. 'Polyeucte' is Corneille's masterpiece; his 'Cid' breathes the spirit of youth: Corneille at forty could not have written the 'Cid.' Racine's first play is 'Andromaque': Beaumarchais's is the 'Barber of Seville'; Rossini, when young, enlivened it with his light and sparkling airs. Fifteen years later he himself wrote his 'William Tell,' a higher work, but a work which was not young.

If the theatrical managers had recoiled from 'Camille' in spite of the great names that recommended it, it is because it was cut after a pattern to which neither they nor the public were accustomed; it is because it contained the germ of a whole dramatic revolution. Now, the author was not a theatrical revolutionist. He had not said to himself, «I am going to throw down the old fabric of the drama, and erect a new one on its ruins.» To tell the truth, he had no idea of what he was doing. He had witnessed a love drama. He had thrown it still throbbing upon the stage, without any regard for the dramatic conventions which were then imposed upon playwrights, and which were almost accepted as laws. He had simply depicted what he had seen. All the managers, attached as they were to the

old customs, and respectful of the traditions, had trembled with horror when they saw moving around Camille the ignoble Prudence, the idiotic Duc de Varville, the silly Saint-Gaudens. But the public—though the fact was suspected neither by them nor by the public itself—yearned for more truth upon the boards. When 'Camille' was presented to them, the play-goers uttered a cry of astonishment and joy: that was the thing! that was just what they wanted! From that day, which will remain as a date in the history of the French stage, the part of Camille has been performed by all the celebrated actresses. The part has two sides: one may see in it a degraded woman who has fallen profoundly in love, rather late in life; one may also see in it a woman, already poetical in her own nature, suddenly carried away by a great passion into the sacred regions of the Ideal.

Almost any young man in Dumas's place would have lost his head after so astounding a success, and might not have resisted the temptation of at once working out the vein. For on coming out of the theatre after the first performance, the author had all the managers at his feet, and the smallest trifle was sure to be accepted if it only had his signature. But he had learned, by the side of "a prodigal father," the art of husbanding his talent. He declined to front the footlights again, save with a work upon which he had been able to bestow all the care and labor it deserved: he waited a year before he gave, at the Gymnase theatre, 'Diane de Lys.'

'Diane de Lys' undoubtedly pleased the public, but its success was not exactly brilliant. It is full of great qualities, it is strongly conceived, constructed with rare power and logic, but it added nothing to his reputation. The play as a whole seemed long and melancholy. It is a curious subject for critical study, as one of the stages in which the genius of the author stopped awhile, on its way to higher works. It will leave no great trace in his career.

Two years later he gave at the Gymnase theatre—I do not dare to say his masterpiece, but certainly the best constructed and most enjoyable play he ever wrote, 'Le Demi-Monde' (The Other Half-World). In this play he discovered and defined the very peculiar world of those women who live on the margin of regular "society," and try to preserve its tone and demeanor. What scientific and strong construction are here! What an admirable disposition of the scenes, both flexible and logical! And through the action, which moves on with wonderful straightforwardness and breadth, how many portraits, drawn with a steady hand, each one bearing such distinctive features that you would know them if you met them on the street! Olivier de Jalin, the refined Parisian, the dialectician of the play, who is no other than Dumas himself; Raymond de Nanjac, handsome

and honest, but not keen or Parisian; and that giddy Valentine de Sanctis, whose head turns with the wind, whose tongue cannot rest one moment; and especially Suzanne d'Ange, so witty, so complex, so devious in her motions, so *roublarde*, as a Parisian of to-day would say.

Between 'The Demi-Monde,' and 'La Question d'Argent' (The Money Question), which followed, Dumas spent two years at work. 'La Question d'Argent' is a favorite play with the connoisseurs; but its reception by the public was of the coldest. It is a noteworthy fact that plays turning upon money have never been successful. Le Sage's 'Turcaret' is a dramatic masterpiece: it never had the luck to please the crowd. Dumas's Jean Giraud is, however, a very curiously studied character. The author has represented in him the commonest type of the shady money-man, the unconscious rascal. And very skillfully he made an individual out of that general type, by giving to Jean Giraud a certain rough good-nature; the appearance of a good fellow, with a certain degree of fineness; a mixture of humility and self-conceit, of awkwardness and impudence, and even some ideas as to the power of money that do not lack dignity, and some real liberality of sentiment and act,—for wealth alone, though acquired by ignominious means, suggests and dictates to the great robbers some advantageous movements which the small rascal cannot indulge in: and around this Turcaret of the Second Empire how many pictures of honest people, every one of whom, in his or her way, is good and fine!

One year later Dumas carried to the Gymnase, his favorite theatre, 'Le Fils Naturel' (The Natural Son); and the next year 'Un Père Prodigue' (A Prodigal Father; known also in English through a free adaptation as 'My Awful Dad').

In 'Le Fils Naturel' Dumas for the first time wrote a theme-play, a kind of work in which he was to become a master. Hitherto we have seen him drawing pictures of manners. To be sure, philosophical considerations on the period depicted are not wanting, but the play has not the form and does not assume the movement of a thesis. It does not take up one special trait of our social order, one of our worldly prejudices, in order to show its strong and weak sides. 'Le Fils Naturel' is the work of a moralist as well as of a playwright; or rather, it is the work of a playwright who was a born moralist.

'Un Père Prodigue' originally excited great curiosity. It escaped no one that in his Count Fernand de la Rivonnière, Dumas had shown us some traits of his illustrious father, who *had* been a prodigal father; and that he had depicted himself in Viscount André. Every one made comparisons; some, of course, accused the author of filial disrespect. The accusation was ridiculous, and he did not even answer it. He had so well disguised the persons, he had transported them into such

different surroundings, that no one could recognize in them their true prototypes. Then — and this is no small praise — if Count de la Rivonnière is guilty of one fault, that of throwing to the wind his fortune, he is a most amiable nobleman, full of broad ideas and generous sentiments, — has a warm heart. The fourth act, in which the father sacrifices himself in order to save his son's life, is pathetic in the extreme. But nothing equals the first act, which is a model of animated and picturesque composition. No one ever painted in more vivid colors the pillage of a household, and a family without so much as a shadow of discipline. It is an accumulation of small details, not one of which is of an indifferent nature, and which, taken together, drive into our minds the idea that this nobleman, so well-mannered, so charming in conversation, so sober for himself, is running to ruin as gayly as he can.

For four years after the production of 'Un Père Prodigue' Dumas wrote nothing. But in 1864 he reappeared at the Gymnase with a strange play, 'L'Ami des Femmes' (A Friend of the Sex), which completely failed. After 'L'Ami des Femmes' there was another interruption, not of Dumas's labors but of his dramatic production. Perhaps he was sick of an art which had caused him a cruel disappointment. He turned again to novel-writing, and published (1866) 'L'Affaire Clémenceau' (The Clémenceau Case), the success of which was not as great as he had hoped. In France, when a man is superior in one specialty people will not let him leave it. He is not allowed to be at once an unequaled novelist and a first-rate dramatist.

At that time Dumas hesitated which road to follow. An incident which created a great deal of comment threw him back towards the stage, and towards a new form of comedy.

M. Émile de Girardin, one of the best known publicists of the Second Empire, had bethought himself, when over fifty years of age, and knowing nothing of this kind of work, to write a play. He had been a great friend of Dumas père, and had kept up the most affectionate intercourse with his son. He had asked him to fit his play for the stage. It possessed one really dramatic idea. Dumas, in order to oblige his father's friend, made out of it 'Le Supplice d'une Femme' (A Woman's Torture). Émile de Girardin, who was self-conceited and somewhat despotic, refused to recognize his offspring in the bear that Dumas had licked. He declined to sign the play: «Neither shall I,» Dumas retorted.

'A Woman's Torture' was acted at the Comédie Française with extraordinary success. This success was for Dumas a warning and a lesson. 'A Woman's Torture' was a three-act play, short, concise, panting, which hurried to the *coup de théâtre* of the second act, upon which the drama revolved, and rushed to its conclusion. The time

of five-act comedies, with ample expositions, copious developments, philosophical disquisitions, curious and fanciful episodes, was gone. Henceforth the dramatist had to deal with a hurried and *blasé* public, which, taking dinner at eight, could give to the theatre but a short time, and an attention disturbed by the labor of digestion. 'A Woman's Torture,' which lasted only an hour and a half, and proceeded only by rapid strokes, was exactly what that public wanted. After that time Dumas wrote only three-act and one-act plays; using four acts only for 'Les Idées de Madame Aubray' (Madame Aubray's Ideas); and these four acts are very short. In 1867 this play announced Dumas's return to the stage; and Dumas is here more paradoxical than he had ever been. His theme looked like a wager not simply against bourgeois prejudices, but even against good sense, and, I dare to say, against justice. This wager was won by Dumas, thanks to an incredible display of skill. He took up the thesis a second time in 'Denise,' and won his wager again, but with less difficulty. In 'Denise' the lover struggles only against social prejudices, and allows himself to be carried away by one of those emotional fits which disturb and confound human reason. In 'Madame Aubray's Ideas' the triumph is one of pure logic.

'Une Visite de Noces' (A Wedding Call) and 'La Princesse Georges' followed rather closely on 'Madame Aubray's Ideas.' 'A Wedding Call'!—what a thunderbolt then! It was of but one act, *but* one act the effect of which was prodigious, the echo of which is still heard. Time and familiarity have now softened for us the too sharp outlines of this bitter play. It has been acknowledged a masterpiece. It is certainly one of the boldest works of this extraordinary magician, who, thanks to his unerring skill and to the dazzling wit of his dialogue, brought the public to listen to whatever he chose to put upon the stage. It seemed that, like a lion tamer in the arena, Dumas took pleasure in belaboring and exasperating this many-headed monster, in order to prove to his own satisfaction that he could subdue its revolts.

'La Princesse Georges' is a work of violent and furious passion. We find in it Madame de Terremonde, the good woman who adores her husband, but who adores him with fury, who wants him all to herself, and who, when sure that she is betrayed, passes from the most exasperated rage to tears and despair. There is in the first act a scene of exposition which has become celebrated. No one ever so rapidly mastered the public; no one ever from the first stroke so painfully twisted the heart of the spectators.

Let us pass rapidly over 'La Femme de Claude' (Claude's Wife: 1873). Of all his plays it is the one Dumas said he liked best, the one he most passionately defended with all sorts of commentaries,

letters, prefaces, etc.; the one which he insisted on having revived, a long time after it had failed. To my mind that play was a mistake: and the public, in spite of Dumas's arguments, in spite of the protests of the critics, who are often very glad to distinguish themselves by not yielding to the common voice,—the public insisted on agreeing with me.

Only a few months later, Dumas brilliantly retrieved himself with 'Monsieur Alphonse.' His Madame Guichard is the most cheerfully vulgar type of the *parvenue* which any one ever dared to put upon the stage. She can hardly read and write; she is no longer young, and she is «to boot» very proud of her money; she has no tact and no taste; but at heart she is a good sort of woman. Her morality is as primitive as her education. But deceit disgusts her; she hates but one thing, she says,—lying. She is not troubled by conventionalities, and her speech has all the color and energy of popular speech. But see! Dumas in depicting this woman preserved exquisite measure. Madame Guichard says many pert and droll things; she never utters a coarse word. Her language is picturesque; it is free from slang. Hers is a vulgar nature, but she does not offend delicate ears by the grossness of her utterance. Dumas never drew a more living picture; she is the joy of this rather sad play.

All that remain to be reviewed are 'L'Étrangère,' 'La Princesse de Bagdad,' and 'Françillon'; all of which were given at the Comédie Française. 'L'Étrangère' is indeed a melodrama, with an admixture of comedy. Had he gone further in that direction, Dumas might have made a new sort of play, which would perhaps have reigned a long time on the stage. But after this trial, successful though it was, he stopped. 'La Princesse de Bagdad' entirely failed. 'Françillon' was Dumas's last success at the Comédie Française.

After 1887 Dumas gave nothing to the stage. He had completed a great five-act play, 'The Road to Thebes,' which the manager of the Comédie Française hoped every year to put on the boards. Dumas kept promising it; but either from distrust of himself or of the public, or from fatigue, or fear of meeting with failure, he asked for new delays, until the day when he declared that not only the play would not be acted during his life, but that he would not even allow it to be acted after his death.

This death he saw coming, with sad but calm eyes. It was a sorrow for us to see this man, whom we had known so quick and alert, grow weaker every day, showing the progress of disease in his shriveled features and body. The complexion had lost all color, the cheeks had become flaccid, the eye had no life left.

On October 1st, 1895, he wrote to his friend Jules Claretie:—«Do not depend upon me any more; I am vanquished. There are

moments when I mourn my loss, as Madame D'Houdetot said when dying.» He was at Puys, by the seaside, when he wrote that despairing letter. He returned to Marly, there to die, surrounded by his family, on November 28th, 1895, in a house which he loved and which had been bequeathed to him years before by an intimate friend.

His loss threw into mourning the world of letters, and the whole of Paris. People discovered then — for death loosens every tongue and every pen — how kind and generous in reality was Dumas, who had often been accused of avarice by those who contrasted him with his father; how many services he had discreetly rendered, how open his hand always was. His constant cheerfulness and good-nature had finally caused him to be forgiven for his wit, which was sarcastic and cutting, and for his success, which had thrown so many rivals into the shade. This witty man, who was always obliging and even tender-hearted, had no envy, and gave his applause without a shadow of reserve to the successes of others. Every young author found in him advice and support; he did not expect gratitude, and therefore was soured by no disappointment. He was a good man, partly from nature, partly from determination; for he deemed that, after all, the best way to live happy in this world is to make happy as many people as possible.

If in this long essay I have not spoken of Dumas as a moralist, it is because, in my opinion, in spite of all that has been said, Dumas was a dramatist a great deal more than a philosopher. In his comedies he discussed a great many moral and social questions, without giving a solution for any; or rather, the solutions that he gave were due not to any set of fixed principles, but to the conclusion which he was preparing for this play or that. He said, indifferently, «Kill her» or «Forgive her,» according to the requirements of the subject which he had selected; and he would afterwards write a sensational preface with a view to demonstrate that the solution this time given by him was the only legitimate one. These prefaces are very amusing reading; for he wrote them with all the fire of his nature, and he had the gift of movement. But they were a strange medley of incongruous and contradictory statements. Every idea that he expresses can be grasped and understood; but it is impossible to see how it agrees with those that precede and follow. It is a chaos of clear ideas.

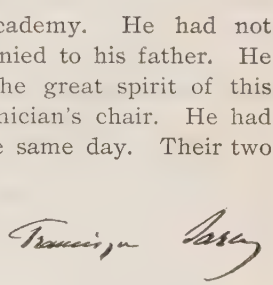
Dumas was not a philosopher, but an agitator. He stirred up a great many questions; he drew upon them our distracted attention; he compelled us to think of them. Therein he did his duty as a dramatist.

He gave much thought to the fate of woman in our civilization. We may say, however, that though loving her much, he still more

feared her, and I shall even add, despised her. All his characters who have the mission of defending morality and good sense are very attentive to her, but keep her at arm's-length. They are affectionate counselors, not lovers. They hold her to be a frail being, who must be controlled and guided. Some one has said that there was in Dumas something of the Catholic priest. It is true. He was to women a lay director of conscience.

He was a great connoisseur of pictures and a great art lover. Music, I think, is the only art that did not affect him much. He was a dazzling talker; his plays teem with bright sayings; his conversation sparkled with them. I did not know him in his prime, when he delighted his friends and companions by his unceasing flow of spirits. I became intimate with him only later. If you knew how to start him, he simply coruscated. I never knew any one, save Edmond About, who was as witty, and who, like About, always paid you back in good sounding coin.

Dumas was a member of the French Academy. He had not wished for that honor, because it had been denied to his father. He desired, in his reception speech, to call up the great spirit of this illustrious father and make it share his academician's chair. He had this joy; the two Dumas were received on the same day. Their two names will never perish.



[The editors have been compelled, for lack of space, to leave out that part of M. Sarcey's valuable essay which is a professional analysis of several of Dumas's plays, and which would be of interest, chiefly, to special students of the French drama and stage.]

THE PLAYWRIGHT IS BORN—AND MADE

From the Preface to 'A Prodigal Father'

OF ALL the various forms of thought, the stage is that which nearest approaches the plastic arts—inasmuch as we cannot work in it unless we know its material processes; but with this difference: that in the other arts one learns these processes, while in play-writing one guesses them; or to speak more accurately, they are in us to begin with.

One can become a painter, a sculptor, a musician, by sheer study: one does not become a dramatic author in this fashion. A

caprice of nature makes your eye in such a way that you can see a thing after a particular manner, not absolutely correct, but which must nevertheless appear, to any other persons that you wish to have so think, the only correct point of view. The man really called to write for the stage reveals what is an extremely rare faculty, in his very first attempts,— say in a farce in school, or a drawing-room charade. There is a sort of science of optics and of perspective that enables one to draw a personage, a character, a passion, an impulse of the soul, with a single stroke of the pen. Dramatic *cheating of the eye* is so complete that often the spectator, when he is a mere reader of the play, desiring to give himself once more the same emotion that he has felt as one of the audience, not only cannot recapture that emotion in the written words before him, but often cannot even distinguish the passage where the emotion lies hid. It was a word, a look, a silence, a gesture, a purely atmospheric combination, that held him spellbound. So comes in the genius of the playwright's trade, if those two words can be associated. One may compare writing for the stage in relation to other phases of literature, as we compare ceiling painters with [painters of] pictures for the wall or the easel. Woe to the painter if he forget that his composition is to be looked at from a distance, with a light below it!

A man without merit as a thinker, a moralist, a philosopher, an author, may turn out to be a dramatic author of the first class; that is to say, in the work of setting in motion before you the purely external movements of mankind; and on the other hand, to become in the theatre the thinker, the moralist, the philosopher, or the author to whom one listens, one must indispensably be furnished with the particular and natural qualities of a man of much lower grade. In short, to be a master in the art of writing for the stage, you must be a poor hand in the superior art. . . .

That dramatic author who shall know mankind like Balzac, and who shall know the theatre like Scribe, will be the greatest dramatic author that has ever existed.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by E. Irenæus Stevenson

AN ARMED TRUCE

From 'A Friend of the Sex'

[The following conversation in the first act of the play takes place in the pleasant morning-room of a country-house near Paris, the home of M. and Madame Leverdet. M. Leverdet is asleep in his chair. The speakers are Madame Leverdet, a coquettish, sprightly lady approaching middle age, and young M. De Ryons, a friend and neighbor. Madame Leverdet is determined to marry off De Ryons advantageously, and as soon as possible. Unfortunately he is a confirmed bachelor, not to say woman-hater, whose cynicism is the result of severely disappointing experiences. Under that cynicism there is however genuine respect and even chivalry as to the right sort of woman,—the superior and sincere type, which he does not happen often to encounter.]

MADAME LEVERDET — Let us come to serious topics while we are alone, my friend.

De Ryons — And apropos of them?

Madame Leverdet — Are you willing to be married off yet?

De Ryons [*with a start of terror*] — Pardon me, my dear lady! At what hour can I take the first train for Paris?

Madame Leverdet — Now listen to me, at least.

De Ryons — What! Here it is two years since I have called on you; I come to make you a little visit of a morning, in all good friendship, with the thermometer forty, centigrade; I am totally unsuspecting; all I ask is to have a little lively chat with a clever woman — and see how you receive me.

Madame Leverdet [*continuing*] — A simple, charming young girl —

De Ryons [*interrupting her, and in the same tone*] — — musical, speaks English, draws nicely, sings agreeably, a society woman, a domestic woman,— all at the choice of the applicant.

Madame Leverdet [*laughing*] — Yes, and pretty and graceful and rich; and, by-the-by, one who finds you a charming fellow.

De Ryons — She is quite right there. I shall make a charming husband — I shall; I know it. Only thirty-two years old; all my teeth, all my hair (no such very common detail, the way young men are nowadays); lively, sixty thousand livres income as a landed proprietor — oh, I am an excellent match: only unfortunately I am not a marrying man.

Madame Leverdet — And why not, if you please?

De Ryons [*smiling*] — It would interfere severely with my studies.

Madame Leverdet — What sort of studies?

De Ryons — My studies of — woman.

Madame Leverdet — Really! I don't understand you.

De Ryons — What! Do you not know that I am making women my particular, my incessant study, and that I am reckoning on leaving some new and very interesting documents dealing with that branch of natural history? — a branch very little understood just at present, in spite of all that has been written on the topic. My friend, I cannot sacrifice the species to the individual; I belong to science. It is quite impossible for me to give myself wholly and completely — as one certainly should do when he marries — to one of those charming and terrible little carnivora for whose sake men dishonor themselves, ruin themselves, kill themselves; whose sole preoccupation, in the midst of the universal carnage that they make, is to dress themselves now like umbrellas and now like table bells.

Madame Leverdet [*scornfully*] — So you really think you understand women, do you?

De Ryons — I rather think I do. Why, just as you see me this instant, at the end of five minutes' study or conversation I can tell you to what class a woman belongs, — whether to the middle class, to women of rank, artists, or whatever you please; what are her tastes, her characteristics, her antecedents, the state of her heart, — in a word, everything that concerns my special science.

Madame Leverdet — Really! Will you have a glass of water?

De Ryons — Not yet, thank you.

Madame Leverdet — I suppose, then, you are under the impression that you know me too.

De Ryons — As if I did not!

Madame Leverdet — Well, and I am — what?

De Ryons — Oh, you are a clever woman. It is for that reason that I call on you [*aside:* every two years].

Madame Leverdet — Will you kindly give me the sum of your observations in general? You can tell me so much, since I am a clever woman.

De Ryons — The true, the true, the true sum?

Madame Leverdet — Yes.

De Ryons — Simply that woman of our day is an illogical, subordinate, and mischief-making creature. [*In saying this De Ryons draws back and crouches down as if expecting to be struck.*]

Madame Leverdet — So then, you detest women?

De Ryons—I? I detest women? On the contrary, I adore them; but I hold myself in such a position toward them that they cannot bite me. I keep on the outside of the cage.

Madame Leverdet—Meaning by that—what?

De Ryons—Meaning by that, that I am a friend of the sex; for I have long perceived that just as truly as women are dangerous in love, just so much are they adorable in friendship, with men;—that is to say, with no obligations, and therefore no treasons; no rights, and in consequence no tyrannies. One assists, too, as a spectator, often as a collaborator, in the comedy of love. A man under such conditions sees before his nose the stage tricks, the machinery, the changes of scenes, all that stage mounting so dazzling at a distance and so simple when one is near by. As a friend of the sex and on a basis of friendship, one estimates the causes, the contradictions, the incoherences, of that phantasmagoric changeableness that belongs to the heart of a woman. So you have something that is interesting and instructive. Under such circumstances a man is the consoler, and gives his advice; he wipes away tears; he brings quarrelsome lovers together; he asks for the letters that must be returned; he hands back the photographs (for you know that in love affairs photographs are taken only in order to be returned, and it is nearly always the same photograph that serves as many times as may be necessary. I know one photograph that I have had handed back by three different men, and it ended its usefulness by being given for good and all to a fourth one, who was—not single). . . . In short, you see, my dear madam, I am above all the friend of those women—who have known what it is to be in love. And moreover inasmuch, just as Rochefoucauld says, as women do not think a great deal of their first experience,—why, one fine day or another—

Madame Leverdet—You prove to be the second one.

De Ryons—No, no; I have no number, I! A well-brought-up woman never goes from one experience of the heart to another one, without a decent interval of time, more or less long. Two railroad accidents never come together on the same railway. During the *intervals* a woman really needs a friend, a good confidant; and it is then that I turn up. I let her tell me all the melancholy affairs in question; I see the unhappy victim in tears after the traitor has called; I lament with her, I weep with her, I make her laugh with me: and little by little I replace the delinquent without her seeing that I am doing so. But then I

know very well that I am without importance, that I am a mere politician of the moment, a cabinet minister without a portfolio, a sentimental distraction without any consequences; and some fine day, after having been the confidential friend as to past events, I become the confidential friend as to future ones,—for the lady falls in love for the second time with somebody who knows nothing of the first experience, who will never know anything about it, and who of course must be made to suppose he represents the first one. Then I go away for a little time and leave them to themselves, and then I come back like a new friend to the family. By-and-by, when the dear creature is reckoning up the balance-sheet of her past, when her conscience pours into her ear the names that she would rather not remember, and my name comes with the others, she reflects an instant,—and then she says resolutely and sincerely to herself, "Oh, *he* does not count!" My friend, I am always the one that does not count, and I like it extremely.

Madame Leverdet [*indignantly*]—You are simply a monster!

De Ryons—Oh no, oh no, oh no, I am not!

Madame Leverdet—According to your own account, you have no faith in women. . . . Wretch! Ungrateful creature! And yet it is woman who inspires all the great things in this life.

De Ryons—But somehow forbids us to accomplish them.

Madame Leverdet—Go out from here, my dear De Ryons, and never let me see you again.

De Ryons [*rising promptly and making a mocking bow*]—My dear lady—

Madame Leverdet—No, I will *not* shake hands with you.

De Ryons—Then I shall die of chagrin—that's all about it.

Madame Leverdet—Do you know how you will end, you incorrigible creature? When you are fifty years old you will have rheumatism.

De Ryons—Yes, or sciatica. But I shall find some one who will embroider me warm slippers.

Madame Leverdet—Indeed you will not! You will marry your cook.

De Ryons—That depends on how well she cooks. Again farewell, dear madam.

Madame Leverdet—No, stay one moment.

De Ryons—It is you who are keeping me; so look out.

Madame Leverdet—Let me have really your last word on the whole matter.

De Ryons — It is very easily given. There are just two kinds of women: those who are good women, and those who are not.

Madame Leverdet — Without fine distinctions?

De Ryons — Without fine distinctions.

Madame Leverdet — What is one to do in the case of those who are not — good women?

De Ryons — They must be consoled.

Madame Leverdet — And those who are?

De Ryons — They must be guaranteed against being anything else; and as to that process of guarantee I have taken a patent.

Madame Leverdet — Come now, if you are playing in parlor theatricals, say so. What are you trying to be, — Lovelace or Don Quixote?

De Ryons — I am neither the one nor the other. I am a man who, having nothing else to do, took to studying women just as another man studies beetles and minerals, only I am under the impression that my scientific study is more interesting and more useful than that of the other savant — because we meet your sex everywhere. We meet the mother, the sister, the daughter, the wife, the woman who is in love; and it is important to be well informed upon such an eternal associate in our lives. Now I am a man of my time, exercised over one theory or another, hardly knowing what he must believe, good or bad, but inclined to believe in good when occasion presents itself. I respect women who respect themselves. . . . It is not I who created the world; I take it as I find it. . . . And as to marriage, the day when I shall find a young girl with the four qualities of goodness of heart, sound health, thorough self-respect, and cheerfulness, — the squaring of the conjugal hypothenuse, — then I count for nothing all my long term of waiting; like the great Doctor Faust, I become young again, and such as I am, I give myself to her. My friend, if this same young girl of whom you have been speaking (and by the way, I know her just as well as you do) really unites these conditions, — I do not believe she does so, though I shall see very soon, — why then, I will marry her to-morrow — I will marry her to-night. But in the mean time, as I have positively nothing to do, — if you happen to know a self-respecting woman who needs to be kept from a bit of folly . . . why, I am wholly at your service.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by E. Irenæus Stevenson

TWO VIEWS OF MONEY

From 'The Money Question'

[The following passage occurs in the first act of Dumas's play. The characters include the young parvenu Jean Giraud, the aristocratic M. De Cayolle, and several others, all guests in the drawing-room of the country-house of Madame Durieu. In course of the conversation Giraud refers to his father, at one time a gardener on the estate of M. De Charzay.]

JEAN GIRAUD — Oh, yes, yes, I have got along in the world, as people say. There are people who blush for their fathers; I make a brag of mine — that's the difference.

René de Charzay — And what is Father Giraud nowadays? Oh, I beg your pardon —

Jean — Don't be embarrassed — we keep on calling him Father Giraud all the same. He is a gardener still, only he gardens on his own account. He owns the house that your father was obliged to sell a while ago. My father has never had but one idea, — our Father Giraud, — and that is to be a land-owner; I bought that piece of property for him, and so he is as happy as a fish in the water. If you like, we will go and take breakfast with him to-morrow morning. He will be delighted to see you. How things change, eh? There, where a while ago we were the servants, now we are the masters; though we are not so very proud, for all that.

Countess Savelli [*aside*] — He has passed the Rubicon of parvenus! He has confessed his father! Now nothing can stop his way!

Jean [*to De Charzay*] — I have wanted to see you for a long time, but I have not been sure how you would meet me.

René — I would have met you with pleasure, as my uncle would have met you. One cannot utter reproaches to a man who has made his own fortune, except when he has made it by dishonest means; a man who owes it to his intelligence and his probity, who uses it worthily, everybody is ready to meet kindly, as you are met here.

Jean — Sir, it is not necessary that a man should use his fortune nobly, provided it is made — that is the main thing!

Madame Durieu — Oh, oh, M. Giraud! there you spoil everything that you have said.

Jean—I don't say that of my own case, madam, but I say just what I say,—money is money, whatever may be the kind of hands where it sticks. It is the sole power that one never disputes. You may dispute virtue, beauty, courage, genius; but you can't dispute money. There is not one civilized being, rising in the morning, who does not recognize the sovereignty of money, without which he would have neither the roof which shelters him, nor the bed in which he sleeps, nor the bread that he eats. Whither are bound these masses of people crowding in the streets?—from the employé sweating under his too heavy burden, to the millionaire hurrying down to the Bourse behind his two trotters? The one is running after fifteen sous, the other after one hundred thousand francs. Why do we all have these shops, these railroads, these factories, these theatres, these museums, these lawsuits between brothers and sisters, between fathers and sons, these revelations, these divisions in families, these murders? All for pieces, more or less numerous, of that white or yellow metal which people call silver or gold. And pray who will be the most thought of at the end of this grand race after money? The man who brings back the most of it. Ah, nowadays a man has no business to have more than one object in life—and that is to become as rich as possible! For my part, that has always been my idea; I have carried it out: I congratulate myself on it. Once upon a time everybody found me homely, stupid, a bore, to-day everybody finds me handsome, witty, amiable,—and the Lord knows if *I* am witty, amiable, handsome! On the day when I might be stupid enough to let myself be ruined, to become plain "Jean" as before, there would not be enough stones in the Montmartre quarries to throw at my head. But there, that day is a good way off, and meantime many of my business acquaintances have been ruined for the sake of keeping me from ruin. The last word, too, the greatest praise that I could give to wealth, certainly is, that such a circle as I find myself in at present has had the patience to listen so long to the son of a gardener, who has no other right to their attention than the poor little millions that he has made.

Durieu [*aside*]—It is all absolutely true, every word that he has been saying—gardener's son that he is! He sees our epoch just as it really is.

Madame Durieu—Come now, my dear M. De Cayolle, what do you think of what M. Giraud has been telling us?

Cayolle—I think, madam, that the theories of M. Giraud are sound, but sound only as to that society in which M. Giraud has lived until now: a world of speculation, whose one object naturally ought to be to make money. As to wealth itself, it brings about infamous things, but it also brings about great and noble things. In that respect it is like human speech: a bad thing for some people, a good thing for others, according to the use they make of it. This obligation of our state of society that makes a man wake up each morning with taking thought of the necessary sum for his personal wants, lest he take what does not belong to him, has created the finest intelligence of all the ages! It is simply to this need of money every day that we owe Franklin, who began the world by being a printer's apprentice; Shakespeare, who used to hold horses at the door of the theatre which later he was going to immortalize; Machiavelli, who was secretary to the Florentine republic at fifteen crowns a month; Raphael, the son of a mere dauber; Jean Jacques Rousseau, a notary's clerk and an engraver,—one who did not have a dinner every day; Fulton, once upon a time a mechanic, who gave us steam: and so many others. Had these same people been born with an income of half a million livres apiece, there would have been a good many chances that not one of them would ever have become what he did become. [*To M. Giraud.*] This race after wealth, of which you speak, M. Giraud, has good in it: even if it enriches some silly people or some rascals, if it procures for them the consideration of those in a humble station of life,—of the lower classes, of those who have cash relations with society, on the other hand there is a great deal of good in the spur given to faculties which would otherwise remain stationary; enough good to pardon some errors in the distribution of wealth. Just in proportion as you enter into the true world of society—a world which is almost unknown to you, M. Giraud—you will find that a man who is received there is received only in proportion to his personal value. Look around here where we are, without taking the trouble to go any further, and you will see that money has not the influence you ascribe to it. For proof, here is Countess Savelli, with half a million francs income, who in place of dining out with millionaires besieging her house every day, comes quietly here to dine with our friends the Durieus, people without title, poor people measured by her fortune; and she comes here for the pleasure of meeting M. De Charzay,

who has not more than a thousand crowns income, but who, for all the millionaires in the world, would never do a thing a man ought not to do; and she meets here M. De Roncourt, who has a business of fifteen hundred francs because he gave up his fortune to creditors who were not his own creditors. There is Mademoiselle De Roncourt, who sacrificed her dowry to the same sentiment of honor; yonder is Mademoiselle Durieu, who would never be willing to become the wife of any other than an honest man, even if he had for his rivals all the Crœsuses present and to come; and last of all, one meets me here,—a man who has for money (in the acceptation that you give the word) the most profound contempt. Now, M. Giraud, if we listened to you for so long a time, it is because we are well-bred people, and besides, you talk very well; but there has been no flattery for your millions in our attention, and the proof is that everybody has been listening to me a longer time than to you,—listening to me, who have not like you a thousand-franc note to put along with every one of my phrases!

Jean — Who is that gentleman who has just been speaking?

Durieu — That is M. De Cayolle.

Jean — The railway director?

Durieu — Yes.

Jean [*going to M. De Cayolle*] — M. De Cayolle, I hope you will believe that I am very glad to meet you.

Cayolle — I dare say you are, monsieur. [*M. De Cayolle as he utters the words turns his back upon Giraud and steps aside.*]

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by E. Irenæus Stevenson

M. DE REMONIN'S PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE

From 'L'Étrangère'

MADAME DE RUMIÈRES — See here, now, Rémonin, you who claim to explain everything as a learned man — can you solve this proposition? Why is it that with all the quantity of love in this world, there are so many unhappy marriages?

M. Rémonin — I could give you a perfect explanation, my dear lady, if you were not a woman.

Madame de Rumières — You mean that the explanation is not decent?

M. Rémonin—No, I mean that it is a matter based on the abstract. . . . It is this. The reason why marriages are rarely happy, in spite of the "quantity of love" in question, is because love and marriage, scientifically considered, have no relationship. They belong to two sorts of things, completely differing. Love is of the physical. Marriage is a matter of chemistry.

Madame de Rumières—Explain yourself.

Rémonin—Certainly. Love is an element of the natural evolution of our being; it comes to us of itself in course of our life, at one time or another, independent of all our will, and even without a definite object. The human creature can wish to be in love before really loving any one! . . . But marriage is a social combination, an adjustment, that refers itself to chemistry, as I have said; since chemistry concerns itself with the action of one element on another and the phenomena resulting: . . . to the end of bringing about family life, morality, and labor, and in consequence the welfare of man, as involved in all three. Now, so often as you really can conform to the theory of such a blending of things, so long as you happen to have effected in marriage such a combination of the physical *and* chemical, all goes well; the experiment is happy, it results well. But if you are ignorant or maladroit enough to seek and to make a combination of two refractory chemical forces in the matrimonial experiment, then in the place of a fusion you will find you have only inert forces; and the two elements remain there, together but unfused, eternally opposed to each other, never able to be united! . . . Or else there is not merely inertia—there are shocks, explosions, catastrophes, accidents, dramas. . . .

Madame de Rumières—Have you ever been in love?

M. Rémonin—I? My dear marquise, I am a scientist—I have never had time! And you?

Madame de Rumières—I have loved my children. M. de Rumières was a charming man all his life; but he didn't expect me really to love him. My son tells me his affairs of the heart; . . . my daughter has already made me a grandmother. . . . I have little to reproach myself as to my past life, and now I look on at the lives of others, sometimes much interested. I am like the subscribers to the Opéra, who know the whole repertory by heart, but who can always hear some passages with pleasure and who encourage the débutants.

Condensed and translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by E. Irenæus Stevenson.

REFORMING A FATHER

From 'A Prodigal Father'

[The ensuing dialogue occurs in the first act of the play. The Count de Ravonnières and his son André reside together in their comfortable bachelor's establishment in Paris, and are devotedly attached to one another. The count, unfortunately, has only grown more careless of money, more a gay man of the world, as he has grown older; and blessed with a youthfulness of physique and temperament that nothing impairs, he is as thriftless as he is fascinating. His son, accordingly, has had to be the economist of their resources, which are at a dangerous ebb. As the scene opens, the count is preparing to take luncheon, with Joseph, the confidential servant of the house, in attendance.]

JOSEPH — Monsieur is served.

Count de Ravonnières — Very well. You will please go to my florist Lemoine, the Opera florist, — you know who I mean, — and tell him to send, to-day, with my card, — he has a lot of cards of mine in advance, — to Mademoiselle Albertine de la Borde, 26 or 28 Rue de la Paix — I don't exactly remember the number that the lady gave me —

Joseph — No. 26.

Count — Ah! You know her address, do you?

Joseph — Yes, sir.

Count — To send her a bouquet of white lilacs and roses. And I don't need you any more: go at once. [*Joseph bows, and hands the Count a large envelope.*] What's all this?

Joseph — Some law papers that have come in your absence, sir, which I did not think ought to be forwarded to Dieppe.

Count [*without taking the papers*] — Quite right. Has my son seen them?

Joseph — No, sir.

Count — Very well; don't let him see them. Put them away with the others.

Joseph — May I beg monsieur to say a good word for me to his son?

Count — As to what, Joseph?

Joseph — Your son, sir, has just told me to look out for another situation; and I am so attached to the family —

Count — Oh, I will straighten all that out; if my son sends you away I will take you into our service again. Come now, get off to my florist; be quick about it.

As Joseph *goes out,* André *enters. He does not at first perceive his father, but on turning toward the table discovers him.*

André—Ah! you are here, are you?

Count—Yes, I have been here during an hour; and moreover, a very agreeable person has been doing the honors of your establishment on my behalf.

André—It is a fine time to talk about agreeable persons! You are a very agreeable person—

Count—What in the world is the matter with you?

André—I am perfectly furious.

Count—Against whom?

André—Against you.

Count—Why? What have I been doing?

André—You have drawn on me at sight this draft here.

Count—Oh yes, I know very well what that means. It comes from London; it is to pay for the boat, you know.

André—Oh yes, it comes from London, and it is to pay for the boat! That is no excuse for it. And what about the boat, if you please?

Count—But my dear fellow, they had no business to present it until the 15th.

André—Well?

Count—Why, to-day *is* the 15th!

André—You ought to know it.

Count—I thought that to-day was only the 14th! Have you paid it?

André—Of course.

Count—Ah! then I owe you six thousand francs. That's all there is to the matter.

André—Yes, that's all! But you never said a word to me about it; I had no money in the house: I had to send to our man of business. May I beg of you in the future to be so good as to—

Count—Poor boy! poor boy! Really, between ourselves, you would have done a great deal better (as it is a month since you have seen me, and since you are really very fond of me) to embrace me in meeting me again, rather than to say all these things to me that you have been saying!

André [*embracing his father heartily*]—Oh, of course they make no difference when it comes to *that!*

Count—Your second impulse is a very good one; but you ought to have begun with it. All the same, I do not in the less ask pardon for the inconvenience that I have caused you, my boy. [*Takes some bank-notes from his pocket.*] Here are your six thousand francs, and [*holding out the remainder of the notes to André*] since you need money, help yourself.

André—Where in the world does that money come from?

Count—Oh, it is some money that I have received.

André—There was none coming to you from anywhere!

Count—There is always something to come to one, if he looks around carefully. And now let us speak of serious things.

André—Yes, by all means. Father, are you not disposed to settle down?

Count—What do you mean by "settle down"?

André—To save money, for one thing.

Count—Save money! I should be charmed to do so; but I really do not see how we can do it. We certainly live as modestly as possible. This house belongs to us; we have only four saddle horses, four carriage horses, a couple of extra horses for evening service (we could not get along with less), two coachmen, two valets, two grooms, one cook. Why, we haven't even a housekeeper.

André—No, we only want that!

Count—We never receive any except masculine society; we certainly are not extravagant as to the table. Look at me here: I am breakfasting this minute on two eggs and a glass of water. It seems to me that with our fortune—

André—Our fortune? Would you like to know in what condition our fortune is?

Count—You ought to know better than I, since it is you who have had the running of affairs since your majority.

André—Well then, I *do* know the expenses; and let me tell you that you have counted up only those that are part of our life in Paris, and you have not said a syllable of those that belong to our country one.

Count—Those that belong to our country one! Those are all just so much economy.

André—So then the place at Vilsac is just so much economy?

Count—Of course. We get everything from it, from eggs up to oxen.

André—Yes, and even to wild boars, when it suits you to shoot one. Now be so good as to consider the place at Vilsac, which you call a matter of economy. First of all, it brings us in absolutely nothing.

Count—It never has brought us in anything.

André—It is mortgaged for two hundred thousand francs.

Count—That happened when I was young.

André—Are you under the impression that there comes a time when mortgages wear themselves out? I wish they did. But I am afraid that you deceive yourself; and in the mean time, you are paying every year a mortgagor's interest. Furthermore, at Vilsac—

Count—Where, remember, we spend September, October, November, all of which is positively an economy—

André—Furthermore, as to Vilsac, this summer place where we pass September, October, and November,—all of which is positively an economy,—the proof of its being an economy is that here we are in the middle of September, and we are just setting out for Dieppe.

Count—For one time only, by chance! And moreover, we will have to go down to Vilsac by the end of the month, for I have asked those fellows to come down there for the shooting.

André—Yes, in this economical country place, where you have asked all those gentlemen to come down for the shooting, at the end of the month—

Count—Really, one would be bored to death without that!

André—In this same economical establishment, I say, you have twelve keepers.

Count—Quite true; but it is one of the best preserves in France, and really, there are so many poachers—

André—You have two masters of hounds, you have ten horses, —in short, a whole hunting equipage; and I don't speak of the indemnities that you pay year by year, if only for the rabbits that you kill.

Count—The fact is, there *are* thousands of rabbits; but shooting rabbits is such fun!

André—Add to that the entertainments that it occurs to you to give every now and then, with fireworks and so on, during the evening.

Count—Oh, yes, but that pleases all the peasants of the neighborhood, who adore me; between ourselves it *is* rather—

Oh, my dear boy! if I had only been rich, what fine things I would have done! In France, people do not know how to spend money. In Russia it is quite another matter! Now, there you have people who understand how to give an entertainment. But then what can anybody do with two hundred thousand livres for an income?

André—Father, one can do exactly what you have done,—one can ruin himself.

Count—What! ruin himself?

André—Yes. When my mother died your personal fortune brought you, as you say, an income of two hundred thousand livres; and the money which my mother left to me, of which you have had the use until I came of age, amounted to a hundred and twenty thousand livres.

Count—I certainly have made an accounting to you in the matter.

André—A perfectly exact one, only—

Count—Only—?

André—Only in doing so you have seriously impaired your own capital.

Count—Why did you not say that to me at the time?

André—Because I too—I was thinking of nothing but spending money.

Count—You ought to have warned me about this before now.

André—But I—I was doing then just what I see you doing; I was taking life exactly as you had taught me to take it.

Count—André, I hope that is not a reproach.

André—God bless me, no. I am only saying to you why I have not looked after your interests better than you have ever done so yourself.

Count—Very good. Then I am going to explain to you why I brought you up—

André—Not worth while, my dear father. There is no good in going back to that, and I know quite well—

Count—On the contrary, you know nothing at all about the matter, and you will please allow me to speak. It will be a consolation. You are perfectly right as to things that have no common-sense in them; and if I have brought you up after a certain manner, it is just because I myself suffer from a different kind of education. *I* was brought up very severely; at twenty-two years I knew nothing of life. I was born, I was kept

hanging on at Vilsac, with my father and my mother, who were saints on earth, with my great-uncle, who had the gout, and with my tutor, who was an abbé. I was born with a constitution like iron. I went hunting day by day for whole months, on foot or on horseback. I ate my meals like an ogre. I rode every sort of a horse, and I was a swordsman like St. George himself. As for other things, my dear fellow, there was no use dreaming about them: I had not a crown in my pocket. The other sex — well, I had heard it said that there was a world of women somewhere, but I certainly did not know where it was. One day my father asked me if I was willing to marry, and I cried out, « Oh yes, yes! » with such an explosion that my father himself could not help laughing — he who never laughed. I was presented to a young girl, virtuous and beautiful; and I fell in love with her with a passion which at first fairly frightened the delicate and timid creature. Such was your mother, my dear André, and to her I owe the two happiest years of my life; it is true that I owe to her also my greatest grief, for at the end of those two years she died. But it must be said, either to the blame or to the praise of nature, that organizations such as mine are proof against the severest shocks. At twenty-four years I found myself rich, a widower, free to do what I pleased, and thrown — with a child a year old — into the midst of this world called Paris, of which I knew nothing whatever. Ought I to have condemned you to this sort of life that I had led at Vilsac, and which had been for me so often an intolerable bore? No, I obeyed my real nature. I gave you my qualities and my shortcomings, without reckoning closely in the matter; I have sought in your case your affection rather than your obedience or your respect. I have never taught you economy, it is true, but then I did not know anything about that myself; and besides, I had not a business and a business name to leave you. To have everything in common between us, one heart and one purse, to be able to give each other everything and say everything to each other, — that has been our motto. The puritans will think that they have a right to blame this intimacy as too close: let them say so if they choose. We have lost, it seems, some hundreds of thousands of francs; but we have gained this, — that we can always count upon each other, you upon me and I upon you. Either of us will be ready at any moment to kill himself for the other, and that is the most important matter between a father and a son;

all the rest is not worth the trouble that one takes to reason about it. Don't you think I am right?

André—All that is true, my dear father! and I am just as much attached to you as you are to me. Far be it from me to reproach you; but now in my turn I want to make a confession to you. You are an exception in our society; your fettered youth, your precocious widowerhood, are your excuses, if you need any. You were born at a time when all France was in a fever, and when the individual, as well as the great mass of people, seemed to be striving to spend by every possible means a superabundance of vitality. Urged toward active life by nature, by curiosity, by temperament, you have cared for things that were worth caring for,—for them only; for entertaining yourself, for hunting, for fine horses, for the artist world, for people of rank and distinction. In such an environment as this you have paid your tribute to your country, you have paid the debt of your rank in life and of your name. But I, on the other hand, like almost all my generation, brought in contact with a fashionable world from the time that I began life,—I, born in an epoch of lassitude and transition,—I led for a while this life by mere imitation in laziness. . . . It is a kind of existence that no longer amuses me; and moreover, I can tell you that it never did amuse me. To sit up all night turning over cards; to get up at two o'clock in the afternoon, to have horses put to the carriage and go for the drive around the Lake, or to ride horseback; to live by day with idlers and to pass my evenings with such parasites as your friend M. De Tournas—all that seems to me the height of foolishness. And at the bottom of your own thoughts you think just as I do. So now, now that you really have got to a serious explanation of affairs, let us reach a real irrevocable determination of them. Are you willing to let me arrange your life for you in the future exactly as I would wish to arrange my own life? Are you willing to have confidence in me, and after having brought me up in your way, are you willing that in turn, while there is still time for it, I should—bring you up in mine?

Count—Yes, go on.

André—Very well,—to severe diseases strong remedies. You think a great deal of our Vilsac estate?

Count—I was born there. I should not be sorry to end my days there.

André—Very well. We will keep Vilsac for you, and find money in some other way to pay off the mortgage.

Count—How?

André—That's my business; only you must send away the two piqueurs, and six of the keepers.

Count—Poor fellows!

André—And only four horses are to be kept. No more entertainments are to be given, no more fireworks. You will entertain only two or three intimate friends now and then,—if we find as many friends as that among all those that are about us nowadays here,—and you will stay at Vilsac seven or eight months of the year.

Count—Alone!

André—Wait a little. I have not finished yet. This house where we are must be sold. We must put out of doors these servants, who are just so many thieves; and we will keep at Paris only a very modest stopping-place.

Count—Will you kindly allow me to get my breath?

André—Don't stir, or my surgical operation will not be successful. Now that your debts are paid there will be left to you—

Count—There will be left to me—

André—Forty thousand livres income, and as much for me,—no more; and with all that, during three or four years you will not have the capital at your disposition.

Count—Heavens, what a smash!

André—Are you willing to accept my scheme?

Count—I must.

André—Very well, then: sign these papers!

Count—What are they?

André—They are papers which I have just got from the notary, and which I have been expecting to make you sign while at Dieppe and send to me; but since you are here—

Count [*signs*]—Since I am here, I may as well sign at once: you are quite right,—there you are.

André—Very well; now as, according to my notions, just as much as you are left to yourself you will slip back into the same errors as in the past—

Count—What are you going to do further?

André—Guess.

Count—You are going to forbid—

André—Are you out of your senses? I am going to marry you off.

Count—Marry me off!

André—Without permission.

Count—And how about yourself?

André—I am going to marry myself off—afterwards. You must begin as an example.

Count—André, do you know something?

André—What?

Count—Some one has told you the very thing I have had in mind.

André—Nobody has told me anything.

Count—Your word on it?

André—My word on it.

Count—Explain yourself. You, all by yourself, have had this idea of marriage?

André—I myself.

Count—Deny now the sympathy between us!

André—Well?

Count—It exists [*putting his arms around his son*]. There, embrace me!

André—And you accept?

Count—As if I would do anything else!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by E. Irenæus Stevenson

MR. AND MRS. CLARKSON

From 'L'Étrangère'

[These scenes, the final ones of the drama, occur in the private drawing-room of Catherine, the young Duchess of Septmonts. Mr. Clarkson, a wealthy American man of business, a Californian, has just received a note from the Duke of Septmonts, a blasé young roué of high family, requesting him to call at once. He has come, in some bewilderment, to find the duke. Mr. Clarkson has only a formal acquaintance with the duke, but Mrs. Clarkson, who resides much of the time in Paris, acting as Mr. Clarkson's business representative, knows the duke confidentially. The Duchess of Septmonts receives Clarkson.]

MR. CLARKSON—I beg your pardon, madam, for having insisted on making my way in here; but a few moments ago I found on returning to my house, a letter from your husband. It asked me for a rendezvous as soon as possible,

without giving me a reason for it. I find M. de Septmonts not at home. May I ask you if you know how I can be of service to him?

Catherine—I was under the impression that in his letter, M. de Septmonts explained to you the matter in which he wishes your assistance.

Clarkson—No.

Catherine—Did not his letter contain another letter, sealed, which he purposed leaving in your hands?

Clarkson—No.

Catherine—Are you really telling me the truth?

Clarkson—I never lie, madam: I have too much business on my hands; it would mix me up quite too much in my affairs.

Catherine—Then perhaps it is to Mrs. Clarkson that my husband has intrusted that letter.

Clarkson—No. She would have mentioned it; for I told her that I had received a line from the Duke, and was on my way to this house.

Catherine—Perhaps your wife did not tell you—all.

Clarkson—She has no earthly reason to conceal anything from me!

Catherine—True! I know very well that she is your wife only in name; she told me as much when I was at her house yesterday.

Clarkson—Really! She must be very much pleased with you, for she does not talk readily about her personal affairs.

Catherine—Unfortunately, it is quite otherwise as far as I am concerned; she has not hidden from me the fact that she detests me, and that she will do me all the injury she possibly can.

Clarkson—You? Injury? For what reason? Pray, what have you done to her?

Catherine—Nothing! I have known her only two days Nevertheless—

Clarkson—Nevertheless—

Catherine—What I was going to say is not my secret, sir, it is hers, and she alone has the right to tell it to you. But as to this letter that my husband has told my father he has sent to you—it is I who wrote that letter. You may as well know, too, that it was abstracted from my possession; and moreover, that with that letter any one can indeed do me all the mischief with which your wife, Mrs. Clarkson, has threatened me.

Clarkson [*very gravely*]—Then we must know at once if my wife has that letter. I will write her to come here immediately and join us—that I have something very important to communicate to her—here. Are you willing to have her come? [*He writes while he speaks.*]

Catherine—Certainly.

Clarkson—Then we can have a general explanation. You may be sure, madam, that I shall never lend my hand to anything that means harm to you, or to any woman: I come from the country where we respect women.

Catherine [*rings the bell, and says to a servant who answers it*]—See that this letter is sent immediately. Be careful that it does not go astray. It is not my letter. This gentleman has written it. [*Exit servant.*]

Clarkson—And now, madam, do you know why M. de Septmonts wishes to have an interview with me?

Catherine—Yes, I can guess. It concerns me, perhaps; but I have no right to discuss the matter. It is something which belongs to the Duke, and he alone has the right to impart it to you. All I can do is to beg of you to have all details thoroughly explained to you, and to look into them very carefully.

A Servant *enters*

Servant—M. le Duc has come in; he will be glad to have Mr. Clarkson come to him.

Clarkson—Very good. [*Going.*] I bid you good evening, madam.

Catherine [*to the servant*]—Wait a moment. [*Going to Clarkson and speaking in a low voice.*] Suppose I were to ask you a very great service.

Clarkson—Ask it, madam.

Catherine—Suppose I were to ask you to say to my husband that you are waiting for him here in this drawing-room—that you will be glad to speak with him *here.*

Clarkson—Nothing but that? With great pleasure. [*To the servant.*] Say to M. de Septmonts that I shall be obliged if he will join me—here. [*Servant goes out.*]

Catherine—I shall leave you; for if I know what is going to be discussed in this interview, I neither could nor should take part in it; but whatever may come of it, I shall never forget

that you have done everything that you could do as a courtesy to me,— and that you are a gentleman. [*Exit Catherine.*]

Clarkson [*alone*] — Charming! She is charming, that little woman; but may I be hanged if I understand one word of what is going on here.

The Duke of Septmonts *comes in hastily, and advances to* Clarkson

Septmonts — I have just come from your house, Mr. Clarkson. Mrs. Clarkson told me you were here. I returned at once. Pardon me for troubling you. If when I came in I asked you to come to my own drawing-room, and have thus troubled you once more, it is because I was told you were expecting me here, with the duchess. This is her private parlor; and as what we have to say is a matter for men —

Clarkson — Therefore the duchess went to her own room when your return here was announced.

Septmonts — Mr. Clarkson, did *she* tell the servant that you would prefer to hold our conversation here?

Clarkson — No, I told him.

[*Septmonts goes to the door of the room by which Catherine went out, and closes the portière.*]

Clarkson [*in a scornful aside*] — What an amount of mystery and precaution!

Septmonts — The matter is this, Mr. Clarkson. I must fight a duel to-morrow morning. This duel can terminate only in the death of one or other of the contestants. I am the insulted one, therefore I have the choice of weapons. I choose the sword.

Clarkson — Do you fence well?

Septmonts — I believe I am one of the best fencers in Paris. But another friend on whom I could count is one of those men of the world who discuss all the details of an affair, and with whom the preliminaries of such a meeting might last several days. I want to get through with the matter at once.

Clarkson — Ah! The fact is, you *do* give an importance and a solemnity to such things in France that we don't understand, we Americans, who settle the question in five minutes on the first corner of the street, in the sight of everybody.

Septmonts — That is just the reason that I allowed myself to apply to you, Mr. Clarkson. Now, are you disposed to be present as my second?

Clarkson — Bless me, with all my heart! Besides, when I mentioned your letter to Mrs. Clarkson she told me to do all I could to serve you. Have you and my wife known each other long?

Septmonts — About four years; and I owe your wife a great deal, morally speaking. I have no desire to conceal the fact. I was not yet married when I met Mrs. Clarkson. One day I had lost a large sum at play,—a hundred and fifty thousand francs,—which I did not have, and tried in vain to procure; for at that time I was completely ruined. Mrs. Clarkson very generously lent me the sum, and I repaid it, with interest equivalent to the capital.

Clarkson — But as you were ruined, duke, how could you pay this large capital and this large interest? Did your father or mother die? In France the death of parents is a great resource, I know.

Septmonts — No. I was an orphan, and I had no expectations. I married.

Clarkson — Ah, true! You French people make much of marriages for money! It's a great advantage over us Americans, who only marry for love. Now with us, in such a case as yours, a man goes into some business or other; he goes to mining; he works. But every country has its own customs. I beg your pardon for interrupting you. After all, it doesn't concern me. Come back to our duel.

Septmonts — I have a letter here in my hands—

Clarkson — Ah! You have a letter in your hands—

Septmonts — A letter which compromises my wife—

Clarkson — Ah! I am completely at your service. I belong to the sort of men who do not admit any compromises in matters of that kind.

Septmonts — I may be killed — one has to look ahead. If I lose my life, I lose it by having been so injured by my wife that I intend to be revenged on her.

Clarkson — And how?

Septmonts — I wish that the contents of this letter, which I have in my possession, shall become public property if I am killed.

Clarkson [*coldly*] — Ah! And how can I serve you as to that?

Septmonts — I will intrust this sealed letter to you. [*He takes the letter from his pocket.*] Here it is.

Clarkson [*still more coldly*] — Very well.

Septmonts — Now, if I survive, you will restore it to me as it is. If not, then in the trial which will follow, you will read it in a court. I wish the letters to become public. Then it will be known that I avenged my honor under a feigned pretext; and M. Gérard and the duchess will be so situated that they will never be able to see each other again.

Clarkson — Nonsense! Once dead, what does it matter to you?

Septmonts — I am firm there. Will you kindly accept the commission?

Clarkson [*in a formal tone*] — Surely.

Septmonts — Here is the letter.

Clarkson [*takes it and holds it as he speaks*] — But, duke, now that I think about it, when this trial occurs it is probable, even certain, that I shall not be in France. I was expecting to leave Paris on business to-morrow morning at the latest. I can wait until to-morrow evening to please you, and to help you with this duel of yours; but that is really all the time I can spare.

Septmonts — Very well; then you will have the goodness to give this letter to Mrs. Clarkson with the instructions I have just given you, and it will be in equally good hands.

Clarkson [*looking at the letter*] — All right. A blank envelope. What is there to indicate that this letter was addressed to M. Gérard?

Septmonts — The envelope with his name on it is inside.

Clarkson — You found this letter?

Septmonts — I found it — before it was mailed.

Clarkson — And as you had your suspicions you — opened it?

Septmonts — Yes.

Clarkson — I beg your pardon for questioning you so, but you yourself did me the honor to say that you wished me to be *fully* informed. Do you know whether the sentiments between M. Gérard and the duchess were of long standing?

Septmonts — They date from before my marriage.

Clarkson [*looking toward the apartment of the duchess*] — Oh, I see. That is serious!

Septmonts — They loved each other, they wanted to marry each other, but my wife's father would not consent.

Clarkson [*reflectively*] — M. Gérard wanted to marry her, did he?

Septmonts — Yes; but when he learned that Mademoiselle Mauriceau was a millionaire, as he had nothing and had no title other than his plain name Gérard, he withdrew his pretensions.

Clarkson — That was a very proper thing for the young man to do. It doesn't surprise me!

Septmonts — Yes; but now, Mr. Clarkson, this young gentleman has come back —

Clarkson — And is too intimate a friend to your wife?

Septmonts — Ah, I do not say that!

Clarkson — What do you say, then?

Septmonts — That as the letter in question gives that impression, the situation amounts to the same thing as far as a legal process is concerned.

Clarkson [*thoughtfully and coldly*] — Oh-h-h!

Septmonts — Don't you agree with me, Mr. Clarkson?

Clarkson — No, not at all. I can understand revenge on those who have injured us, but not on those who haven't done so. And I don't like vengeance on a woman anyway, even when she is guilty; and certainly not when she is innocent; and you owe your wife a great deal — between ourselves, you owe your wife a great deal, duke. I understand now why, for once, your father-in-law M. Mauriceau sides with his daughter and M. Gérard against you. He is sure they both are innocent. By-the-by, does M. Mauriceau also know of this letter?

Septmonts — Yes. He even tried to take it from me by force.

Clarkson — Why did he not take it?

Septmonts — Ah, because you see, I had the presence of mind to tell him that I did not have it any longer — that I had sent it to you!

Clarkson [*ironically*] — That *was* very clever!

Septmonts — And then when M. Gérard had challenged me, M. Mauriceau thought he would make an impression by saying to him before me, "I will be your second."

Clarkson — Well, is that the whole story?

Septmonts — Yes.

Clarkson — Very well, my dear sir: to speak frankly, all those people whom you characterize so slightingly seem to me the right kind of people — excellent people. Your little wife seems to be the victim of prejudices, of morals, and of combinations about which we mere American savages don't know anything at all. In our American society, which of course I can't compare with

yours, as we only date from yesterday,— if Mademoiselle Mauriceau had loved a fine young fellow like M. Gérard, her father would have given her to the man she loved; or if he had refused that, why she would have gone quite simply and been married before the justice of the peace! Perhaps her father wouldn't have portioned her; but then the husband would have worked, gone into business, and the two young people would have been happy all the same. As to your M. Gérard here, he is an honest man and a clever one. We like people who work, we Americans, and to whatever country they belong, we hold them as compatriots — because we are such savages, I suppose. So you understand that I don't at all share your opinion of this question.

Septmonts — And so speaking, you mean — ?

Clarkson — That if I give you this explanation, it is because I think I understand that in paying me the honor of choosing me as a second, you thought that the men of my country were less clear sighted, less scrupulous than the men of yours. In short, duke, you thought I would lend my hand to all these social pettinesses, these little vilenesses which you have just recounted with a candor that honors you.

Septmonts — Do you happen to remember, Mr. Clarkson, that you are talking to *me* — in this way?

Clarkson — To you. Because there are only two of us here! But if you like, we will call in other people to listen.

Septmonts — Then, sir, you tell me to my face —

Clarkson — I tell you to your face that to squander your inheritance — to have gambled away money you did not have — to borrow it from a woman without knowing when or how you could return it — to marry in order to pay your debts and continue your dissipations — to revenge yourself now on an innocent woman — to steal letters — to misapply your skill in arms by killing a brave man — why, I tell you to your face that all that is the work of a rascal, and that therefore a rascal you are. Oh, what astonishes me is that fifty people haven't told you so already, and that I have had to travel three thousand leagues to inform you on the subject! For you don't seem to have ever suspected it, and you don't look thoroughly convinced even now.

Septmonts [*controlling himself with the greatest difficulty*] — Mr. Clarkson, you know that I cannot call you to account until I have settled with your friend M. Gérard. You take a strange

advantage of the fact, sir. But we shall meet again. Please return me the paper you have had from me.

Clarkson—Your wife's letter? Never in the world! As it was addressed to M. Gérard, it belongs to M. Gérard. I intend to give it to M. Gérard. If *he* wants to return it to you, I won't stand in the way; but I doubt whether he will return it.

Septmonts—You will fight me, then, you mean?

Clarkson—Oh! as for that; yes, fight as much as you like.

Septmonts—Very well; when I have finished with the other, you and I will have our business together.

Clarkson—Say the day after to-morrow, then?

Septmonts—The day after to-morrow.

Clarkson—Stop; I must start off by to-morrow night, at the latest.

Septmonts—You can wait. And while waiting, leave me!

Clarkson—Duke, do I look like a man to whom to say "leave" in that tone, and who goes? Now look at me; it isn't hard to see what I have decided. I don't mean you to fight with Gérard before you have fought with me. If Gérard kills you, I shan't have the pleasure of crossing swords with "one of the first fencers in Paris," which it will amuse me to do. If you kill him, you cause irreparable misfortunes. If you think I'm going to let you kill a man who has saved me twenty-five per cent. in the cost of washing gold, you are mistaken! Come, prove you are brave, even when you aren't sure of being the stronger! Go and get a good pair of swords from your room (since the sword is your favorite weapon—mine, too, for the matter of that), and follow me to those great bare grounds back of your house. On my way here I was wondering why in goodness's name they were not utilized. In the heart of the city they must be worth a good deal! We will prove it. As for seconds, umpires of the point of honor, we'll have the people who pass by in the street—if any do pass.

[*Septmonts rushes in a fury toward the door, but when there stretches his hand toward the bell. Clarkson throws himself between him and the bell.*]

Clarkson—Ah! no ringing, please! Don't play the Louis XV. gentleman, and order your servants to cudgel a poor beggar! or as sure as my name is Clarkson, I'll slap your face, sir, before all your lackeys.

Septmonts—Very well, so be it! I *will* begin with you. [*Angrily hastens from the room for the weapons.*]

Clarkson—Quite right! [*Looking coolly at his watch.*] Let me see; why, perhaps I *can* get away from Paris this evening after all. [*He goes calmly out at the back toward the darkened garden.*]

[*The Duchess of Septmonts has pulled aside the portière and looks toward the door by which her husband and Mr. Clarkson have gone out. She is very much agitated, and can hardly walk. She rings the bell, and then makes an effort to appear calm. The servant comes in.*]

Catherine [*tremulously, to the servant*]—Ask my father to come here, immediately. [*The servant goes out. Catherine looks toward the window and makes a movement to go to it.*] No, I will not look out! I will not know anything! I do not know anything; I have *heard* nothing; the minutes that that hand marks upon the clock, no one knows what they say to me. One of them will decide my life! Even if I had heard nothing, things would take the turn that they have, and I should merely be amazed in knowing of them. Instead of knowing nothing, I have merely to remember nothing. But no, no,—I am trying in vain to smother the voice of my own conscience! What I am doing is wicked. From the moment that I have known anything about this, I am an accomplice; and if one of these two men is killed he has been killed with my consent. No, I cannot and I will not. [*She runs toward the door. As she does so Mrs. Clarkson enters hastily.*] You, you, madam!

Mrs. Clarkson—Were you not really expecting me to-day, madam? My husband sends me a note to say that you—and he—wish to speak to me immediately.

Catherine—Madam, since Mr. Clarkson has written you, there has occurred a thing which neither your husband, nor I, nor you yourself could foresee.

Mrs. Clarkson—What do you mean?

Catherine—While my husband the duke has been explaining to Mr. Clarkson the reasons of the duel,—which you, you, madam, have provoked,—your husband, who did not find these reasons either sufficient or honorable, has undertaken to defend us—Gérard, yes, Gérard, and me,—and so very forcibly, that at this instant—

Mrs. Clarkson—They are fighting?

Catherine—Yes, yes, only a few steps away from here!

Mrs. Clarkson — Ah! That sounds like Clarkson! [*She takes a step toward the door.*]

Catherine — Madam, that duel must not go on.

Mrs. Clarkson — Why not?

Catherine — I will not permit these two men to lose their lives on my account.

Mrs. Clarkson — You? What difference does it make to you? They are not doing anything but what they chose to do. "Hands off," as the officials at the gaming-tables say when the ball has stopped rolling. You have wished to be free, haven't you? and you are perfectly right; you never said so to anybody, but you begged it all the same of One who can do anything. He has heard your prayer, and he has made use of me to save you; of me, who have been anxious to destroy you! That is justice; and do you think that I object — I who am to be the loser? In the game that I play with Destiny, every time I make up my mind that God is against me, I bow my head and throw up the game. I don't fear any one except God. He is on your side. Let us talk no more about it.

[*Just as she is speaking the last words, Clarkson comes in. He is very grave.*]

Mrs. Clarkson — See there. You are a widow.

Clarkson [*to Mrs. Clarkson*] — My dear Noémi, will you be so kind as to hand that paper to our friend the duchess. She will perhaps feel some embarrassment in taking it directly from my hand — and it is a thing that must be returned to her. Such was the last wish of her husband; he really did not have time to tell me as much, but I fancy that I guess it right.

[*Mrs. Clarkson calmly takes the letter and goes to Catherine.*]

Mrs. Clarkson — I once said to your friend M. Rémonin that if I lost my game I would lose like one who plays fair. Madam, it was through me that your marriage came to pass; and now it is through me that your marriage — is dissolved. [*Turning to Clarkson.*] And now, Clarkson, my dear, let us get out of this. You are a good and a brave fellow. I will go anywhere with you. I have had enough of Europe — things here are too small. Do you know, I really believe I am going to find myself in love with you! Come, let us go! I am positively smothering.

Clarkson — Yes, let us go.

[*At the moment that Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson are going out, servants and police officials, accompanied by a commissioner of the police service, appear in the door. Clarkson is pointed out.*]

Commissioner — I beg your pardon, monsieur,— there seems to have been — a murder here.

Clarkson — Oh no, monsieur, not at all a murder — only a duel.

Commissioner — And am I to understand, monsieur, that it is you who —

Clarkson — Oh yes, monsieur, it is I. You have come to take me into custody?

Commissioner — Yes, monsieur.

Clarkson — What a ridiculous country! I am ready to follow you, monsieur. But I am an American citizen. I shall give you bail — but of course, the law before anything. . . .

Mrs. Clarkson — Reckon on me, Clarkson. *I* shall take charge of this matter.

Clarkson — How are you going to do that?

Mrs. Clarkson — Oh, that's my affair.

[*Mrs. Clarkson crosses the stage and whispers a word to the commissioner. The commissioner bows very respectfully. Mrs. Clarkson goes out.*]

Commissioner [*to Dr. Rémonin*] — You are a doctor, monsieur?

Rémonin — Yes, monsieur.

Commissioner — Will you have the goodness to give a certificate of death?

Rémonin [*significantly*] — With great pleasure!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by E. Irenæus Stevenson

GEORGE DU MAURIER

(1834–1896)

GEORGE LOUIS PALMELLA BUSSON DU MAURIER was born in Paris on March 6th, 1834, and his early life was passed there. His father was a Frenchman, who had married an Englishwoman in Paris. The Du Mauriers came of an old family in Brittany, Du Maurier's grandfather having been a small *rentier*, who derived his living from glass-works. During Du Maurier's childhood his parents removed to Belgium and thence to London. At seventeen years of age he tried for a degree at the Sorbonne in Paris, but was not successful; and he was put, much against his will, to study chemistry under Dr. Williamson at University College, London. Du Maurier's father, whose characteristics are described in 'Peter Ibbetson,' was an amateur of science. It has been hinted by the son that certain unlucky experiments, which were the result of the elder Du Maurier's fancy for the natural sciences, considerably impaired the family fortunes. The father had bent his heart on the son's being a man of science, but the son's tastes were all for art. He did therefore little good in his chemical studies.

GEORGE DU MAURIER

Du Maurier's father died in 1856, and he then devoted himself definitely to art. He worked at the British Museum, and made considerable progress there. He next went to Paris, and lived the life which he has described in 'Trilby.' In 1857 he attended the Academy at Antwerp, and studied under De Kaiser and Van Lerius. His severe studies at Antwerp had the result that his sight was seriously impaired, and he lost the use of his left eye. After two years of enforced idleness he went to London to seek his fortune. An old acquaintance of his student life in Paris introduced him to Charles Reade, who in turn introduced him to Mark Lemon, the editor of Punch. Through these acquaintances he obtained employment in drawing for Once a Week, Punch, and the Cornhill Magazine. On the death of Leech in 1864 he was regularly attached to the staff of Punch, and till the time of his death continued to work

for that periodical with ever-increasing success. It is not too much to say that for many years Punch was chiefly and mainly Du Maurier. He early marked out for himself an entirely new path, which was not in the direction of caricature or broad comedy; grace, sentiment, and wit, rather than fun, were the characteristics of his work. He confined himself almost entirely to society, so that his field was a narrower one than that of some of his coadjutors. He had not, for instance, the masculine breadth of Leech, who represented with great strength and humor the chief characters of English life,—the parson, the soldier, the merchant, the farmer, etc.

Du Maurier was almost entirely a carpet knight. He drew London society, and a certain phase of London society. The particular society which he represented is of very recent existence. Thirty years ago there was but one society in London. This was simply the ancient aristocratic society of England, which gathered in London in the season. It is true that there was an artistic society in London at that time, but it was quite apart and of little general recognition or influence. But since then there has come up in London a society made up chiefly of artists, professional people, and successful merchants (having moreover its points of contact with the old society), which is very strong and influential. It is this which Du Maurier knew, and which he represented. Even here, however, the types he has selected for description were very special. But they were presented with so much grace and charm that the public never tired of them. To his type of woman he was especially faithful: the tall woman with long throat and well-defined chin, much resembling the figures of Burne-Jones and Rossetti, only somewhat more mundane. We have the same woman in the heroine of 'Trilby.'

Though Du Maurier, before beginning 'Peter Ibbetson,' had never written a book, he had had considerable literary experience, for he is said to have spent as much time upon the construction of the dialogues which accompanied his pictures as upon the pictures themselves. The story of 'Peter Ibbetson' he had often related to his friends, who had urged him to write it down. This he finally did,—at the special instance, it is said, of Henry James. It appeared in Harper's Magazine in 1891. 'Trilby' was published in 1894 in Harper's Magazine, and at once attained a great popular success. The publishers estimate that about 250,000 copies of the book have been sold. Du Maurier had sold the book outright for £2,000, but when it became apparent that the work was to be a success, the publishers admitted the author to a royalty, paying at one time $40,000. They also shared with him the large sums paid for the dramatization of the work. For 'The Martian,' his last novel, he received £10,000 outright. This also was published in Harper's Magazine.

It is perhaps too early to pass judgment upon the merits of these works. They have, no doubt, grave faults. The story of 'Peter Ibbetson' has been completed when it is but two-thirds told. The remaining portion of the book is a dream. This is of course a dangerous reversal of the usual method of the story-teller, which is to make dreams seem like facts. The hypnotic part of 'Trilby' is said by the professional authorities on the subject to be bad science. The hypnotism in 'Trilby' was perhaps a journalist's idea, that subject being much talked of at the time the book was written. Du Maurier, it need hardly be said, was by training a journalist, although the training had been of the pencil rather than of the pen. The literary style of the novels is curious. It makes no pretensions to finish; the grammar even is sometimes at fault. But on the other hand, it has decided merits. It is particularly easy, flowing, and simple. These are not the qualities we should have expected from the nature of Du Maurier's literary training. The brief dialogues which he has for so many years appended to his sketches in 'Punch' would have educated, we should have thought, the qualities of brevity and point rather than those of ease and fullness. Certain peculiarities of the style cannot be defended, but the author produces his effects in spite of such solecisms. This is true of the matter of his stories as well as of the style. They are at many points inartistically constructed; but the stuff is good, and the works therefore hold their own in spite of these drawbacks. They certainly have one virtue, which is most necessary to the success of any work of the imagination: they have reality. We believe as we read, and continue to believe after we have ceased reading, that the Major and Mimsey and Taffy and Trilby are real persons. They are real to us because they have in the first case been real to their creator. It is possible, however, that the pictures which accompany the text may increase the strength of the illusion.

No book, in recent years at any rate, has had so instantaneous and prodigious a popular success as 'Trilby.' Popularity is always hard to explain with any certainty. It seems to be a quality in the warp and woof of the mind of the man that has it. One condition appears to be that he shall be in sympathy with the minds of the mass of his fellow-beings. There was such a sympathy in Du Maurier's case; and to be more particular, his kindly and friendly enthusiasm was a quality to commend him to men. He had a power of enjoying beauty in his fellow-beings. Then he had had a long education in the qualities that make popularity. He had long studied the art of pleasing. It is not improbable that in these novels, which were intended for the American public, he may have played upon certain of our national susceptibilities. We in this country like to

have our literature taken seriously by the European. It may be that Du Maurier may have had an inkling of this, for it is curious to note how much of our poetry appears in these novels. Du Maurier had a very nice taste in poetry, a genuine enthusiasm for it which it is heartily to be wished were shared by all college professors of English literature. Thus, he could not have chosen better lines than those which Peter Ibbetson was in the habit of reciting to Mimsey, 'The Water-fowl' of Bryant,—perhaps the most perfect poem ever produced in this country,—a poem so "beautifully carried," as Matthew Arnold once described it to the present writer. Poe's beautiful and musical lines, written by him at fourteen,—'Helen, thy beauty is to me,'—are also made use of. We have a good deal of Longfellow and other American writers. 'Ben Bolt' is of course an American song. These appeals to our national predilections may have influenced us. But the interest and curiosity of our practical and hard-working American public in the Bohemian art life of the Latin Quarter was also, no doubt, a chief cause of the popularity of 'Trilby.'

Du Maurier did not live long to enjoy his success. He had always been known to his friends as a sensitive man, this quality being ascribed to ill health. Ill health was no doubt a chief cause of the vexation with which he received certain comments upon his books, in some cases inspired by envy of his success. Many of his recent contributions to Punch have been at the expense of the unsuccessful author, and have supported the thesis that ill success was not an indubitable proof of genius. When Lord Wolseley asked him what would be the title of his next novel, he said 'Soured by Success.' He died in London on October 8th, 1896.

AT THE HEART OF BOHEMIA

From 'Trilby.' Copyright 1894, by Harper & Brothers

And then—well, I happen to forget what sort of a day this particular day turned into, about six of the clock.

If it was decently fine, the most of them went off to dine at the Restaurant de la Couronne, kept by the Père Trin, in the Rue de Monsieur, who gave you of his best to eat and drink for twenty sols Parisis, or one franc in the coin of the empire. Good distending soups, omelets that were only too savory, lentils, red and white beans, meat so dressed and sauced and seasoned that you didn't know whether it was beef or mutton, flesh, fowl, or good red herring,—or even bad, for that matter,—nor very greatly care.

And just the same lettuce, radishes, and cheese of Gruyère or Brie as you got at the Trois Frères Provençaux (but not the same butter!). And to wash it all down, generous wine in wooden "brocs," that stained a lovely æsthetic blue everything it was spilled over.

And you hobnobbed with models, male and female, students of law and medicine, painters and sculptors, workmen and blanchisseuses and grisettes, and found them very good company, and most improving to your French, if your French was of the usual British kind, and even to some of your manners, if these were very British indeed. And the evening was innocently wound up with billiards, cards, or dominoes at the Café du Luxembourg opposite; or at the Théâtre du Luxembourg, in the Rue de Madame, to see funny farces with screamingly droll Englishmen in them; or still better, at the Jardin Bullier (la Closerie des Lilas), to see the students dance the cancan, or try and dance it yourself, which is not so easy as it seems; or best of all, at the Théâtre de l'Odéon, to see Fechter and Madame Doche in the 'Dame aux Camélias.'

Or if it were not only fine, but a Saturday afternoon into the bargain, the Laird would put on a necktie and a few other necessary things, and the three friends would walk arm-in-arm to Taffy's hotel in the Rue de Seine, and wait outside till he had made himself as presentable as the Laird, which did not take very long. And then (Little Billee was always presentable) they would, arm-in-arm, the huge Taffy in the middle, descend the Rue de Seine and cross a bridge to the Cité, and have a look in at the Morgue. Then back again to the quays on the Rive Gauche by the Pont Neuf, to wend their way westward; now on one side to look at the print and picture shops and the magasins of bric-à-brac, and haply sometimes buy thereof, now on the other to finger and cheapen the second-hand books for sale on the parapet, and even pick one or two utterly unwanted bargains, never to be read or opened again.

When they reached the Pont des Arts they would cross it, stopping in the middle to look up the river towards the old Cité and Notre Dame, eastward, and dream unutterable things and try to utter them. Then turning westward, they would gaze at the glowing sky and all it glowed upon — the corner of the Tuileries and the Louvre, the many bridges, the Chamber of Deputies, the golden river narrowing its perspective and broadening

its bed, as it went flowing and winding on its way between Passy and Grenelle to St. Cloud, to Rouen, to the Havre, to England perhaps — where *they* didn't want to be just then; and they would try and express themselves to the effect that life was uncommonly well worth living in that particular city at that particular time of the day and year and century, at that particular epoch of their own mortal and uncertain lives.

Then, still arm-in-arm and chatting gayly, across the courtyard of the Louvre, through gilded gates well guarded by reckless imperial Zouaves, up the arcaded Rue de Rivoli as far as the Rue Castiglione, where they would stare with greedy eyes at the window of the great corner pastry-cook, and marvel at the beautiful assortment of bonbons, pralines, dragées, marrons glacés — saccharine, crystalline substances of all kinds and colors, as charming to look at as an illumination; precious stones, delicately frosted sweets, pearls and diamonds so arranged as to melt in the mouth; especially, at this particular time of the year, the monstrous Easter eggs of enchanting hue, enshrined like costly jewels in caskets of satin and gold; and the Laird, who was well read in his English classics and liked to show it, would opine that "they managed these things better in France."

Then across the street by a great gate into the Allée des Feuillants, and up to the Place de la Concorde — to gaze, but quite without base envy, at the smart people coming back from the Bois de Boulogne. For even in Paris "carriage people" have a way of looking bored, of taking their pleasure sadly, of having nothing to say to each other, as though the vibration of so many wheels all rolling home the same way every afternoon had hypnotized them into silence, idiocy, and melancholia.

And our three musketeers of the brush would speculate on the vanity of wealth and rank and fashion; on the satiety that follows in the wake of self-indulgence and overtakes it; on the weariness of the pleasures that become a toil — as if they knew all about it, had found it all out for themselves, and nobody else had ever found it out before!

Then they found out something else — namely, that the sting of healthy appetite was becoming intolerable; so they would betake themselves to an English eating-house in the Rue de la Madeleine (on the left-hand side near the top), where they would renovate their strength and their patriotism on British beef and beer, and household bread, and bracing, biting, stinging yellow

mustard, and horseradish, and noble apple-pie, and Cheshire cheese; and get through as much of these in an hour or so as they could for talking, talking, talking; such happy talk! as full of sanguine hope and enthusiasm, of cocksure commendation or condemnation of all painters, dead or alive, of modest but firm belief in themselves and each other, as a Paris Easter egg is full of sweets and pleasantness (for the young).

And then a stroll on the crowded, well-lighted boulevards, and a bock at the café there, at a little three-legged marble table right out on the genial asphalt pavement, still talking nineteen to the dozen.

Then home by dark old silent streets and some deserted bridge to their beloved Latin Quarter, the Morgue gleaming cold and still and fatal in the pale lamplight, and Notre Dame pricking up its watchful twin towers, which have looked down for so many centuries on so many happy, sanguine, expansive youths walking arm-in-arm by twos and threes, and forever talking, talking, talking. . . .

The Laird and Little Billee would see Taffy safe to the door of his *hôtel garni* in the Rue de Seine, where they would find much to say to each other before they said good-night — so much that Taffy and Little Billee would see the Laird safe to *his* door, in the Place St. Anatole des Arts. And then a discussion would arise between Taffy and the Laird on the immortality of the soul, let us say, or the exact meaning of the word "gentleman," or the relative merits of Dickens and Thackeray, or some such recondite and quite unhackneyed theme, and Taffy and the Laird would escort Little Billee to *his* door, in the Place de l'Odéon, and he would re-escort them both back again, and so on till any hour you please.

Or again, if it rained, and Paris through the studio window loomed lead-colored, with its shiny slate roofs under skies that were ashen and sober, and the wild west wind made woeful music among the chimney-pots, and little gray waves ran up the river the wrong way, and the Morgue looked chill and dark and wet, and almost uninviting (even to three healthy-minded young Britons), they would resolve to dine and spend a happy evening at home.

Little Billee, taking with him three francs (or even four), would dive into back streets and buy a yard or so of crusty new bread, well burned on the flat side, a fillet of beef, a litre

of wine, potatoes and onions, butter, a little cylindrical cheese called "bondon de Neufchâtel," tender curly lettuce, with chervil, parsley, spring onions, and other fine herbs, and a pod of garlic, which would be rubbed on a crust of bread to flavor things with.

Taffy would lay the cloth English-wise, and also make the salad, for which, like everybody else I ever met, he had a special receipt of his own (putting in the oil first and the vinegar after); and indeed, his salads were quite as good as everybody else's.

The Laird, bending over the stove, would cook the onions and beef into a savory Scotch mess so cunningly that you could not taste the beef for the onions — nor always the onions for the garlic!

And they would dine far better than at le Père Trin's, far better than at the English Restaurant in the Rue de la Madeleine — better than anywhere else on earth!

And after dinner, what coffee, roasted and ground on the spot, what pipes and cigarettes of "caporal," by the light of the three shaded lamps, while the rain beat against the big north window, and the wind went howling round the quaint old mediæval tower at the corner of the Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres (the old street of the bad lepers), and the damp logs hissed and crackled in the stove!

What jolly talk into the small hours! Thackeray and Dickens again, and Tennyson and Byron (who was "not dead yet" in those days); and Titian and Velasquez, and young Millais and Holman Hunt (just out); and Monsieur Ingres and Monsieur Delacroix, and Balzac and Stendhal and George Sand; and the good Dumas! and Edgar Allan Poe; and the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. . . .

Good, honest, innocent, artless prattle — not of the wisest, perhaps, nor redolent of the very highest culture (which by the way can mar as well as make), nor leading to any very practical result; but quite pathetically sweet from the sincerity and fervor of its convictions, a profound belief in their importance, and a proud trust in their lifelong immutability.

Oh happy days and happy nights, sacred to art and friendship! oh happy times of careless impecuniosity, and youth and hope and health and strength and freedom — with all Paris for a playground, and its dear old unregenerate Latin Quarter for a workshop and a home!

CHRISTMAS IN THE LATIN QUARTER

From 'Trilby.' Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers

CHRISTMAS was drawing near.

There were days when the whole Quartier Latin would veil its iniquities under fogs almost worthy of the Thames Valley between London Bridge and Westminster, and out of the studio window the prospect was a dreary blank. No Morgue! no towers of Notre Dame! not even the chimney-pots over the way — not even the little mediæval toy turret at the corner of the Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres, Little Billee's delight!

The stove had to be crammed till its sides grew a dull deep red, before one's fingers could hold a brush or squeeze a bladder; one had to box or fence at nine in the morning, that one might recover from the cold bath and get warm for the rest of the day!

Taffy and the Laird grew pensive and dreamy, childlike and bland; and when they talked, it was generally about Christmas at home in merry England and the distant land of cakes, and how good it was to be there at such a time — hunting, shooting, curling, and endless carouse!

It was Ho! for the jolly West Riding, and Hey! for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, till they grew quite homesick, and wanted to start by the very next train.

They didn't do anything so foolish. They wrote over to friends in London for the biggest turkey, the biggest plum-pudding, that could be got for love or money, with mince-pies, and holly and mistletoe, and sturdy, short, thick English sausages, half a Stilton cheese, and a sirloin of beef — two sirloins, in case one should not be enough.

For they meant to have a Homeric feast in the studio on Christmas Day — Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee — and invite all the delightful chums I have been trying to describe; and that is just why I tried to describe them — Durien, Vincent, Antony, Lorrimer, Carnegie, Petrolicoconose, l'Zouzou, and Dodor!

The cooking and waiting should be done by Trilby, her friend Angèle Boisse, M. et Mme. Vinard, and such little Vinards as could be trusted with glass and crockery and mince-pies; and if that was not enough, they would also cook themselves and wait upon each other.

When dinner should be over, supper was to follow, with scarcely any interval to speak of; and to partake of this, other guests should be bidden — Svengali and Gecko, and perhaps one or two more. No ladies!

For as the unsusceptible Laird expressed it, in the language of a gillie he had once met at a servants' dance in a Highland country-house, "Them wimmen spiles the ball!"

Elaborate cards of invitation were sent out, in the designing and ornamentation of which the Laird and Taffy exhausted all their fancy (Little Billee had no time).

Wines and spirits and English beers were procured at great cost from M. E. Delevigne's, in the Rue St. Honoré, and liqueurs of every description — chartreuse, curaçoa, ratafia de cassis, and anisette; no expense was spared.

Also truffled galantines of turkey, tongues, hams, rillettes de Tours, pâtés de foie gras, "fromage d'Italie" (which has nothing to do with cheese), saucissons d'Arles et de Lyon, with and without garlic, cold jellies, peppery and salt — everything that French charcutiers and their wives can make out of French pigs, or any other animal whatever, beast, bird, or fowl (even cats and rats), for the supper; and sweet jellies and cakes, and sweetmeats, and confections of all kinds, from the famous pastry-cook at the corner of the Rue Castiglione.

Mouths went watering all day long in joyful anticipation. They water somewhat sadly now at the mere remembrance of these delicious things — the mere immediate sight or scent of which in these degenerate latter days would no longer avail to promote any such delectable secretion. Hélas! ahimè! ach weh! ay de mi! eheu! οἴμοι — in point of fact, *alas!*

That is the very exclamation I wanted.

Christmas eve came round. The pieces of resistance and plum-pudding and mince-pies had not yet arrived from London — but there was plenty of time.

Les trois Angliches dined at le Père Trin's, as usual, and played billiards and dominoes at the Café du Luxembourg, and possessed their souls in patience till it was time to go and hear the midnight mass at the Madeleine, where Roucouly, the great baritone of the Opéra Comique, was retained to sing Adam's famous Noël.

The whole Quarter seemed alive with the réveillon. It was a clear frosty night, with a splendid moon just past the full, and

most exhilarating was the walk along the quays on the Rive Gauche, over the Pont de la Concorde and across the Place thereof, and up the thronged Rue de la Madeleine to the massive Parthenaic place of worship that always has such a pagan, worldly look of smug and prosperous modernity.

They struggled manfully, and found standing and kneeling room among that fervent crowd, and heard the impressive service with mixed feelings, as became true Britons of very advanced liberal and religious opinions; not with the unmixed contempt of the proper British Orthodox (who were there in full force, one may be sure).

But their susceptible hearts soon melted at the beautiful music, and in mere sensuous *attendrissement* they were quickly in unison with all the rest.

For as the clock struck twelve, out pealed the organ, and up rose the finest voice in France:

> «Minuit, Chrétiens! c'est l'heure solennelle
> Où l'Homme-Dieu descendit parmi nous!»

And a wave of religious emotion rolled over Little Billee and submerged him; swept him off his little legs, swept him out of his little self, drowned him in a great seething surge of love — love of his kind, love of love, love of life, love of death, love of all that is and ever was and ever will be — a very large order indeed, even for Little Billee.

And it seemed to him that he stretched out his arms for love to one figure especially beloved beyond all the rest — one figure erect on high, with arms outstretched to him, in more than common fellowship of need: not the sorrowful Figure crowned with thorns, for it was in the likeness of a woman; but never that of the Virgin Mother of our Lord.

It was Trilby, Trilby, Trilby! a poor fallen sinner and waif, all but lost amid the scum of the most corrupt city on earth. Trilby, weak and mortal like himself, and in woeful want of pardon! and in her gray dove-like eyes he saw the shining of so great a love that he was abashed; for well he knew that all that love was his, and would be his forever, come what would or could.

> «Peuple, debout! Chante ta délivrance!
> *Noël! Noël! Voici le Rédempteur!*»

So sang and rang and pealed and echoed the big deep metallic baritone bass — above the organ, above the incense, above everything else in the world — till the very universe seemed to shake with the rolling thunder of that great message of love and forgiveness!

Thus at least felt Little Billee, whose way it was to magnify and exaggerate all things under the subtle stimulus of sound, and the singing human voice had especially strange power to penetrate into his inmost depths — even the voice of man!

And what voice but the deepest and gravest and grandest there is, can give worthy utterance to such a message as that,— the epitome, the abstract, the very essence of all collective humanity's wisdom at its best!

«DREAMING TRUE»

From 'Peter Ibbetson.' Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers

As I sat down on a bench by the old willow (where the rat lived), and gazed and gazed, it almost surprised me that the very intensity of my desire did not of itself suffice to call up the old familiar faces and forms, and conjure away these modern intruders. The power to do this seemed almost within my reach: I willed and willed and willed with all my might, but in vain; I could not cheat my sight or hearing for a moment. There they remained, unconscious and undisturbed, those happy, well-mannered, well-appointed little French people, and fed the gold and silver fish; and there with an aching heart I left them.

Oh, surely, surely, I cried to myself, we ought to find some means of possessing the past more fully and completely than we do. Life is not worth living for many of us, if a want so desperate and yet so natural can never be satisfied. Memory is but a poor rudimentary thing that we had better be without, if it can only lead us to the verge of consummation like this, and madden us with a desire it cannot slake. The touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still, the tender grace of a day that is dead, should be ours forever at our beck and call, by some exquisite and quite conceivable illusion of the senses.

Alas! alas! I have hardly the hope of ever meeting my beloved ones again in another life. Oh, to meet their too dimly remembered forms in this, just as they once were, by some trick

of my own brain! To see them with the eye, and hear them with the ear, and tread with them the old obliterated ways as in a waking dream! It would be well worth going mad, to become such a self-conjurer as that.

I got back to my hotel in the Rue de la Michodière.

Prostrate with emotion and fatigue, the tarantella still jingling in my ears, and that haunting, beloved face, with its ineffable smile, still printed on the retina of my closed eyes, I fell asleep.

And then I dreamed a dream, and the first phase of my real, inner life began!

All the events of the day, distorted and exaggerated and jumbled together after the usual manner of dreams, wove themselves into a kind of nightmare and oppression. I was on my way to my old abode; everything that I met or saw was grotesque and impossible, yet had now the strange, vague charm of association and reminiscence, now the distressing sense of change and desolation.

As I got near to the avenue gate, instead of the school on my left there was a prison; and at the door a little thick-set jailer, three feet high and much deformed, and a little deformed jaileress no bigger than himself, were cunningly watching me out of the corners of their eyes, and toothlessly smiling. Presently they began to waltz together to an old familiar tune, with their enormous keys dangling at their sides; and they looked so funny that I laughed and applauded. But soon I perceived that their crooked faces were not really funny; indeed, they were fatal and terrible in the extreme, and I was soon conscious that these deadly dwarfs were trying to waltz between me and the avenue gate for which I was bound — to cut me off, that they might run me into the prison, where it was their custom to hang people of a Monday morning.

In an agony of terror I made a rush for the avenue gate, and there stood the Duchess of Towers, with mild surprise in her eyes and a kind smile — a heavenly vision of strength and reality.

"You are not dreaming true!" she said. "Don't be afraid — those little people don't exist! Give me your hand and come in here."

And as I did so she waved the troglodytes away, and they vanished; and I felt that this was no longer a dream, but something else—some strange thing that had happened to me, some new life that I had woke up to.

For at the touch of her hand my consciousness, my sense of being I, myself, which hitherto in my dream (as in all previous dreams up to then) had been only partial, intermittent, and vague, suddenly blazed into full, consistent, practical activity—just as it is in life, when one is well awake and much interested in what is going on; only with perceptions far keener and more alert.

I knew perfectly who I was and what I was, and remembered all the events of the previous day. I was conscious that my real body, undressed and in bed, now lay fast asleep in a small room on the fourth floor of an *hôtel garni* in the Rue de la Michodière. I knew this perfectly; and yet here was my body too, just as substantial, with all my clothes on; my boots rather dusty, my shirt collar damp with the heat, for it was hot. With my disengaged hand I felt in my trousers pocket; there were my London latch-key, my purse, my penknife; my handkerchief in the breast pocket of my coat, and in its tail pockets my gloves and pipe-case, and the little water-color box I had bought that morning. I looked at my watch; it was going, and marked eleven. I pinched myself, I coughed, I did all one usually does under the pressure of some immense surprise, to assure myself that I was awake; and I *was*, and yet here I stood, actually hand in hand with a lady to whom I had never been introduced (and who seemed much tickled at my confusion); and staring now at her, now at my old school.

The prison had tumbled down like a house of cards, and lo! in its place was M. Saindou's *maison d'éducation*, just as it had been of old. I even recognized on the yellow wall the stamp of a hand in dry mud, made fifteen years ago by a day boy called Parisot, who had fallen down in the gutter close by, and thus left his mark on getting up again; and it had remained there for months, till it had been whitewashed away in the holidays. Here it was anew, after fifteen years.

The swallows were flying and twittering. A yellow omnibus was drawn up to the gates of the school; the horses stamped and neighed, and bit each other, as French horses always did in those days. The driver swore at them perfunctorily.

A crowd was looking on — le Père et la Mère François, Madame Liard the grocer's wife, and other people, whom I remembered at once with delight. Just in front of us a small boy and girl were looking on, like the rest, and I recognized the back and the cropped head and thin legs of Mimsey Seraskier.

A barrel organ was playing a pretty tune I knew quite well, and had forgotten.

The school gates opened, and M. Saindou, proud and full of self-importance (as he always was), and half a dozen boys whose faces and names were quite familiar to me, in smart white trousers and shining boots, and silken white bands round their left arms, got into the omnibus, and were driven away in a glorified manner — as it seemed — to heaven in a golden chariot. It was beautiful to see and hear.

I was still holding the duchess's hand, and felt the warmth of it through her glove; it stole up my arm like a magnetic current. I was in Elysium; a heavenly sense had come over me that at last my periphery had been victoriously invaded by a spirit other than mine — a most powerful and beneficent spirit. There was a blessed fault in my impenetrable armor of self, after all, and the genius of strength and charity and loving-kindness had found it out.

« Now you're dreaming true,» she said. « Where are those boys going ? »

« To church, to make their *première communion*,» I replied.

« That's right. You're dreaming true because I've got you by the hand. Do you know that tune ? »

I listened, and the words belonging to it came out of the past, and I said them to her, and she laughed again, with her eyes screwed up deliciously.

« Quite right — quite ! » she exclaimed. « How odd that you should know them ! How well you pronounce French for an Englishman ! For you are Mr. Ibbetson, Lady Cray's architect ? »

I assented, and she let go my hand.

The street was full of people — familiar forms and faces and voices, chatting together and looking down the road after the yellow omnibus; old attitudes, old tricks of gait and manner, old forgotten French ways of speech — all as it was long ago. Nobody noticed us, and we walked up the now deserted avenue.

The happiness, the enchantment of it all ! Could it be that I was dead, that I had died suddenly in my sleep, at the hotel

in the Rue de la Michodière? Could it be that the Duchess of Towers was dead too — had been killed by some accident on her way from St. Cloud to Paris? and that, both having died, so near each other, we had begun our eternal after-life in this heavenly fashion?

That was too good to be true, I reflected; some instinct told me that this was not death, but transcendent earthly life — and also, alas! that it would not endure forever!

I was deeply conscious of every feature in her face, every movement of her body, every detail of her dress, — more so than I could have been in actual life, — and said to myself, "Whatever this is, it is no dream." But I felt there was about me the unspeakable elation which can come to us only in our waking moments when we are at our very best; and then only feebly, in comparison with this, and to many of us never. It never had to me, since that morning when I had found the little wheelbarrow.

I was also conscious, however, that the avenue itself had a slight touch of the dream in it. It was no longer quite right, and was getting out of drawing and perspective, so to speak. I had lost my stay — the touch of her hand.

"Are you still dreaming true, Mr. Ibbetson?"

"I am afraid not quite," I replied.

"You must try by yourself a little — try hard. Look at this house; what is written on the portico?"

I saw written in gold letters the words "Tête Noire," and said so.

She rippled with laughter, and said, "No, try again;" and just touched me with the tip of her finger for a moment.

I tried again, and said "Parvis Notre Dame."

"That's rather better," she said, and touched me again; and I read, "Parva sed Apta," as I had so often read there before in old days.

"And now look at that old house over there," pointing to my old home; "how many windows are there in the top story?"

I said seven.

"No; there are five. Look again!" and there were five; and the whole house was exactly, down to its minutest detail, as it had been once upon a time. I could see Thérèse through one of the windows, making my bed.

"That's better," said the duchess; "you will soon do it — it's very easy — *ce n'est que le premier pas!* My father taught me;

you must always sleep on your back with your arms above your head, your hands clasped under it and your feet crossed, the right one over the left, unless you are left-handed; and you must never for a moment cease thinking of where you want to be in your dream till you are asleep and get there; and you must never forget in your dream where and what you were when awake. You must join the dream on to reality. Don't forget. And now I will say good-by; but before I go, give me both your hands, and look round everywhere as far as your eye can see."

It was hard to look away from her; her face drew my eyes, and through them all my heart; but I did as she told me, and took in the whole familiar scene, even to the distant woods of Ville d'Avray, a glimpse of which was visible through an opening in the trees; even to the smoke of a train making its way to Versailles, miles off; and the old telegraph, working its black arms on the top of Mont Valérien.

"Is it all right?" she asked. "That's well. Henceforward, whenever you come here, you will be safe as far as your sight can reach,—from this spot,—all through my introduction. See what it is to have a friend at court! No more little dancing jailers! And then you can gradually get farther by yourself.

"Out there, through that park, leads to the Bois de Boulogne—there's a gap in the hedge you can get through; but mind and make everything plain in front of you—*true*, before you go a step farther, or else you'll have to wake and begin it all over again. You have only to will it, and think yourself as awake, and it will come—on condition, of course, that you have been there before. And mind, also, you must take care how you touch things or people—you may hear, see, and smell; but you mustn't touch, nor pick flowers or leaves, nor move things about. It blurs the dream, like breathing on a window-pane. I don't know why, but it does. You must remember that everything here is dead and gone by. With you and me it is different; we're alive and real—that is, *I* am; and there would seem to be no mistake about your being real too, Mr. Ibbetson, by the grasp of your hands. But you're *not;* and why you are here, and what business you have in this my particular dream, I cannot understand; no living person has ever come into it before. I can't make it out. I suppose it's because I saw your reality this afternoon, looking out of the window at the Tête Noire, and you are

just a stray figment of my over-tired brain--a very agreeable figment, I admit; but you don't exist here just now—you can't possibly; you are somewhere else, Mr. Ibbetson; dancing at Mabille, perhaps, or fast asleep somewhere, and dreaming of French churches and palaces, and public fountains, like a good young British architect—otherwise I shouldn't talk to you like this, you may be sure!

"Never mind. I am very glad to dream that I have been of use to you, and you are very welcome here, if it amuses you to come—especially as you are only a false dream of mine, for what else *can* you be? And now I must leave you: so good-by."

She disengaged her hands and laughed her angelic laugh, and then turned towards the park. I watched her tall straight figure and blowing skirts, and saw her follow some ladies and children into a thicket that I remembered well, and she was soon out of sight.

I felt as if all warmth had gone out of my life; as if a joy had taken flight; as if a precious something had withdrawn itself from my possession, and the gap in my periphery had closed again.

Long I stood in thought, with my eyes fixed on the spot where she had disappeared; and I felt inclined to follow, but then considered this would not have been discreet. For although she was only a false dream of mine, a mere recollection of the exciting and eventful day, a stray figment of my over-tired and excited brain—a *more* than agreeable figment (what else *could* she be!)—she was also a great lady, and had treated me, a perfect stranger and a perfect nobody, with singular courtesy and kindness; which I repaid, it is true, with a love so deep and strong that my very life was hers to do what she liked with, and always had been since I first saw her, and always would be as long as there was breath in my body! But this did not constitute an acquaintance without a proper introduction, even in France—even in a dream. Even in dreams one must be polite, even to stray figments of one's tired, sleeping brain.

And then what business had *she* in *this*, *my* particular dream—as she herself had asked of me?

But *was* it a dream? I remembered my lodgings at Pentonville, that I had left yesterday morning. I remembered what I was—why I came to Paris; I remembered the very bedroom at the Paris hotel where I was now fast asleep, its loudly ticking

clock, and all the meagre furniture. And here was I, broad awake and conscious in the middle of an old avenue that had long ceased to exist — that had been built over by a huge brick edifice covered with newly painted trellis-work. I saw it,— this edifice,— myself, only twelve hours ago. And yet here was everything as it had been when I was a child; and all through the agency of this solid phantom of a lovely young English duchess, whose warm gloved hands I had only this minute been holding in mine! The scent of her gloves was still in my palm. I looked at my watch; it marked twenty-three minutes to twelve. All this had happened in less than three-quarters of an hour!

Pondering over all this in hopeless bewilderment, I turned my steps towards my old home, and to my surprise, was just able to look over the garden wall, which I had once thought about ten feet high.

Under the old apple-tree in full bloom sat my mother, darning small socks; with her flaxen side-curls (as it was her fashion to wear them) half concealing her face. My emotion and astonishment were immense. My heart beat fast. I felt its pulse in my temples, and my breath was short.

At a little green table that I remembered well sat a small boy, rather quaintly dressed in a bygone fashion, with a frill round his wide shirt collar, and his golden hair cut quite close at the top, and rather long at the sides and back. It was Gogo Pasquier. He seemed a very nice little boy. He had pen and ink and copy-book before him, and a gilt-edged volume bound in red morocco. I knew it at a glance; it was 'Elegant Extracts.' The dog Médor lay asleep in the shade. The bees were droning among the nasturtiums and convolvulus.

A little girl ran up the avenue from the porter's lodge and pushed the garden gate, which rang the bell as it opened, and she went into the garden, and I followed her; but she took no notice of me, nor did the others. It was Mimsey Seraskier.

I went and sat at my mother's feet, and looked long in her face.

I must not speak to her nor touch her — not even touch her busy hand with my lips, or I should "blur the dream."

I got up and looked over the boy Gogo's shoulder. He was translating Gray's Elegy into French; he had not got very far, and seemed to be stumped by the line —

"And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Mimsey was silently looking over his other shoulder, her thumb in her mouth, one arm on the back of his chair. She seemed to be stumped also; it was an awkward line to translate.

I stooped and put my hand to Médor's nose, and felt his warm breath. He wagged his rudiment of a tail, and whimpered in his sleep. Mimsey said:—

"Regarde Médor, comme il remue la queue! *C'est le Prince Charmant qui lui chatouille le bout du nez.*"

Said my mother, who had not spoken hitherto:—

"Do speak English, Mimsey, please."

O my God! My mother's voice, so forgotten, yet so familiar, so unutterably dear! I rushed to her and threw myself on my knees at her feet, and seized her hand and kissed it, crying, "Mother, mother!"

A strange blur came over everything; the sense of reality was lost. All became as a dream—a beautiful dream, but only a dream; and I woke.

BARTY JOSSELIN AT SCHOOL

From 'The Martian'

From Harper's Magazine. Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers

INDEED, even from his early boyhood, he was the most extraordinarily gifted creature I have ever known, or even heard of; a kind of spontaneous humorous Crichton to whom all things came easily—and life itself as an uncommonly good joke. During that summer term of 1847 I did not see very much of him. He was in the class below mine, and took up with Laferté and little Bussy-Rabutin, who were first-rate boys, and laughed at everything he said, and worshiped him. So did everybody else, sooner or later; indeed, it soon became evident that he was a most exceptional little person.

In the first place, his beauty was absolutely angelic, as will be readily believed by all who have known him since. The mere sight of him as a boy made people pity his father and mother for being dead!

Then he had a charming gift of singing little French and English ditties, comic or touching, with his delightful fresh young pipe, and accompanying himself quite nicely on either piano or guitar without really knowing a note of music. Then he could

draw caricatures that we boys thought inimitable, much funnier than Cham's or Bertall's or Gavarni's, and collected and treasured up. I have dozens of them now — they make me laugh still, and bring back memories of which the charm is indescribable; and their pathos to me!

And then how funny he was himself, without effort, and with a fun that never failed! He was a born buffoon of the graceful kind,— more whelp or kitten than monkey — ever playing the fool, in and out of season, but somehow always apropos; and French boys love a boy for that more than anything else; or did in those days.

. . . . . .

His constitution, inherited from a long line of frugal seafaring Norman ancestors (not to mention another long line of well-fed, well-bred Yorkshire squires), was magnificent. His spirits never failed. He could see the satellites of Jupiter with the naked eye; this was often tested by M. Dumollard, maître de mathématiques (et de cosmographie), who had a telescope, which, with a little good-will on the gazer's part, made Jupiter look as big as the moon, and its moons like stars of the first magnitude.

His sense of hearing was also exceptionally keen. He could hear a watch tick in the next room, and perceive very high sounds to which ordinary human ears are deaf (this was found out later); and when we played blindman's buff on a rainy day, he could, blindfolded, tell every boy he caught hold of — not by feeling him all over like the rest of us, but by the mere smell of his hair, or his hands, or his blouse! No wonder he was so much more alive than the rest of us! According to the amiable, modest, polite, delicately humorous, and ever tolerant and considerate Professor Max Nordau, this perfection of the olfactory sense proclaims poor Barty a degenerate! I only wish there were a few more like him, and that I were a little more like him myself!

By the way, how proud young Germany must feel of its enlightened Max, and how fond of him, to be sure! *Mes compliments!*

But the most astounding thing of all (it seems incredible, but all the world knows it by this time, and it will be accounted for later on) is that at certain times and seasons Barty knew by an infallible instinct *where the north was*, to a point. Most of my

readers will remember his extraordinary evidence as a witness in the "Rangoon" trial, and how this power was tested in open court, and how important were the issues involved, and how he refused to give any explanation of a gift so extraordinary.

It was often tried at school by blindfolding him, and turning him round and round till he was giddy, and asking him to point out where the North Pole was, or the North Star, and seven or eight times out of ten the answer was unerringly right. When he failed, he knew beforehand that for the time being he had lost the power, but could never say why. Little Doctor Larcher could never get over his surprise at this strange phenomenon, nor explain it; and often brought some scientific friend from Paris to test it, who was equally nonplussed.

When cross-examined, Barty would merely say: —

"Quelquefois je sais — quelquefois je ne sais pas — mais quand je sais, je sais, et il n'y pas à s'y tromper!"

Indeed, on one occasion that I remember well a very strange thing happened; he not only pointed out the north with absolute accuracy, as he stood carefully blindfolded in the gymnastic ground, after having been turned and twisted again and again — but still blindfolded, he vaulted the wire fence and ran round to the refectory door, which served as the home at rounders, all of us following; and there he danced a surprising dance of his own invention, that he called 'La Paladine,' the most humorously graceful and grotesque exhibition I ever saw; and then, taking a ball out of his pocket, he shouted, "À l'amandier!" and threw the ball. Straight and swift it flew, and hit the almond tree, which was quite twenty yards off; and after this he ran round the yard from base to base, as at "la balle au camp," till he reached the camp again.

"If ever he goes blind," said the wondering M. Mérovée, "he'll never need a dog to lead him about."

"He must have some special friend above!" said Madame Germain (Mérovée's sister, who was looking on).

Prophetic words! I have never forgotten them, nor the tear that glistened in each of her kind eyes as she spoke. She was a deeply religious and very emotional person, and loved Barty almost as if he were a child of her own.

Such women have strange intuitions.

Barty was often asked to repeat this astonishing performance before skeptical people — parents of boys, visitors, etc. — who had

been told of it, and who believed he could not have been properly blindfolded; but he could never be induced to do so.

There was no mistake about the blindfolding — I helped in it myself; and he afterwards told me the whole thing was "aussi simple que bonjour" if once he felt the north — for then, with his back to the refectory door, he knew exactly the position and distance of every tree from where he was.

"It's all nonsense about my going blind and being able to do without a dog," he added; "I should be just as helpless as any other blind man, unless I was in a place I knew as well as my own pocket — like this play-ground! Besides, *I* shan't go blind; nothing will ever happen to *my* eyes — they're the strongest and best in the whole school!"

He said this exultingly, dilating his nostrils and chest; and looked proudly up and around, like Ajax defying the lightning.

"But what *do* you feel when you feel the north, Barty — a kind of tingling?" I asked.

"Oh — I feel where it is — as if I'd got a mariner's compass trembling inside my stomach — and as if I wasn't afraid of anybody or anything in the world — as if I could go and have my head chopped off and not care a fig."

"Ah, well — I can't make it out — I give it up," I exclaimed.

"So do I," exclaims Barty.

"But tell me, Barty," I whispered — "*have* you — have you *really* got a — a — *special friend above?*"

"Ask no questions and you'll get no lies," said Barty, and winked at me one eye after the other — and went about his business, and I about mine.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

(1465?–1530?)

A PICTURESQUE figure in a picturesque age is that of William Dunbar, court minstrel to James IV., and as Sir Walter Scott declared, "a poet unrivaled by any that Scotland has ever produced." Little of his personal history is known. Probably he was a native of East Lothian, a member of the family of the Earl of March, and a graduate of St. Andrews University about the year 1479. After his college days he joined the order of Franciscans and became a mendicant friar, preaching the queer sermons of his time, and begging his way through England and France. Yet in these pilgrimages the young scholar learned useful habits of self-denial, saw new phases of human character, and above all enjoyed that close communion with nature which is the need of the poet. Over and over there is a reflection of this life in that fanciful verse, which has caught the color of the morning hours when the hedgerows are wet and the grass dewy, when the wild roses scent the roadside and the lark is at matins — verse full of the joy of life and the hope of youth.

After some years of this vagabond life, Dunbar left the Franciscans and attached himself to the court, where he speedily became a favorite. His day was one of pageant and show, of masque and spectacle, and into its gay assemblage of knights and courtiers, ladies and great nobles, Dunbar fitted perfectly. When an embassy was sent to England to negotiate the royal marriage with Margaret Tudor, Dunbar went along, being specially accredited by the king. He became a favorite with the young Princess, and a poem written in honor of the city of London, and one descriptive of the Queen's Progress, afford a faithful and valuable memorial of this mission. History is fortunate when she secures a poet as her scribe. Dunbar is principally known by his three poems 'The Thistle and the Rose,' 'The Golden Targe,' and 'The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins.'

The first of these is an allegory celebrating the nuptials of the king. It suggests of course the allegories of Chaucer; but Dunbar's muse is his own, and the poem springs fresh and clear from native fonts. The poet represents himself as awakened by Aurora on a spring morning and told to do homage to May. Through the symbolism of the court of Nature, who crowns the Lion and Eagle, commissions the Thistle and Rose as her handmaidens, and orders their praises sung by the assembled birds of earth, the political significance

of the allegory appears. But 'The Thistle and the Rose,' which is thus made to illustrate the union between the two great houses of Scotland and England, is far more than the poem of an occasion. It is full of the melody and fragrance of spring, saturated with that sensuous delight which at this bountiful season fills the veins of Nature. Here Dunbar is no longer the court laureate, but the begging friar, wandering through the green lanes and finding bed and board under the free skies.

'The Golden Targe' is more artificial in construction. It is another allegory, descriptive of an encounter between Cupid and Reason, who is defended by a golden targe or shield from the attacks of love. Here again the rural landscape forms a background to his mimic action. Amazons dressed in green fight the battle of Cupid, and vanquish Reason, then magically vanish and leave the poet to awake from his dream. 'The Golden Targe' was a poem to be read in the royal presence, when the court assembled after a day's hunting or an afternoon of archery; but it is filled with the ethereal loveliness which only the true poet beholds.

It is in 'The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins' that Dunbar touches the note of seriousness, which characterizes his race and his individual genius. This satire is not so unsparing an indictment as the vision of Piers Ploughman, and yet it provokes inevitable comparison with the older poem. In a dream the poet sees heaven and hell opened. It is the eve of Ash Wednesday, and the Devil has commanded a dance to be performed by those spirits that had never received absolution. In obedience to this command the Seven Deadly Sins present a masque before his Satanic Majesty, and it is in the description of this grisly performance that Dunbar reveals a new aspect of power. The comedy here is not comic, but grotesque and horrid. The vision of the Scot is the vision that came to the poets of the 'Inferno' and 'Paradise Lost,' and it shows that his imagination was capable of the loftiest flights.

After the melancholy day of Flodden Field, the Scottish laureateship ceased to exist, but it is remarkable that so prominent a man as Dunbar should so completely have disappeared from contemporary view that his subsequent career and the time of his death are matters of doubt. His period is given as between the years 1465 and 1530, but these dates are only approximate.

Had Dunbar held his genius in hand as completely as did Chaucer, his accomplishment would doubtless have been greater than it was. Yet his place in literature is that of one of the most important poets of the fifteenth century, the age of Caxton and book-making, the time of that first flush of radiance which ushered in the full day of Spenser and Shakespeare.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE

QUHEN Merche wes with variand windis past,
And Appryle had, with her silver schouris,
Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt:

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,
Me thocht Aurora with hir cristall ene
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halsit me, with visage paill and grene;
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene:—
Awalk, luvaris, out of you slomering;
Sé hou the lusty morrow dois up spring.

Me thocht fresche May befoir my bed up stude,
In weid depaynt of mony diverss hew,
Sobir, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
In brycht atteir of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys;
Quhyll all the house illumynit of her lemys.

Slugird, sche said, awalk annone for schame,
And in my honour sum thing thou go wryt;
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
To raise up luvaris with confort and delyt;
Yit nocht incressis thy curage to indyt,
Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,
Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

Than callit sche all flouris that grew on feild,
Discirnyng all thair fassionis and effeiris,
Upone the awfull Thrissil sche beheld,
And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris;
Considering him so able for the weiris,
A radius croun of rubeis sche him gaif,
And said, In feild go furth and fend the laif:

And sen thou art a King, thou be discreit;
Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of sic pryce
As herb of vertew and of odour sueit;

And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce;
Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlicheness,
Compair hir till the lilleis nobilness.

Nor hald non udir flour in sic denty
As the fresche Rois, of cullour reid and quhyt:
For gife thow dois, hurt is thyne honesty;
Considring that no flour is so perfyt,
So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt,
So full of blisful angeilik bewty,
Imperiall birth, honour and dignité.

FROM 'THE GOLDEN TARGE'

BRYGHT as the stern of day begouth to schyne
Quhen gone to bed war Vesper and Lucyne,
I raise, and by a rosere did me rest:
Up sprang the goldyn candill matutyne,
With clere depurit bemes cristallyne
Glading the mery foulis in thair nest;
Or Phebus was in purpur cape revest
Up raise the lark, the hevyn's menstrale fyne
In May, in till a morrow myrthfullest.

Full angellike thir birdis sang thair houris
Within thair courtyns grene, in to thair bouris,
Apparalit quhite and red, wyth blomes suete;
Anamalit was the felde with all colouris,
The perly droppis schuke in silvir schouris;
Quhill all in balme did branch and levis flete,
To part fra Phebus did Aurora grete;
Hir cristall teris I saw hyng on the flouris
Quhilk he for lufe all drank up with his hete.

For mirth of May, wyth skippis and wyth hoppis,
The birdis sang upon the tender croppis,
With curiouse notis, as Venus chapell clerkis;
The rosis yong, new spreding of their knoppis,
War powderit brycht with hevinly beriall droppis,
Throu bemes rede, birnyng as ruby sperkis;
The skyes rang for schoutyng of the larkis.

NO TREASURE AVAILS WITHOUT GLADNESS

BE MERRY, man, and tak not sair in mind
The wavering of this wretchit warld of sorrow;
To God be humble, and to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbour gladly lend and borrow:
His chance to-nicht, it may be thine to-morrow;
Be blyth in heart for ony aventúre;
For oft with wise men't has been said aforrow
Without Gladnéss availis no Treasúre.

Mak thee gude cheer of it that God thee sendis,
For warldis wrak but weilfare nocht availis;
Nae gude is thine, save only that thou spendis,
Remenant all thou brukis but with bailis:
Seek to soláce when sadness thee assailis;
In dolour lang thy life may not indure,
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sailis;
Without Gladnéss availis no Treasúre.

Follow on pitý, flee trouble and debate,
With famous folkis hald thy company;
Be charitáble and humble in thine estate,
For warldly honour lastis but a cry:
For trouble in erd tak no mélancholý;
Be rich in patience, give thou in guids be puir;
Who livis merry he livis michtily;
Without Gladnéss availis no Treasúre.

Thou sees thir wretches set with sorrow and care
To gather guids in all their livis space;
And when their bags are full, their selves are bare,
And of their riches but the keeping has:
While others come to spend it that has grace,
Whilk of thy winning no labour had nor cure.
Tak thou example, and spend with merriness;
Without Gladnéss availis no Treasúre.

Though all the work that e'er had living wicht
Were only thine, no more thy part does fall
But meat, drink, clais, and of the lave a sicht,
Yet to the Judge thou sall give compt of all;
Ane reckoning richt comes of ane ragment small:
But just and joyous, do to none injúre,
Ane Truth sall mak thee strang as ony wall;
Without Gladnéss availis no Treasúre.

FINLEY PETER DUNNE

(1867–)

BY JEFFERSON BUTLER FLETCHER

FINLEY PETER DUNNE was born of Irish parentage in Chicago on July 10th, 1867. Educated in the public schools, he entered newspaper life as a reporter in 1885. Between 1892 and 1900 he served on the editorial staff of several Chicago papers. Later, in New York, he was for several years an editor of the American Magazine, and had charge of the Department called ‹In the Interpreter's House.› He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Although Dunne's literary activities have been many-sided, he lives for the American people principally if not solely as Mr. Dooley.

The conversations between Mr. Martin Dooley and his rather subservient crony Mr. Hennessy were suggested by real experience with real people. Dunne gives a pleasant glimpse of the facts in the preface to his first collection of Dooley papers, ‹Mr. Dooley in War and Peace› (1898). One need not distinguish too nicely between fact and fiction, but one must insist upon the human reality, the «indigeneity» — to use Mr. Howells's formidable but expressive word — of this Middle Western Irish-American philosopher-«barkeep.» Mr. Dooley's saloon is on the outer edge of Chicago on «Archey Road,» «forninst th' gas-house and beyant Healey's slough and not far from the polis station.» He was born in Ireland, but he has a long life of sound Americanism behind him. His has been rather an observant and reflective life than an active one. He is somewhat sedentary of habit. As Mr. Hennessy reminded him on one occasion: «All this time ye've been standin' behind this bar ladlin' out disturbance to th' Sixth Wa-ard, an' ye haven't been as far east as Mitchigan Avnoo in twinty years.»

The young journalist wrote up the sage saloon-keeper as a «local character» likely to amuse passingly some readers of the paper to which he was attached. The sketch attracted enough attention to justify repetition. Finally, it became an institution in the Chicago Journal and Evening Post. But it was the national topic of the Spanish War that brought Mr. Dooley out of his local obscurity. Even then, since Dunne's first volume was published anonymously, it was rather Mr. Dooley who became famous overnight than Mr. Dunne. Indeed, Dunne has so merged his literary personality with Mr. Dooley that for the larger public he exists only as Mr. Dooley. From time to time Dunne has essayed other literary rôles, other modes of expression. His papers ‹In the Interpreter's House› in the American Magazine

were a seriously intended effort. They proved their author's versatility; the character of Mr. Worldly Wiseman gave promise of satirical possibilities; one of them — on the bravery or cowardice exhibited in the disaster of the *Titanic* — tapped a new vein in Dunne's talent of earnestness and eloquence; but they made no stir. People wanted more of Mr. Dooley, and would have nothing else from his creator.

So now for nearly a decade nothing of importance — indeed, little of unimportance — has happened without Mr. Dooley making remarks about it to Mr. Hennessy. Mr. Dooley is thus become more than a household name; he has been a national institution. He has commented good-humoredly but incisively on the brag and blundering of our Spanish War as of Britain's Boer War, the egomania and attitudinizings of the Kaiser — merely absurd they seemed then, — the solemn anachronisms of King George's Coronation, the hilarities of Hobson, the donativeness of Carnegie, on Booker Washington in the White House, on «Teddy Rosenfelt» in all aspects, on Woman's Suffrage, on political conventions and other conventions, on Golf. The mood of his comment has varied from slightly disguised serious reflection on life to passing quirks of wit like this from the skit on Golf. Said Mr. Dooley: «‹Th' best players is called scratch-men.› ‹What's that f'r?› Mr. Hennessy asked. ‹It's a Scotch game,› said Mr. Dooley, with a wave of his hand.»

Mr. Hennessy is the one interlocutor. A certain Mr. Hogan is often referred to, a Mr. Cassidy occasionally, and a Teutonic rival in the business, Schwartzmeister, but they never appear. Indeed, Hennessy himself only serves to keep Mr. Dooley talking. He is merely the foil to a monologue, yet he is an appreciable character — honest, positive enough when his mind is really made up, but easily overawed by his more dominant friend and not quick to catch on. There is virtually no action. Mr. Dooley picks up or lays down a newspaper, or wipes off his bar.

Mr. Dooley's brogue is itself an interesting achievement. It is not «stage» Irish. I cannot say whether it is dialectically accurate, — as Synge's dialects may be, for instance. Mr. Dunne is no philologian, but he has taken Mr. Dooley from dictation, as it were. It is *his* Irish-American as he spoke it in Chicago at the turning of the twentieth century. It is first-hand reality, — that which gives distinction generally to the Dooley dialogues. They are glorified «interviews» by a reporter of talent.

The dialogues appeared first in a Chicago newspaper. They in a way belong to the newspaper. A number were written for the American Magazine while Dunne was an editor, but they seemed out of place. They suggest — and have most fittingly appeared as comment of the day — «hot fuit fra the press.» From time to time they have been collected into little volumes, the most important of which are

‹Mr. Dooley in Peace and War› (1898); ‹Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen› (1898); ‹Mr. Dooley's Philosophy› (1900); ‹Mr. Dooley's Opinions› (1901); ‹Observations by Mr. Dooley› (1902); ‹Dissertations by Mr. Dooley› (1906); ‹Mr. Dooley Says› (1910). Obviously, these collections are not for continuous reading.

It is too soon to hazard a guess as to the permanence of Mr. Dooley in American literature. But one may confidently affirm that he has exercised a happy influence on his own time morally and *pour rire*. If Mark Twain still may claim the supremacy of American humor, Mr. Dooley at least has earned that of Irish-American humor — a title perhaps in principle even more truly representative of the great Melting Pot.

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ON OUR CUBAN ALLIES

«WELL, sir,» said Mr. Dooley, «dam thim Cubians! If I was Gin'ral Shafter, I'd back up th' wagon in front iv th' dure an' I'd say to Gin'ral Garshy, I'd say, ‹I want you›; an' I'd have thim all down at th' station an' dacently booked be th' desk sergeant befure th' fall iv night. Th' impydince iv thim!»

«What have they been doin'?» Mr. Hennessy asked.

«Failin' to undherstand our civilization,» said Mr. Dooley. «Ye see, it was this way. This is th' way it was: Gin'ral Garshy with wan hundherd thousan' men's been fightin' bravely f'r two years f'r to liberyate Cubia. F'r two years he's been marchin' his sivinty-five thousan' men up an' down th' island, desthroyin' th' haughty Spanyard be th' millyons. Whin war was declared, he offered his own sarvice an' th' sarvices iv his ar-rmy iv fifty thousan' men to th' United States; an,' while waitin' f'r ships to arrive, he marched at th' head iv his tin thousan' men down to Sandago de Cuba an' captured a cigar facthry, which they soon rayjooced to smokin' ruins. They was holdin' this position — Gin'ral Garshy an' his gallant wan thousan' men — whin Gin'ral Shafter arrived. Gin'ral Garshy immedjitly offered th' sarvices iv himsilf an' his two hundherd men f'r th' capture iv Sandago; an', when Gin'ral Shafter arrived, there was Gin'ral Garshy with his gallant band iv fifty Cubians, r-ready to eat at a minyit's notice.

«Gin'ral Shafter is a big, coorse, two-fisted man fr'm Mitchigan, an', whin he see Gin'ral Garshy an' his twinty-five gallant followers,

(Fr-ront,) says he. (This way,) he says, (step lively,) he says, (an' move some iv these things,) he says. (Sir,) says Gin'ral Garshy, (d'ye take me f'r a dhray?) he says. (I'm a sojer,) he says, (not a baggage car,) he says. (I'm a Cubian pathrite, an' I'd lay down me life an' the lives iv ivry wan iv th' eighteen brave men iv me devoted ar-rmy,) he says; (but I'll be dam'd if I carry a thrunk,) he says. (I'll fight whiniver 'tis cool,) he says, (an' they ain't wan iv these twelve men here that wudden't follow me to hell if they was awake at th' time,) he says; (but,) he says, (if 'twas wurruk we were lookin' f'r, we cud have found it long ago,) he says. (They'se a lot iv it in this counthry that nobody's usin',) he says. (What we want,) he says, (is freedom,) he says; (an', if ye think we have been in th' woods dodgin' th' savage corryspondint f'r two year,) he says, (f'r th' sake iv r-rushin' yer laundhry home,) he says, ('tis no wondher,) he says, (that th' r-roads fr'm Marinette to Kalamazoo is paved with goold bricks bought be th' people iv ye'er native State,) he says.

«So Shafter had to carry his own thrunk; an' well it was f'r him that it wasn't Gin'ral Miles', the weather bein' hot. An' Shafter was mad clear through; an', whin he took hold iv Sandago, an' was sendin' out invitations, he scratched Garshy. Garshy took his gallant band iv six back to th' woods; an' there th' three iv thim ar-re now, ar-rmed with forty r-rounds iv canned lobster, an' ready to raysist to th' death. Him an' th' other man has written to Gin'ral Shafter to tell him what they think iv him, an' it don't take long.»

«Well,» said Mr. Hennessy, «I think Shafter done wrong. He might've asked Garshy in f'r to see th' show, seein' that he's been hangin' ar-round f'r a long time, doin' th' best he cud.»

«It isn't that,» explained Mr. Dooley. «Th' throuble is th' Cubians don't undherstand our civilization. Over here freedom means hard wurruk. What is th' ambition iv all iv us, Hinnissy? 'Tis ayether to hold our job or to get wan. We want wurruk. We must have it. D'ye raymimber th' sign th' mob carrid in th' procession las' year? (Give us wurruk, or we perish,) it said. They had their heads bate in be polismen because no philan-thropist'd come along an' make thim shovel coal. Now, in Cubia, whin th' mobs turns out, they carry a banner with the wurruds, (Give us nawthin' to do, or we perish.) Whin a Cubian comes home at night with a happy smile on his face, he don't say to his wife an' childher, (Thank Gawd, I've got wurruk at last!) He says, (Thank Gawd, I've been fired.) An' th' childher go out, and they say, (Pah-pah has lost his job.) And Mrs. Cubian buys hersilf a new bonnet; and

where wanst they was sorrow an' despair all is happiness an' a cottage organ.

«Ye can't make people here undherstand that, an' ye can't make a Cubian undherstand that freedom means th' same thing as a pinitinchry sintince. Whin we thry to get him to wurruk, he'll say: ‹Why shud I? I haven't committed anny crime.› That's goin' to be th' throuble. Th' first thing we know we'll have another war in Cubia whin we begin disthributin' good jobs, twelve hours a day, wan sivinty-five. Th' Cubians ain't civilized in our way. I sometimes think I've got a touch iv Cubian blood in me own veins.»

ON THE DREYFUS CASE

«I SEE be th' pa-apers,» said Mr. Dooley, «that Col. Hinnery, th' man that sint me frind Cap Dhry-fuss to th' cage, has moved on. I sup-pose they'll give th' Cap a new thrile now.»

«I hope they won't,» said Mr. Hennessy. «I don't know annything about it, but I think he's guilty. He's a Jew.»

«Well,» said Mr. Dooley, «ye'er thoughts on this subject is inthrestin', but not conclusive, as Dorsey said to th' Pollack that thought he cud lick him. Ye have a r-right to ye'er opinyon, an' ye'll hold it annyhow, whether ye have a r-right to it or not. Like most iv ye'er fellow-citizens, ye start impartial. Ye don't know annything about th' case. If ye knew annything, ye'd not have an opinyon wan way or th' other. They'se niver been a matther come up in my time that th' American people was so sure about as they ar-re about th' Dhry-fuss case. Th' Frinch ar-re not so sure, but they'se not a polisman in this counthry that can't tell ye jus' where Dhry-fuss was whin th' remains iv th' poor girl was found. That's because th' thrile was secret. If 'twas an open thrile, an' ye heerd th' tisti-mony, an' knew th' language, an' saw th' safe afther 'twas blown open, ye'd be puzzled, an' not care a rush whether Dhry-fuss was naked in a cage or takin' tay with his uncle at th' Benny Brith Club.

«I haven't made up me mind whether th' Cap done th' shootin' or not. He was certainly in th' neighborhood whin th' fire started, an' th' polis dug up quite a lot iv lead pipe in his back yard. But it's wan thing to sus-pect a man iv doin' a job an' another thing to prove that he didn't. Me frind Zola thinks he's innocint, an' he raised th' divvle at th' thrile. Whin th' judge come up on th' bench an' opined th' coort, Zola was settin' down below with th' lawyers. ‹Let us pro-ceed,› says th' impartial an' fair-minded judge, ‹to th' thrile iv

th' haynious monsther Cap Dhry-fuss,› he says. Up jumps Zola, an' says he in Frinch: ‹Jackuse,› he says, which is a hell of a mane thing to say to anny man. An' they thrun him out. ‹Judge,› says th' attorney f'r th' difinse, ‹an' gintlemen iv th' jury,› he says. ‹Ye're a liar,› says th' judge. ‹Cap, ye're guilty, an' ye know it,› he says. ‹Th' decision iv th' coort is that ye be put in a cage, an' sint to th' Divvle's own island f'r th' r-rest iv ye'er life,› he says. ‹Let us proceed to hearin' th' tisti-mony,› he says. ‹Call all th' witnesses at wanst,› he says, ‹an' lave thim have it out on th' flure,› he says. Be this time Zola has come back; an' he jumps up, an,' says he, ‹Jackuse,› he says. An' they thrun him out.

«‹Befure we go anny farther,› says th' lawyer f'r th' difinse, ‹I wish to sarve notice that, whin this thrile is over, I intind,› he says, ‹to wait outside,› he says, ‹an' hammer th' hon'rable coort into an omelet,› he says. ‹With these few remarks I will close,› he says. ‹Th' coort,› says th' judge, ‹is always r-ready to defind th' honor iv France,› he says; ‹an', if th' larned counsel will con-sint,› he says, ‹to step up here f'r a minyit,› he says, ‹th' coort'll put a sthrangle hold on him that'll not do him a bit iv good,› he says. ‹Ah!› he says. ‹Here's me ol' frind Pat th' Clam,› he says. ‹Pat, what d'ye know about this case?› he says. ‹None iv ye'er business,› says Pat. ‹Answered like a man an' a sojer,› says th' coort. ‹Jackuse,› says Zola fr'm th' dureway. An' they thrun him out. ‹Call Col. Hinnery,› says th' coort. ‹He ray-fuses to answer.› ‹Good. Th' case is clear. Cap forged th' will. Th' coort will now adjourn f'r dools, an' all ladin' officers iv th' ar-rmy not in disgrace already will assimble in jail, an' com-mit suicide,› he says. ‹Jackuse,› says Zola, an' started f'r th' woods, pursued be his fellow-editors. He's off somewhere in a three now hollerin' ‹Jackuse› at ivry wan that passes, sufferin' martyrdom f'r his counthry an' writin' now an' thin about it all.

«That's all I know about Cap Dhry-fuss' case, an' that's all anny man knows. Ye didn't know as much, Hinnissy, till I told ye. I don't know whether Cap stole th' dog or not.»

«What's he charged with?» Mr. Hennessy asked, in bewilderment.

«I'll niver tell ye,» said Mr. Dooley. «It's too much to ask.»

«Well, annyhow,» said Mr. Hennessy, «he's guilty, ye can bet on that.»

JEAN VICTOR DURUY

(1811–1894)

DURUY, whose monumental works upon Grecian and Roman history have been worthily reproduced in England under the editorship of Professor Mahaffy, and in America in sumptuous illustrated editions, was a figure of the first importance both in the educational and in the distinctly literary history of France, throughout nearly half the present century. He became one of the «Immortals» in 1884, succeeding to the chair of Mignet; but his 'History of Ancient Greece,' which was published in 1862, had been already crowned by the Academy. His more extensive 'History of the Grecian People,' published in 1885–1887, won from the Academy the Jean Renaud prize of 10,000 francs.

JEAN VICTOR DURUY

He was born September 11th, 1811, of a family employed in the Gobelins tapestry works in Paris. His predilection for study secured him an opportunity to enter the College of Sainte-Barbe, whence he passed to the Normal School.

When he was twenty-two he began teaching history, first at Rheims, and then in the College of Henry IV. in Paris. Here he began his literary work, mostly upon school-books, of which he wrote many, mainly historical and geographical. He received the degree of Doctor of Letters in 1853, and became successively Inspector of the Academy of Paris, Master of Conferences at the Normal School, Professor of History at the Polytechnic School, and Inspector-General of Secondary Instruction. During the whole of this period he had been engaged with secondary classes, and had become strongly impressed by the faulty condition of the primary and secondary schools. In 1863 Louis Napoleon put him at the head of the educational system of the empire as Minister of Public Instruction. This appointment gave him the opportunity to carry out numerous and important secularizing reforms which brought him into sharp collision with the clerical party. He held his post as minister for six years — six years of struggle with the parsimonious

disposition of the administration upon the one hand, and with the hostile clericals upon the other.

The measures in which he was especially interested were the reorganization of the Museum of Natural History, the extension of scientific study, the introduction of the study of modern and contemporary history in the lyceums (a dreadful experiment, according to his opponents), gratuitous and compulsory primary education, the improvement of the night schools, and popular classes for adults. He was to a large extent successful in all these, except in the direction of compulsory education. The efforts which he made to improve the instruction given to young girls brought upon him the tempest. The bishops, with Monsignor Dupanloup of Orléans at their head, raised a veritable crusade, and Pope Pio Nono himself at length entered the hostile ranks. Probably in part because of this conflict, he was superseded in 1869 and was made a member of the Senate, from which he retired to private life, and the prosecution of his literary labors on the fall of the empire, in the following year. He died in 1894.

As an author his style is clear and direct. Among his numerous works the most important are the two great histories, for which, as for other achievements, honors were heaped upon him. In these he laid particular stress upon the *milieu* — the conditions of place, time, and race. Consequently he has therein written the history of the Greek and Roman peoples, and not merely the history of Greece and Rome, — and has pictured them, so far as possible, as they looked and felt and thought and acted. He exhibits, for example, the growth of the magnificent power of Rome, and its decadence; and shows the all-conquering empire subdued to the manners, the gods, and the institutions of the conquered. And worse: — "They had become enamored of the arts, the letters, and the philosophy of Greece, and dying Greece had avenged itself by transmitting to them the corruption which had dishonored its old age."

The drift of his argument appears in this paragraph, in which he sums up his story of the Eternal City: — "In the earlier portion of its history may be seen the happy effects of a progressively liberal policy; in the later the baneful consequences of absolute power, governing a servile society through a venal administration."

THE NATIONAL POLICY

From the ‹History of Rome›

THE Roman power, till then confined to the West, was now to penetrate into another universe,—that of the successors of Alexander. The eternal glory of Rome, the immense benefaction by which she effaces the memory of so many unjust wars, is to have reunited those two worlds that in all former ages were divided in interest, and strangers to each other; is to have mingled and fused the brilliant but corrupt civilization of the East with the barbaric energy of the West. The Mediterranean became a Roman lake,—*mare nostrum*, they said,—and the same life circulated on all its shores, called for the first and the last time to a common existence.

In this work were employed a century and a half of struggles and diplomacy; for Rome, working for a patient aristocracy and not for a man, was not compelled to attain her end at a bound. Instead of rearing suddenly one of those colossal monarchies formed like the statue of gold with feet of clay, she founded slowly an empire which fell only under the weight of years and of the Northern hordes. After Zama she could have attempted the conquest of Africa, but she left Carthage and the Numidians to enfeeble each other. After Cynoscephalæ and Magnesia, Greece and Asia were all ready for the yoke, but she accorded them fifty years more of liberty. This was because, along with the pride of the Roman name and the necessity for dominion, she always retained some of her ancient virtues. The Popiliuses were more numerous than the Verreses. Now she preferred to rule the world; later she will put it to pillage. Thus, wherever Rome saw strength she sent her legions; all power was broken; the ties of States and leagues were shattered; and when her soldiers were recalled they left behind them only weakness and anarchy. But the task of the legions accomplished, that of the Senate began. After force came craft and diplomacy. Those senators, grown old amidst the terrors of the second Punic war, seemed now to have less pleasure in arms than in the game of politics,—the first, in all ages, of Italian arts.

Several other causes dictated this policy of reserve. Against the Gauls, the Samnites, Pyrrhus, and Hannibal,—in other

words, for the defense of Latium and of Italy,—Rome had employed all her strength; it was then a question of her existence; whereas, in the wars with Greece and with Asia, her ambition and her pride alone were interested; and wisdom demanded that some relaxation be given to the plebeians and the allies. The Senate had moreover too many affairs on its hands—the wars with Spain, with Corsica, with Cisalpina, and with Istria—to admit of its becoming deeply involved in the East. Therefore two legions only will fight Philip and Antiochus—that will suffice to conquer, but would be too little to despoil them. Furthermore, the Senate believed that in penetrating into this Greek world, where an old glory concealed so much weakness, they could not accord too much to prudence. These pitiless enemies of the Volscians and the Samnites will not proceed in their next wars by exterminating their adversaries and wasting their country. "It was not with such a purpose," said they, "that they came to pour out their blood; they took in hand the cause of oppressed Greece." And that language and that policy they will not change after victory. The first act of Flamininus, on the day after Cynoscephalæ, was to proclaim the liberty of the Greeks. All who bore that respected name seemed to have the right to Roman protection; and the little Greek cities of Caria, and of the coasts of Asia and Thrace, received with astonishment their liberty from a people that they hardly knew. All were captivated by this apparent generosity. None perceived that in restoring independence to the cities and States, Rome wished to break up the confederations that sought to reorganize and would perhaps have given new force to Greece. In isolating them and attaching them to herself by grateful ties, she placed them almost insensibly under her influence. She made allies of them; and every one knows what the allies of Rome became. Thus the Senate was so well satisfied with this policy, which created division everywhere and awakened extinct rivalries, that for half a century it followed no other.

RESULTS OF THE ROMAN DOMINION

From the 'History of Rome'

ALTHOUGH in literature Rome was but the echo of Greece, she civilized all the Western world, for which the Greeks had done nothing. Her language, out of which sprang the various languages of the Romance nations, is in case of need a means of communication among scholars of all countries, and her books will always remain — a wise selection being made — the best for the higher culture of the mind. They have merited above all others the title of *litteræ humaniores*, the literature by which men are made. A cardinal, reading the 'Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius' (written in Greek, it is true, but written by a Roman), exclaimed, "My soul blushes redder than my scarlet at sight of the virtues of this Gentile."

Suppose Rome destroyed by Pyrrhus or Hannibal, before Marius and Cæsar had driven the German tribes back from Gaul: their invasion would have been effected five centuries sooner; and since they would have found opposed to them only other barbarians, what a long night would have settled down upon the world!

It is true that when the Roman people had laid hands upon the treasures of Alexander's successors, the scandal of their orgies exceeded for a century anything that the East had ever seen; that their amusements were sanguinary games or licentious plays; that the Roman mind, after receiving a temporary benefit from Greek philosophy, went astray in Oriental mysticism; and that finally, after having loved liberty, Rome accepted despotism, as if willing to astonish the world as much by her great corruption as she did by the greatness of her empire.

But can we say that no other age or nation has known servility of soul, licentiousness in public amusements, and the conspicuous depravity in morals that is always to be seen where indolence and wealth are united?

To the legacies left by Rome which have now been enumerated, we must add another, which ranks among the most precious. Notwithstanding the poetic piety of Virgil, and Livy's official credulity, the dominant note of Latin literature is the indifference of Horace, when it is not the daring skepticism of

Lucretius. To Cicero, Seneca, Tacitus, and the great jurisconsults, the prime necessity was the free possession of themselves, that independence of philosophic thought which they owed to Greece. This spirit, begotten of pure reason, was almost stifled during the Middle Ages. It reappeared when antiquity was recovered. From that day the renascent world set forward again; and in the new path France, heir of Athens and of Rome, was long her guide — for art in its most charming form, and for thought, developed in the light.

Upon a medal of Constantine his son presents to him a globe surmounted by a phœnix, symbol of immortality. For once the courtiers were not in the wrong. The sacred bird which springs from her own ashes is a fitting emblem of this old Rome, dead fifteen centuries ago, yet alive to-day through her genius: *Siamo Romani.*

TORU DUTT

(1856–1877)

IN 1874 there appeared in the Bengal Magazine an essay upon Leconte de Lisle, which showed not only an unusual knowledge of French literature, but also decided literary qualities. The essayist was Toru Dutt, a Hindu girl of eighteen, daughter of Govin Chunder Dutt, for many years a justice of the peace at Calcutta. The family belonged to the high-caste cultivated Hindus, and Toru's education was conducted on broad lines. Her work frequently discloses charming pictures of the home life that filled the old garden house at Calcutta. Here it is easy to see the studious child poring over French, German, and English lexicons, reading every book she could lay hold of, hearing from her mother's lips those old legends of her race which had been woven into the poetry of native bards long before the civilization of modern Europe existed. In her thirteenth year Toru and her younger sister were sent to study for a few months in France, and thence to attend lectures at Cambridge and to travel in England. A memory of this visit appears in Toru's little poem, 'Near Hastings,' which shows the impressionable nature of the Indian girl, so sensitive to the romance of an alien race, and so appreciative of her friendly welcome to English soil.

After four years' travel in Europe the Dutts returned to India to resume their student life, and Toru began to learn Sanskrit. She showed great aptitude for the French language and a strong liking for the French character, and she made a special study of French romantic poetry. Her essays on Leconte de Lisle and Joséphin Soulary, and a series of English translations of poetry, were the fruit of her labor. The translations, including specimens from Béranger, Théophile Gautier, François Coppée, Sully-Prud'homme, and other popular writers, were collected in 1876 under the title 'A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields.' A few copies found their way into Europe, and both French and English reviewers recognized the value of the harvest of this clear-sighted gleaner. One critic called these poems, in which Toru so faithfully reproduced the spirit of one alien tongue in the forms of another, transmutations rather than translations.

But marvelous as is the mastery shown over the subtleties of thought and the difficulties of translation, the achievement remains that of acquirement rather than of inspiration. But Toru's English renditions of the native Indian legends, called 'Ancient Ballads of

Hindustan,' give a sense of great original power. Selected from much completed work left unpublished at her too early death, these poems are revelations of the Eastern religious thought, which loves to clothe itself in such forms of mystical beauty as haunt the memory and charm the fancy. But in these translations it is touched by the spirit of the new faith which Toru had adopted. The poems remain, however, essentially Indian. The glimpses of lovely landscape, the shining temples, the greening gloom of the jungle, the pink flush of the dreamy atmosphere, are all of the East, as is the philosophic calm that breathes through the verses. The most beautiful of the ballads is perhaps that of 'Savitri,' the king's daughter who by love wins back her husband after he has passed the gates of death. Another, 'Sindher,' re-tells the old story of that king whose great power is unavailing to avert the penalty which follows the breaking of the Vedic law, even though it was broken in ignorance. Still another, 'Prehlad,' reveals that insight into things spiritual which characterizes the true seer or "called of God." Two charming legends, 'Jogadhya Uma,' and 'Buttoo,' full of the pastoral simplicity of the early Aryan life, and a few miscellaneous poems, complete this volume upon which Toru's fame will rest.

A posthumous novel written in French makes up the sum of her contribution to letters. 'Le Journal de Mlle. D'Arvers' was found completed among her posthumous papers. It is a romance of modern French life, whose motive is the love of two brothers for the same girl. The tragic element dominates the story, and the author has managed the details with extraordinary ease without sacrificing either dignity or dramatic effect. The story was edited by Mademoiselle Bader, a correspondent of Toru, and her sole acquaintance among European authors. In 1878, the year after the poet's death, appeared a second edition of 'A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields' containing forty-three additional poems, with a brief biographical sketch written by her father. The many translators of the 'Sakoontala' and of other Indian dramas show how difficult it is for the Western mind to express the indefinable spirituality of temper that fills ancient Hindu poetry. This remarkable quality Toru wove unconsciously into her English verse, making it seem not exotic but complementary, an echo of that far-off age when the genius of the two races was one.

JOGADHYA UMA

"SHELL BRACELETS, ho! Shell bracelets, ho!
Fair maids and matrons, come and buy!"
Along the road, in morning's glow,
The peddler raised his wonted cry.
The road ran straight, a red, red line,
To Khigoram, for cream renowned,
Through pasture meadows where the kine,
In knee-deep grass, stood magic bound
And half awake, involved in mist
That floated in dun coils profound,
Till by the sudden sunbeams kist,
Rich rainbow hues broke all around.

"Shell bracelets, ho! Shell bracelets, ho!"
The roadside trees still dripped with dew
And hung their blossoms like a show.
Who heard the cry? 'Twas but a few;
A ragged herd-boy, here and there,
With his long stick and naked feet;
A plowman wending to his care,
The field from which he hopes the wheat;
An early traveler, hurrying fast
To the next town; an urchin slow
Bound for the school; these heard and passed,
Unheeding all,—"Shell bracelets, ho!"

Pellucid spread a lake-like tank
Beside the road now lonelier still;
High on three sides arose the bank
Which fruit-trees shadowed at their will;
Upon the fourth side was the ghat,
With its broad stairs of marble white,
And at the entrance arch there sat,
Full face against the morning light,
A fair young woman with large eyes,
And dark hair falling to her zone;
She heard the peddler's cry arise,
And eager seemed his ware to own.

"Shell bracelets, ho! See, maiden, see!
The rich enamel, sunbeam-kist!

Happy, oh happy, shalt thou be,
  Let them but clasp that slender wrist;
These bracelets are a mighty charm;
  They keep a lover ever true,
And widowhood avert, and harm.
  Buy them, and thou shalt never rue.
Just try them on!»—She stretched her hand.
  «Oh, what a nice and lovely fit!
No fairer hand in all the land,
  And lo! the bracelet matches it.»

Dazzled, the peddler on her gazed,
  Till came the shadow of a fear,
While she the bracelet-arm upraised
  Against the sun to view more clear.
Oh, she was lovely! but her look
  Had something of a high command
That filled with awe. Aside she shook
  Intruding curls, by breezes fanned,
And blown across her brows and face,
  And asked the price; which when she heard
She nodded, and with quiet grace
  For payment to her home referred.

«And where, O maiden, is thy house?
  But no,—that wrist-ring has a tongue;
No maiden art thou, but a spouse,
  Happy, and rich, and fair, and young.»
«Far otherwise; my lord is poor,
  And him at home thou shalt not find;
Ask for my father; at the door
  Knock loudly; he is deaf, but kind.
Seest thou that lofty gilded spire,
  Above these tufts of foliage green?
That is our place; its point of fire
  Will guide thee o'er the tract between.»

«That is the temple spire.»—«Yes, there
  We live; my father is the priest;
The manse is near, a building fair,
  But lowly to the temple's east.
When thou hast knocked, and seen him, say,
  His daughter, at Dhamaser Ghat,
Shell bracelets bought from thee to-day,
  And he must pay so much for that.

Be sure, he will not let thee pass
  Without the value, and a meal.
If he demur, or cry alas!
  No money hath he,—then reveal;

«Within the small box, marked with streaks
  Of bright vermilion, by the shrine,
The key whereof has lain for weeks
  Untouched, he'll find some coin,—'tis mine.
That will enable him to pay
  The bracelet's price.. Now fare thee well!»
She spoke; the peddler went away,
  Charmed with her voice as by some spell;
While she, left lonely there, prepared
  To plunge into the water pure,
And like a rose, her beauty bared,
  From all observance quite secure.

Not weak she seemed, nor delicate;
  Strong was each limb of flexile grace,
And full the bust; the mien elate,
  Like hers, the goddess of the chase
On Latmos hill,—and oh the face
  Framed in its cloud of floating hair!
No painter's hand might hope to trace
  The beauty and the glory there!
Well might the peddler look with awe,
  For though her eyes were soft, a ray
Lit them at times, which kings who saw
  Would never dare to disobey.

Onward through groves the peddler sped,
  Till full in front, the sunlit spire
Arose before him. Paths which led
  To gardens trim, in gay attire,
Lay all around. And lo! the manse,
  Humble but neat, with open door!
He paused, and blessed the lucky chance
  That brought his bark to such a shore.
Huge straw-ricks, log huts full of grain,
  Sleek cattle, flowers, a tinkling bell,
Spoke in a language sweet and plain,
  «Here smiling Peace and Plenty dwell.»

Unconsciously he raised his cry,
  «Shell-bracelets, ho!» And at his voice

Looked out the priest, with eager eye,
  And made his heart at once rejoice.
«Ho, *Sankha* peddler! Pass not by,
  But step thou in, and share the food
Just offered on our altar high,
  If thou art in a hungry mood.
Welcome are all to this repast!
  The rich and poor, the high and low!
Come, wash thy feet, and break thy fast;
  Then on thy journey strengthened go.»

«Oh, thanks, good priest! Observance due
  And greetings! May thy name be blest!
I came on business, but I knew,
  Here might be had both food and rest
Without a charge; for all the poor
  Ten miles around thy sacred shrine
Know that thou keepest open door,
  And praise that generous hand of thine.
But let my errand first be told:
  For bracelets sold to thine this day,
So much thou owest me in gold;
  Hast thou the ready cash to pay?

«The bracelets were enameled,—so
  The price is high.»—«How! Sold to mine?
Who bought them, I should like to know?»
  «Thy daughter, with the large black eyne,
Now bathing at the marble ghat.»
  Loud laughed the priest at this reply,
«I shall not put up, friend, with that;
  No daughter in the world have I;
An only son is all my stay;
  Some minx has played a trick, no doubt:
But cheer up, let thy heart be gay,
  Be sure that I shall find her out.»

«Nay, nay, good father! such a face
  Could not deceive, I must aver;
At all events, she knows thy place,
  'And if my father should demur
To pay thee,'—thus she said,—'or cry
  He has no money, tell him straight
The box vermilion-streaked to try,
  That's near the shrine.'»—«Well, wait, friend, wait!»

The priest said, thoughtful; and he ran
  And with the open box came back:—
«Here is the price exact, my man,—
  No surplus over, and no lack.

«How strange! how strange! Oh, blest art thou
  To have beheld her, touched her hand,
Before whom Vishnu's self must bow,
  And Brahma and his heavenly band!
Here have I worshiped her for years,
  And never seen the vision bright;
Vigils and fasts and secret tears
  Have almost quenched my outward sight;
And yet that dazzling form and face
  I have not seen, and thou, dear friend,
To thee, unsought-for, comes the grace:
  What may its purport be, and end?

«How strange! How strange! Oh, happy thou!
  And couldst thou ask no other boon
Than thy poor bracelet's price? That brow
  Resplendent as the autumn moon
Must have bewildered thee, I trow,
  And made thee lose thy senses all.»
A dim light on the peddler now
  Began to dawn; and he let fall
His bracelet-basket in his haste,
  And backward ran, the way he came:
What meant the vision fair and chaste;
  Whose eyes were they,—those eyes of flame?

Swift ran the peddler as a hind;
  The old priest followed on his trace;
They reached the ghat, but could not find
  The lady of the noble face.
The birds were silent in the wood;
  The lotus flowers exhaled a smell,
Faint, over all the solitude;
  A heron as a sentinel
Stood by the bank. They called,—in vain;
  No answer came from hill or fell;
The landscape lay in slumber's chain;
  E'en Echo slept within her shell.

Broad sunshine, yet a hush profound!
  They turned with saddened hearts to go,

Then from afar there came a sound
  Of silver bells;—the priest said low,
«O Mother, Mother, deign to hear.
  The worship-hour has rung; we wait
In meek humility and fear.
  Must we return home desolate?
Oh come, as late thou cam'st unsought,
  Or was it but some idle dream?
Give us some sign, if it was not;
  A word, a breath, or passing gleam.»

Sudden from out the water sprung
  A rounded arm, on which they saw
As high the lotus buds among
  It rose, the bracelet white, with awe.
Then a wide ripple tost and swung
  The blossoms on that liquid plain,
And lo! the arm so fair and young
  Sank in the waters down again.
They bowed before the mystic Power,
  And as they home returned in thought,
Each took from thence a lotus flower
  In memory of the day and spot.

Years, centuries, have passed away,
  And still before the temple shrine
Descendants of the peddler pay
  Shell-bracelets of the old design
As annual tribute. Much they own
  In lands and gold,—but they confess
From that eventful day alone
  Dawned on their industry, success.
Absurd may be the tale I tell,
  Ill-suited to the marching times;
I loved the lips from which it fell,
  So let it stand among my rhymes.

OUR CASUARINA-TREE

LIKE a huge python, winding round and round
  The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars
  Up to its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
  No other tree could live. But gallantly

The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
  Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee;
And oft at night the garden overflows
With one sweet song that seems to have no close,
Sung darkling from our tree, while men repose.

Unknown, yet well known to the eye of faith!
  Ah, I have heard that wail far, far away
  In distant lands, by many a sheltered bay,
When slumbered in his cave the water wraith,
  And the waves gently kissed the classic shore
Of France or Italy, beneath the moon,
When earth lay trancèd in a dreamless swoon;
  And every time the music rose, before
Mine inner vision rose a form sublime,
Thy form, O tree! as in my happy prime
I saw thee in my own loved native clime.

But not because of its magnificence
  Dear is the Casuarina to my soul:
  Beneath it we have played: though years may roll,
O sweet companions, loved with love intense,
  For your sakes shall the tree be ever dear!
Blent with your images, it shall arise
In memory, till the hot tears blind mine eyes.
  What is that dirge-like murmur that I hear
Like the sea breaking on a shingle beach?
It is the tree's lament, an eerie speech,
That haply to the Unknown Land may reach.

When first my casement is wide open thrown
  At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest;
  Sometimes,—and most in winter,—on its crest
A gray baboon sits statue-like alone,
  Watching the sunrise; while on lower boughs
His puny offspring leap about and play;
And far and near kokilas hail the day;
  And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows.
And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast
By that hoar tree, so beautiful and vast,
The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed.

JOHN S. DWIGHT

(1813–1893)

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT was born in Boston, Massachusetts, May 13th, 1813. After graduation at Harvard in 1832, he studied at the Divinity School, and for two years was pastor of a Unitarian church in Northampton, Massachusetts. He then became interested in founding the famous Brook Farm community, which furnished Hawthorne with the background for 'The Blithedale Romance'; and he is mentioned in the preface to this book with Ripley, Dana, Channing, Parker, etc. This was a "community" scheme, undertaken by joint ownership in a farm in West Roxbury near Boston; associated with the names of Hawthorne, Emerson, George William Curtis, and C. A. Dana,—a scheme which Emerson called "a perpetual picnic, a French Revolution in small, an age of reason in a patty-pan." This community existed seven years, and to quote again from Emerson,—"In Brook Farm was this peculiarity, that there was no head. In every family is the father; in every factory a foreman; in a shop a master; in a boat the skipper: but in this Farm no authority; each was master or mistress of their actions; happy, hapless anarchists."

Here Mr. Dwight edited The Harbinger, a periodical published by that community; taught languages and music, besides doing his share of the manual labor. In 1848 he returned to Boston and engaged in literature and musical criticism; and in 1852 he established Dwight's Journal of Music, which he edited for thirty years. Many of his best essays appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, and he contributed to various periodicals.

He was one of the pioneers of scholarly, intelligent, original, and literary musical criticism in America, and he possessed fine general attainments and a distinct style. It is because of his clear perception of the indispensableness of the arts—and especially of the art of music—to life, and because of his clear statement of their vital relationship, that his work belongs to literature.

MUSIC AS A MEANS OF CULTURE

From the Atlantic Monthly, 1870, by permission of Houghton, Mifflin and Company

WE AS a democratic people, a great mixed people of all races, overrunning a vast continent, need music even more than others. We need some ever-present, ever-welcome influence that shall insensibly tone down our self-asserting and aggressive manners, round off the sharp, offensive angularity of character, subdue and harmonize the free and ceaseless conflict of opinions, warm out the genial individual humanity of each and every unit of society, lest he become a mere member of a party, or a sharer of business or fashion. This rampant liberty will rush to its own ruin, unless there shall be found some gentler, harmonizing, humanizing culture, such as may pervade whole masses with a fine enthusiasm, a sweet sense of reverence for something far above us, beautiful and pure; awakening some ideality in every soul, and often lifting us out of the hard hopeless prose of daily life. We need this beautiful corrective of our crudities. Our radicalism will pull itself up by the roots, if it do not cultivate the instinct of reverence. The first impulse of freedom is centrifugal,—to fly off the handle,—unless it be restrained by a no less free impassioned love of order. We need to be so enamored of the divine idea of unity, that that alone—the enriching of that—shall be the real motive for assertion of our individuality. What shall so temper and tone down our "fierce democracy"? It must be something better, lovelier, more congenial to human nature than mere stern prohibition, cold Puritanic "Thou shalt *not!*" What can so quickly magnetize a people into this harmonic mood as music? Have we not seen it, felt it?

The hard-working, jaded millions need expansion, need the rejuvenating, the ennobling experience of joy. Their toil, their church, their creed perhaps, their party livery, and very vote, are narrowing; they need to taste, to breathe a larger, freer life. Has it not come to thousands, while they have listened to or joined their voices in some thrilling chorus that made the heavens seem to open and come down? The governments of the Old World do much to make the people cheerful and contented; here it is all *laissez-faire*, each for himself, in an ever keener strife of competition. We must look very much to music to do

this good work for us; we are open to that appeal; we can forget ourselves in that; we blend in joyous fellowship when we can sing together; perhaps quite as much so when we can listen together to a noble orchestra of instruments interpreting the highest inspirations of a master. The higher and purer the character and kind of music, the more of real genius there is in it, the deeper will this influence be.

Judge of what can be done, by what already, within our own experience, has been done and daily is done. Think what the children in our schools are getting, through the little that they learn of vocal music,—elasticity of spirit, joy in harmonious co-operation, in the blending of each happy life in others; a rhythmical instinct of order and of measure in all movement; a quickening of ear and sense, whereby they will grow up susceptible to music, as well as with some use of their own voices, so that they may take part in it; for from these spacious nurseries (loveliest flower gardens, apple orchards in full bloom, say, on their annual *fête*, days) shall our future choirs and oratorio choruses be replenished with good sound material. . . .

We esteem ourselves the freest people on this planet; yet perhaps we have as little real freedom as any other, for we are the slaves of our own feverish enterprise, and of a barren theory of discipline, which would fain make us virtuous to a fault through abstinence from very life. We are afraid to give ourselves up to the free and happy instincts of our nature. All that is not pursuit of advancement in some good, conventional, approved way of business, or politics, or fashion, or intellectual reputation, or professed religion, we count waste. We lack *geniality;* nor do we as a people understand the meaning of the word. We ought to learn it practically of our Germans. It comes of the same root with the word *genius*. Genius is the spontaneous principle; it is free and happy in its work; it is artist and not drudge; its whole activity is reconciliation of the heartiest pleasure with the purest loyalty to conscience, with the most holy, universal, and disinterested ends. Genius, as Beethoven gloriously illustrates in his Choral Symphony (indeed, in all his symphonies), finds the keynote and solution of the problem of the highest state in "Joy," taking his text from Schiller's Hymn. Now, all may not be geniuses in the sense that we call Shakespeare, Mozart, Raphael, men of genius. But all should be partakers of this spontaneous, free, and happy method of genius; all should live

childlike, genial lives, and not wear all the time the consequential livery of their unrelaxing business, nor the badge of party and profession, in every line and feature of their faces. This genial, childlike faculty of social enjoyment, this happy art of life, is just what our countrymen may learn from the social "Liedertafel" and the summer singing-festivals of which the Germans are so fond. There is no element of national character which we so much need; and there is no class of citizens whom we should be more glad to adopt and own than those who set us such examples. So far as it is a matter of culture, it is through art chiefly that the desiderated genial era must be ushered in. The Germans have the sentiment of art, the feeling of the beautiful in art, and consequently in nature, more developed than we have. Above all, music offers itself as the most available, most popular, most influential of the fine arts,—music, which is the art and language of the feelings, the sentiments, the spiritual instincts of the soul; and so becomes a universal language, tending to unite and blend and harmonize all who may come within its sphere.

Such civilizing, educating power has music for society at large. Now, in the finer sense of culture, such as we look for in more private and select "society," as it is called, music in the salon, in the small chamber concert, where congenial spirits are assembled in its name—good music of course—does it not create a finer sphere of social sympathy and courtesy? Does it not better mold the tone and manners from within than any imitative "fashion" from without? What society, upon the whole, is quite so sweet, so satisfactory, so refined, as the best musical society, if only Mozart, Mendelssohn, Franz, Chopin, set the tone! The finer the kind of music heard or made together, the better the society. This bond of union only reaches the few; coarser, meaner, more prosaic natures are not drawn to it. Wealth and fashion may not dictate who shall be of it. Here congenial spirits meet in a way at once free, happy, and instructive, meet with an object which insures "society"; whereas so-called society, as such, is often aimless, vague, modifying and fatiguing, for the want of any subject-matter. Here one gets ideas of beauty which are not mere arbitrary fashions, ugly often to the eye of taste. Here you may escape vulgarity by a way not vulgar in itself, like that of fashion, which makes wealth and family and means of dress its passports. Here you can be as exclusive as you please, by the soul's light, not wronging any

one; here learn gentle manners, and the quiet ease and courtesy with which cultivated people move, without in the same process learning insincerity.

Of course the same remarks apply to similar sincere reunions in the name of any other art, or of poetry. But music is the most social of them all, even if each listener find nothing set down to his part (or even hers!) but *tacet*.

We have fancied ourselves entertaining a musical house together, but we must leave it with no time to make report or picture out the scene. Now, could we only enter the chamber, the inner sanctum, the private inner life of a thoroughly musical person, one who is wont to *live* in music! Could we know him in his solitude! (You can only know him in yourself, unless he be a poet and creator in his art, and bequeath himself in that form in his works for any who know how to read.) If the best of all society is musical society, we go further and say: The sweetest of all solitude is when one is alone with music. One gets the best of music, the sincerest part, when he is alone. Our poet-philosopher has told us to secure solitude at any cost; there's nothing which we can so ill afford to do without. It is a great vice of our society, that it provides for and disposes to so little solitude, ignoring the fact that there is more loneliness in company than out of it. Now, to a musical person, in the mood of it, in the sweet hours by himself, comes music as the nearest friend, nearer and dearer than ever before; and he soon finds that he never was in such good company. I doubt if symphony of Beethoven, opera of Mozart, Passion Music of Bach, was ever so enjoyed or felt in grandest public rendering, as one may feel it while he recalls its outline by himself at his piano (even if he be a slow and bungling reader and may get it out by piecemeal). I doubt if such an one can carry home from the performance, in presence of the applauding crowd, nearly so much as he may take to it from such inward, private preparation.

Are you alone? What spirits can you summon up to fill the vacancy, and people it with life and love and beauty! Take down the volume of sonatas, the arrangement of the great Symphony, the recorded reveries of Chopin, the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, or even the chorals, with the harmony of Bach, in which the four parts blend their several individual melodies together in such loving service of the whole, that the plain people's tune becomes a germ unfolding into endless wealth

and beauty of meaning; and you have the very essence of all prayer, and praise, and gratitude, as if you were a worshiper in the ideal church. Nothing like music, then, to banish the benumbing ghost of ennui. It lends secret sympathy, relief, expression, to all one's moods, loves, longings, sorrows; comes nearer to the soul or to the secret wound than any friend or healing sunshine from without. It nourishes and feeds the hidden springs of hope and love and faith; renews the old conviction of life's springtime,—that the world is ruled by love, that God is good, that beauty is a divine end of life, and not a snare and an illusion. It floods out of sight the unsightly, muddy grounds of life's petty, anxious, doubting moments, and makes immortality a present fact, lived in and realized. It locks the door against the outer world of discords, contradictions, importunities, beneath the notice of a soul so richly occupied: lets "Fate knock at the door" (as Beethoven said in explanation of his symphony),—Fate and the pursuing Furies,—and even welcomes them, and turns them into gracious goddesses,—Eumenides! Music, in this way, is a marvelous elixir to keep off old age. Youth returns in solitary hours with Beethoven and Mozart. Touching the chords of the 'Moonlight Sonata,' the old man is once more a lover; with the *andante* of the 'Pastoral Symphony' he loiters by the shady brookside, hand in hand with his fresh heart's first angel. You are past the sentimental age, yet you can weep alone in music,—not weep exactly, but find outlet more expressive and more worthy of your manly faith.

A great grief comes, an inconsolable bereavement, a humiliating, paralyzing reverse, a blow of Fate, giving the lie to your best plans and bringing your best powers into discredit with yourself; then you are best prepared and best entitled to receive the secret visitations of these tuneful goddesses and muses.

> "Who never ate his bread in tears,
> He knows you not, ye heavenly powers!"

So sings the German poet. It is the want of inward, deep experience, it is innocence of sorrow and of trial, more than the lack of any special cultivation of musical taste and knowledge, that debars many people—naturally most young people, and all who are what we call shallow natures—from the feeling and enjoyment of many of the truest, deepest, and most heavenly of all the works of music. Take the Passion Music of Bach, for

instance; if you can sit down alone at your piano and decipher strains and pieces of it when you *need* such music, you shall find that in its quiet quaintness, its sincerity and tenderness, its abstinence from all striving for effect, it speaks to you and entwines itself about your heart, like the sweetest, deepest verses in the Bible; when "the soul muses till the fire burns."

Such a panacea is this art for loneliness. But sometimes too it may intensify the sense of loneliness, only for more heavenly relief at last. Think of the deep composer, of lonely, sad Beethoven, wreaking his pain upon expression in those impatient chords and modulations, putting his sorrows into sonatas, and wringing triumph always out of all! Look at him as he was then,—morose, they say, and lonely and tormented; look where he is now, as the whole world knows him, feels him, seeks him for its joy and inspiration—and who can doubt of immortality?

Now, in such private solace, in such solitary joys, is there not culture? Can one rise from such communings with the good spirits of the tone-world and go out, without new peace, new faith, new hope, and good-will in his soul? He goes forth in the spirit of reconciliation and of patience, however much he may hate the wrong he sees about him, or however little he accept authorities and creeds that make war on his freedom. The man who has tasted such life, and courted it till he has become acclimated in it, whether he be of this party or that, or none at all; whether he be believer or "heretic," conservative or radical, follower of Christ by name or "Free Religionist,"—belongs to the harmonic and anointed body-guard of peace, fraternity, good-will; his instincts have all caught the rhythm of that holy march; the good genius leads, he has but to follow cheerfully and humbly. For somehow the minutest fibres, the infinitesimal atoms of his being, have got magnetized as it were into a loyal, positive direction towards the pole-star of unity; he has grown attuned to a believing, loving mood, just as the body of a violin, the walls of a music hall, by much music-making become gradually seasoned into smooth vibration.

GEORG MORITZ EBERS

(1837–1898)

GEORG EBERS, distinguished as an Egyptian archæologist and as a historical novelist, was born in Berlin in 1837. At ten years of age he was sent to school in Keilhau, where under the direction of Froebel he was taught the delights of nature and the pleasure of study. His university career at Göttingen was interrupted by a long and serious illness. During his convalescence he pursued with avidity his study of Egyptian archæology, and with neither dictionary nor grammar to help him in the mastery of hieroglyphics, he acquired to some degree this ancient language. Later, under the learned Lepsius, he became a thorough and brilliant scholar in the science which was his specialty. It was at this epoch that he wrote 'An Egyptian Princess,' for the purpose of realizing to himself a period which he was studying. Thirteen years later his second work, 'Uarda,' was published. When restored to health, he launched himself with enthusiasm on the life of a university professor. He taught for a time at Jena, and in 1870 removed to Leipsic. He made several journeys into Egypt, sharing his experiences with the public.

'The Egyptian Princess' is Ebers's most representative romance. It is perhaps the subtle quality of popularity, rather than exceptional merit, which has insured its success. The scene of the story is laid at the time when Egypt drew its last free breath, unconscious that at the very height of its intellectual vigor its national life was to be cut off; the time when Amasis held the throne of the Pharaohs, and Cambyses was king of Persia. 'Uarda' gives a picture of Egypt under one of the Rameses. 'Homo Sum,' a tale of the desert anchorites in the fourth century, is filled with the spirit of the early Christians. In the story of 'Die Schwestern' (The Sisters) Ebers takes the reader to Memphis, the temple of Serapis, and the palace of the Ptolemies. The ethical element enters largely into the novel 'Der Kaiser' (The Emperor), of Christianity in the time of Hadrian.

In the 'Frau Bürgermeisterin' (The Burgomaster's Wife), Ebers leaves behind him the world of antiquity, and deals with the heroic struggle against the Spanish rule made in 1547 by the city of Leyden. 'Gred,' a long and quiet novel, most carefully executed, is a minute picture of middle-class Nürnberg, some centuries ago. 'Ein Wort' (A Word: Only a Word) also stands apart from the historical romances. It is a psychological and ethical story, working out the

development of inconspicuous character. Both in 'Serapis' and 'The Bride of the Nile,' the victory of Christianity over heathenism is celebrated. Not less interesting than his fiction is his book of travels called 'Durch Gosen zum Sinai' (Through Goshen to Sinai). In 1889, on account of his health, Ebers resigned his professorship He died at Tutzing, Bavaria, August 8, 1898. His latest works were "Barbara Blonberg," 1897, and "Arachne," 1898.

THE ARRIVAL AT BABYLON

From 'An Egyptian Princess'

SEVEN weeks later, a long line of chariots and riders of every description wound along the great highway that led from the west to Babylon, the gigantic city which could be seen from a long distance.

Nitetis, the Egyptian princess, sat in a gilt four-wheeled chariot, called a "Harmamaxa." The cushions were covered with gold brocade; the roof was supported by wooden columns; its sides could be closed by means of curtains.

Her companions, the Persian nobles, the dethroned King of Lydia and his son, rode by the side of her chariot. Fifty carriages and six hundred sumpter-horses followed, and a regiment of Persian soldiers on splendid horses preceded the procession.

The road lay along the Euphrates, through luxuriant fields of wheat, barley, and sesame, which yielded two or even three hundredfold. Slender date-palms, with heavy clusters of fruit, stood in the fields, which were intersected in all directions by canals and conduits. Although it was winter, the sun shone warm and clear in the cloudless sky. The mighty river was crowded with barges and boats, which brought the produce of the Armenian highlands to the Mesopotamian plain, and forwarded to Babylon the greater part of the wares which were brought to Thapsacus from Greece.

Engines, pumps, and water-wheels poured refreshing moisture on the fields and plantations along the banks, which were dotted with numerous villages. Everything indicated that the capital of a civilized and well-governed country was close at hand.

The carriage and suite of Nitetis stopped before a long building of brick covered with bitumen, by the side of which grew numerous plane-trees. Crœsus was helped from his horse,

approached the carriage of the Egyptian princess, and cried to her: — "We have reached the last station-house. The high tower that stands out against the horizon is the famous tower of Bel, like your Pyramids one of the greatest achievements of mortal hands. Before the sun sets we shall reach the brazen gates of Babylon. Permit me to help you from the carriage, and to send your women to you into the house. To-day you must dress yourself according to the custom of Persian queens, so that you may be pleasant in the eyes of Cambyses. In a few hours you will stand before your husband. How pale you are! See that your women skillfully paint joyous excitement on your cheeks. The first impression is often decisive, and this is the case with your future husband, more than with any one else. If, as I do not doubt, you please him at first sight, you have won his heart forever. If you displease him, he will, in accordance with his rough habits, scarcely deign to look on you again with kindness. Courage, my daughter. Above all things, remember what I have taught you."

Nitetis wiped away a tear, and returned: — "How shall I thank you for all your kindness, Crœsus, my second father, my protector and adviser! Oh, do not ever desert me! When the path of my poor life passes through sorrow and grief, remain my guide and protector, as you have been during this long journey over dangerous mountain passes. Thank you, my father, thank you a thousand times."

With these words, the girl put her beautiful arms round the old man's neck and kissed him like an affectionate daughter.

When she entered the court of the gloomy house, a man came towards her, followed by a train of Asiatic serving-women. The leader, the chief eunuch, one of the most important Persian court officials, was tall and stout. There was a sweet smile on his beardless face; valuable rings hung from his ears; his arms and legs, his neck, his long womanish garments, were covered with gold ornaments, and his stiff artificial curls were surrounded by a purple fillet, and sent forth a pungent odor. Boges, for this was the eunuch's name, bowed respectfully to the Egyptian and said, holding his fleshy hand covered with rings before his mouth: — "Cambyses, the ruler of the world, sends me to meet you, O queen, that I may refresh your heart with the dew of his greetings. He further sends to you through me, his poorest slave, the garments of Persian women, that you may approach

the gate of the Achæmenidæ in Median dress, as beseems the wife of the greatest of rulers. These women your servants await your commands. They will transform you from an Egyptian emerald into a Persian diamond." Boges drew back, and with a condescending movement of his hand allowed the host of the inn to present the princess with a most tastefully arranged basket of fruit.

Nitetis thanked both men with friendly words, entered the house, and tearfully put off the robes of her home; the thick plait, the mark of an Egyptian princess, was unfastened, and strange hands clad her in Median fashion.

Meanwhile her companions commanded a meal to be prepared. Nimble servants fetched chairs, tables, and golden utensils from the wagon; the cooks bustled about, and were so ready and eager to help each other that soon, as if by magic, a splendidly laid table where nothing was wanting, down to the very flowers, awaited the hungry travelers.

The same luxury had been displayed during the whole journey, for the sumpter-horses that followed the royal travelers carried every imaginable convenience, from gold-woven waterproof tents down to silver footstools, and the carts that accompanied them bore bakers, cooks, cup-bearers, carvers, men to prepare ointment, wreath-winders, and hair-dressers.

Well-appointed inns were established at regular intervals along the high-road. Here the horses that had fallen on the way were replaced by fresh ones, shady trees offered a pleasant shelter from the heat of the sun, and on the mountains the fires of the inns protected the traveler from cold and snow.

The Persian inns, which resembled our post-houses, were first established by Cyrus the Great, who sought to shorten the enormous distances between the different parts of his realm by means of well-kept roads. He had also organized a regular postal service. At every station the riders with their knapsacks found substitutes on fresh horses ready for instant departure, who, after receiving the letters which were to be forwarded, galloped off post-haste, and when they reached the next inn threw their knapsacks to other riders who stood in readiness. These couriers were called Angares, and were considered the swiftest horsemen in the world.

When the company, who had been joined by Boges the eunuch, rose from table, the door of the inn opened. A long-

drawn sigh of admiration was heard, for Nitetis stood before the Persians in the splendid Median court dress, proudly exultant in the consciousness of her beauty, and yet suffused with blushes at her friends' astonishment.

The servants involuntarily prostrated themselves in the Asiatic manner, but the noble Achæmenidæ bowed low and reverently. It was as if the princess had laid aside all shyness with the simple dress of her home, and assumed the pride and dignity of a queen with the silken garments, heavy with gold and jewels, of a Persian princess.

The deep respect which had just been shown her seemed to please her. With a condescending movement of her hand she thanked her admiring friends; then she turned to the chief eunuch and said to him kindly but proudly:—"You have done your duty. I am not dissatisfied with the robes and the slaves you have provided for me. I shall duly praise your care to my husband. Meanwhile, receive this golden chain as a sign of my gratitude."

The powerful overseer of the king's wives kissed her hand and silently accepted the gift. None of his charges had yet treated him with such pride. All the wives whom Cambyses had owned till now were Asiatics, and as they were acquainted with the full power of the chief eunuch, they were accustomed to do all they could to win his favor by means of flattery and submission.

Boges again bowed low to Nitetis; but without paying any further attention to him, she turned to Crœsus and said in a low tone:—"I cannot thank you, my gracious friend, with word or gift for what you have done for me; it will be owing to you alone if my life at this court becomes, if not happy, at least peaceful." Then she continued in a louder voice, audible to her traveling companions:—"Take this ring, which has not left my hand since our departure from Egypt. Its value is small, its significance great. Pythagoras, the noblest of all the Greeks, gave it to my mother when he came to Egypt to listen to the wise teachings of our priests. She gave it to me when I left home. There is a seven engraved on this simple turquoise. This number, which is indivisible, represents the health of body and soul, for nothing is less divisible than health. If but a small portion of the body suffers, the whole body is ill; if one evil thought nestles in our heart, the harmony of the soul is

disturbed. Whenever you look at this seven, let it remind you that I wish you perfect enjoyment of bodily health, and the continuance of that benignity which makes you the most virtuous and therefore the most healthy of men. No thanks, my father, for I should remain in your debt though I should restore to Crœsus the wealth of Crœsus. Gyges, take this Lydian lyre of ivory, and when its strings give forth music, remember the giver. To you, Zopyrus, I give this chain, for I have noticed that you are the most faithful friend of your friends, and we Egyptians put bonds and ropes into the fair hands of our goddess of love and friendship, beautiful Hathor, as a symbol of her binding qualities. To you, Darius, the friend of Egyptian lore and the starry firmament, I give for a keepsake this golden ring, on which you will find the Zodiac engraved by a skillful hand. Bartja, my dear brother-in-law, you shall receive the most precious treasure I possess. Take this amulet of blue stone. My sister Tachot put it round my neck when for the last time I pressed a kiss upon her lips before we fell asleep. She told me this talisman would bring sweet happiness in love to him who wore it. She wept as she spoke, Bartja. I do not know what she was thinking of, but I hope I am carrying out her wish when I lay this treasure in your hand. Think that Tachot is giving it to you through me her sister, and think sometimes of the garden of Sais."

She had spoken in Greek till then. Now she turned to the servants, who were waiting at a respectful distance, and said in broken Persian:—"You too must accept my thanks. You shall receive a thousand gold staters. Boges," she added, turning to the eunuch, "I command you to see that the sum is distributed not later than the day after to-morrow! Lead me to my carriage, Crœsus!"

The old man hastened to comply with her request. While he conducted Nitetis to the carriage, she pressed his arm against her breast and whispered, "Are you satisfied with me, my father?"

"I tell you, maiden," returned the old man, "you will be the first at this court after the king's mother, for true regal pride is on your brow, and you possess the art of doing great things with small means. Believe me, a trifling gift, chosen as you can choose, will cause greater pleasure to a nobleman than a heap of gold flung down before him. The Persians are accustomed

to bestow and to receive costly gifts. They know how to enrich one another. You will teach them to make each other happy. How beautiful you are! . Is that right, or do you desire higher cushions? But what is that! Do you not see clouds of dust rolling hither from the town? That must be Cambyses, who is coming to meet you. Keep yourself upright, girl. Above all, try to bear your husband's glance and return it. Few can bear the fire of his eye. If you succeed in meeting it without fear or embarrassment, you have conquered. Courage, courage, my daughter! May Aphrodite adorn you with her loveliest charms! To horse, my friends! I think the King is coming to meet us."

Nitetis sat very erect in the golden carriage, and pressed her hands on her heart. The cloud of dust came nearer and nearer. Now bright sunbeams were reflected in the weapons of the approaching host, and darted from the cloud of dust like lightning from a stormy sky. Now the cloud divided, and figures could be distinguished; now the approaching procession vanished behind the thick bushes at a turn of the road; and now, not a hundred feet away, the galloping riders were seen distinctly as they approached nearer and nearer.

The whole procession seemed to consist of a gay crowd of horses, men, purple, gold, silver, and jewels. More than two hundred riders, all on snow-white Nisæan steeds, whose bridles and caparisons glittered with gold bells and buckles, feathers, tassels, and embroidery, were followed by a man who was often carried away by the powerful coal-black horse on which he rode, but who generally proved to the unmanageable, foaming animal that he was strong enough to tame its wildness. The rider, whose knees pressed the horse so that the animal trembled and panted, wore a garment with a scarlet and white pattern, which was embroidered with silver eagles and falcons. His trousers were of purple, his boots of yellow leather. He wore a golden belt round his waist, in which was a short dagger-like sword, whose hilt and sheath were incrusted with jewels. The rest of his dress resembled Bartja's. His tiara also was surrounded by the blue-and-white fillet of the Achæmenidæ. Thick jet-black hair streamed from it. A thick beard of the same color covered the whole lower portion of his hale, rigid face. His eyes were even darker than his hair and beard, and glittered with a fire that burned instead of warming. A deep red scar, caused by the sword of a Massagetian warrior, marked the lofty brow, large

aquiline nose, and thin lips of the rider. His whole bearing bore the stamp of great power and immoderate pride.

Nitetis could not turn her eyes from his form. She had never seen any one like him. She thought she saw the essence of all manliness in the intensely proud face. It seemed to her as if the whole world, but especially she herself, had been created to serve this man. She feared him, and yet her humble woman's heart longed to cling to this strong man as the vine clings to the elm. She did not know whether the father of all evil, terrible Seth, or the giver of all light, great Ra, was to be imagined in this form.

As light and shade alternate when the heavens are clouded at noon, so did deep red and ashy pallor appear on her face. She forgot the precepts of her fatherly friend; and yet when Cambyses forced his wild snorting steed to stand still by the side of her carriage, she gazed breathlessly into the flashing eyes of the man, for she knew that he was the King, though no one had told her.

The stern face of the ruler of half the world softened more and more, the longer she, urged by a strange impulse, endured his piercing glance. At last he waved his hand in welcome and rode towards her companions, who had dismounted, and who either prostrated themselves in the dust before the King, or stood bowing low, in accordance with Persian custom, hiding their hands in the sleeves of their garments.

Now he himself sprang from his horse. At the same time all his followers swung themselves out of the saddle. The carpet-bearers in his train spread, quick as thought, a heavy purple carpet on the road, so that the King's foot should not touch the dust. A few seconds later, Cambyses greeted his friends and relations with a kiss.

Then he shook Crœsus's hand, and ordered him to mount again and accompany him to Nitetis as interpreter.

The highest dignitaries hastened up and helped the King to mount. He gave the signal, and the whole procession moved on. Crœsus rode beside Cambyses by the golden carriage.

"She is beautiful, and pleasing to my heart," cried the Persian to his Lydian friend. "Now translate to me faithfully what she says in answer to my questions, for I understand only Persian, Babylonian, and Median."

Nitetis had understood his words. Inexpressible joy filled her heart, and before Crœsus could answer the King she said in

a low tone, in broken Persian, "How shall I thank the gods, who let me find favor in your eyes? I am not ignorant of the language of my lord, for this noble old man has instructed me in the Persian language during our long journey. Pardon me if I can answer in broken words only. My time for instruction was short, and my understanding is only that of a poor ignorant maiden."

The usually stern King smiled. His vanity was flattered by Nitetis's eagerness to gain his approbation, and this diligence in a woman seemed as strange as it was praiseworthy to the Persian, who was used to see women grow up in ignorance and idleness, thinking of nothing but dress and intrigue.

He therefore answered with evident satisfaction, "I am glad that I can speak to you without an interpreter. Continue to try to learn the beautiful language of my fathers. My companion Crœsus shall remain your teacher in the future."

"Your command fills me with joy," said the old man, "for I could not desire a more grateful or more eager pupil than the daughter of Amasis."

"She confirms the ancient fame of Egyptian wisdom," returned the King; "and I think that she will soon understand and accept with all her soul the teachings of the magi, who will instruct her in our religion."

Nitetis looked down. The dreaded moment was approaching. She was henceforth to serve strange gods in place of the Egyptian deities.

Cambyses did not observe her emotion, and continued:—"My mother Cassandane shall initiate you in your duties as my wife. I will conduct you to her myself to-morrow. I repeat what you accidentally overheard: you please me. Look to it that you keep my favor. We will try to make you like our country; and because I am your friend I advise you to treat Boges, whom I sent to meet you, graciously, for you will have to obey him in many things, as he is the superintendent of the harem."

"He may be the head of the women's house," returned Nitetis. "But it seems to me that no mortal but you has a right to command your wife. Give but a sign and I will obey, but consider that I am a princess, and come from a land where weak woman shares the rights of strong men; that the same pride fills my breast which shines in your eyes, my beloved! I will gladly obey you the great man, my husband and ruler; but it is as

impossible for me to sue for the favor of the unmanliest of men, a bought servant, as it is for me to obey his commands."

Cambyses's astonishment and satisfaction increased. He had never heard any woman save his mother speak like this, and the subtle way in which Nitetis unconsciously recognized and exalted his power over her whole existence satisfied his self-complacency. The proud man liked her pride. He nodded approvingly and said, "You are right. I will have a special house prepared for you. I alone will command you. The pleasant house in the hanging gardens shall be prepared for you to-day."

"I thank you a thousand times!" cried Nitetis. "If you but knew how you delight me by your gift! Your brother Bartja told me much of the hanging gardens, and none of the splendors of your great realm pleased us as much as the love of the king who built the green mountain."

"To-morrow you will be able to enter your new dwelling. Tell me how you and the Egyptians liked my envoys?"

"How can you ask! Who could become acquainted with noble Crœsus without loving him? Who could help admiring the excellent qualities of the young heroes, your friends? They have become dear to our house, especially your beautiful brother Bartja, who won all hearts. The Egyptians are averse to strangers, but whenever Bartja appeared among them a murmur of admiration arose from the gaping throng."

At these words the King's face grew dark. He gave his horse a heavy blow, so that it reared, turned its head, galloped in front of his retinue, and in a few minutes reached the walls of Babylon. . . .

The walls seemed perfectly impregnable, for they were two hundred cubits high, and their breadth was so great that two carriages could easily pass each other. Two hundred and fifty high towers surmounted and fortified this huge rampart. A greater number of these citadels would have been necessary if Babylon had not been protected on one side by impenetrable marshes. The enormous city lay on both sides of the Euphrates. It was more than nine miles in circumference, and the walls protected buildings which surpassed even the pyramids and the temples of Thebes and Memphis in size. . . .

Nitetis looked with astonishment at this huge gate; with joyful emotion she gazed at the long wide street, which was festively decked in her honor.

JOS. ECHEGARAY Y EIZAGUIRRE

(1833–1916)

BY FEDERICO DE ONIS

ECHEGARAY was born in Madrid in 1833 and died there in 1916. His was a long life devoted in most brilliant fashion to a great variety of activities touching the scientific, political, and literary life of Spain. It was in literature, however, that his personality revealed itself in most original forms. His active interest in mathematics and engineering absorbed his attention almost exclusively in the earlier half of his life. He was first a student and then professor in the national technical school (Escuela Oficial de Ingenieros de caminos canales y puertos), up to the time when the political upheaval produced by the successful revolution of 1868 dragged him into politics. He became a deputy to the Constituent Assembly (Cortes Constituyentes) and served as Director of Public Works and as Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce (Ministro de Fomento) in the revolutionary government. He had previously published studies in economics which now gave him considerable authority on questions of economic policy: he was one of the leading exponents of free-trade.

These early interests never entirely left him. He published a great many popular articles on scientific, political, and economic problems, in which his distinguished literary talent is as much in evidence as in his purely literary production. But in addition to this work for the general public, he produced other studies of a technical character. In the field of mathematics he is considered to have attained the highest level yet reached in Spain. He never gave up his university career. At the time of his death he was still professor in the University of Madrid. He never wholly deserted politics, though after 1874 he lived normally apart from public life. However in 1880 he helped to found, with other men of the Revolution, the Progressive Republican party. In 1888 he delivered a notable oration on the regeneration of Spain before the Atheneum of Madrid. After 1904 he occupied several political offices (Minister of Finance, Senator for life, President of the Council for Education, and others still). The year 1874, the date of the Bourbon Restoration, nevertheless marks a radical change in his career. Henceforth, literature, which had previously figured rather as a diversion in his life, was to become his principal occupation, the final channel for his best mental effort.

In 1874 he began his dramatic work with a play called ‹El libro talonario› (The Stub Book), followed in the same year by ‹La esposa

del vengador› (The Bride of the Avenger). This latter work enjoyed a great success, due doubtless to the rather close reflection of the struggle between love and duty as it appears in certain productions of the classic Spanish stage. Still greater fortune attended the melodramatic ‹En el puño de la espada› (At the Sword's Point) (1875), which made Echegaray the most popular dramatist in Spain. His constant activity, during the next thirty years, literally usurps the Spanish stage. He may be considered as the genuine and almost exclusive representative of the Spanish theatre during this well defined period of the Restoration which stretches from 1874 till the end of the century. Zorrilla, Ayala, Tamayo, the most important figures of the Spanish stage during the nineteenth century, either had died or ceased writing for the theatre at the time when Echegaray, a man of their own generation. began late in life to devote his attention to this kind of work.

Of this vast activity a number of plays have obtained a permanent hold upon the play-going and reading public. They are the ones in which his peculiar talent manifests itself most intensely. The evolution of Echegaray's genius may be followed in ‹En el puño de la espada› (1875); ‹O locura o santidad› (Madman or Saint?) (1877); ‹En el seno de la muerte› (In the Bosom of Death) (1879); ‹El gran Galeoto› (The Great Go-between) (1881), ‹Mariana› (1892); ‹Mancha que limpia› (The Cleansing Blotch) (1895); ‹El loco dios› The Mad God) (1900). These works are also incidentally his best; though a complete understanding of Echegaray requires some attention to a few of his comedies, for example to ‹Un critico incipiente› (An Amateur Critic); and especially to the best of his short stories and of his articles and speeches. His dramas however contain the soundest and most original expressions of his art.

Between the works cited above there are some apparent distinctions which would permit us to divide them into two groups. One would embrace the romantic plays which have the character of historical legends; the other those which deal with contemporary moral and social questions. In this latter group Echegaray's best work is to be found. The distinction however is almost wholly in appearances. There is no real difference between the corresponding personages of the one group and the other, whether we consider their characters as people or their manner of expressing themselves. On the contrary there is a notorious kinship of sentiment and ideology between them all: the essence of the dramatic conflict is in all of Echegaray's things the same.

The nature of Echegaray's dramatic situation — except in some of his latest works such as ‹El lo co dios› or ‹El hijo de Don Juan› where he tried to give new life to his theatre through a belated echoing of Ibsen — is that of the typical romantic drama and not that of the subsequent comedy and drama represented in Spain by Tamayo and

Ayala. Echegaray is a direct product of romanticism, both French and Spanish. He continues the Duke de Rivas, García Gutierrez, Zorrilla, Victor Hugo, and Dumas; though his origins really go still farther back to the classic theatre of Spain (notably to Calderon), and in a certain sense to Shakespeare. But among all these sources, the most important, if not as regards actual derivation certainly as regards apparent results, is Calderon. It may well be said that Echegaray is the Calderon of Spanish romanticism.

Calderon was the elegant affected «mannerist» of a declining theatre in the Spanish Golden Age. Echegaray likewise is a straggler of the romantic movement, appearing on the scene when romanticism itself had entirely passed away under the powerful reaction led against it by Tamayo and Ayala. Echegaray is, in other words, a decadent romantic arriving out of season, and finding his inspiration in the decadent art of the Spanish stage of the seventeenth century.

In this fact we have the source both of the virtues and the defects of Echegaray's work. It explains, first of all, the great popularity and the noisy success attained by his dramas, which are in essence nothing but the revival of the commonplaces and methods of the romantic theatre, deeply rooted in the affections and consciousness of the Spanish people by Romanticism itself and by the uninterrupted vitality of the theatre of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The majority of Echegaray's plays reduce to sharp violent conflicts between passion and duty, where people are the playthings of events more powerful than their will to resist. It is a question of electric shocks, almost physical in character, coolly calculated in their effects by the dramatist. The subjects, the conceptions of emotions and duties, are very much like those which prevail in the classic Spanish theatre. Whether they wear an ancient or a modern makeup, Echegaray's characters go on living and dying under the inexorable pressure of an identical sense of honor, based almost exclusively on conjugal fidelity and on a sense of immaculate, unimpeachable chivalry, the slightest reflection upon which makes life difficult if not impossible. In ‹O locura o santidad› and in ‹El gran Galeoto,› the former a drama on conscientious scruples pushed to mad extremes, the latter a drama on public opinion, there is, to be sure, a spirit of rebellion, of horror, even of redemption, as regards these dominant sentiments. Nevertheless, even in these two plays, we find the essence of the same dramatic ideal in its most false and exaggerated forms. They are however the plays of Echegaray which have lasted longest in popular favor and they doubtless are, in fact, the happiest, most perfect moments in his artistic life.

The literary generation which immediately followed Echegaray has laid special stress on the accusation always brought against him that his theatre has no characters, properly speaking, at all. It is

certain that the only one of them which has survived, which imposes itself upon the imagination, is a collective personage, the great Go-between, *Everybody*. His characters are only lifeless parts of a schematic mechanism of conflicting passions: they have no living, individual existence as creatures of flesh and bone. In this respect Echegaray is much more like Calderon than like Shakespeare, whom he affects to imitate. Another defect pointed out in his work is the rhetorical, gesticulatory character of his personages, whose inner life reduces itself to a simple affirmation of a piercing, violent passion, or to a simple arena for the wrestling of two elemental emotions. The conclusion of these criticisms would be that the theatre of Echegaray is something essentially *theatrical* and melodramatic.

This is the judgment passed on Echegaray by the realistic school which followed him. But it is not by the criteria of the realists that Echegaray can best be understood and justified. The defects we have just indicated, with others on which we shall not dwell, are those which naturally accompany any *baroque* or romantic art, the merit of which resides in quite different things. The value of Echegaray's theatre consists precisely in his skillful exploitation of the *non*-realistic manner, which depends upon the abstract artifice made up of elements at once simplified and exaggerated but combining in the intense dramatic effect. There is a deliberate avoidance of reality in this latter manner. Its personages are types or at best human individuals *in general*. Its passions are abstractions or principles of logic. Its speeches are rhetoric unmixed. But in the world thus created, a world in which reality is broken down and emptied of content, a world of artifice and mannerism, there may be a perfect harmony and balance of constituent elements. There may be an architectural, musical beauty resulting from the combination of these very elements themselves, of these simple and clearly delimited forms. This is the world of Echegaray, as it is also the world of Calderon, who, in a theatre entirely deficient in human qualities, brought to the highest possible development this kind of colorless, schematic, musical, idealistic beauty. We keep returning to this parallelism between Echegaray and Calderon. That is necessary if we wish correctly to estimate the genuinely Spanish and at the same time the genuinely universal value of Echegaray; and if we wish to see some justice in his having been regarded as one of the great dramatists of the nineteenth century in Spain and even in the world.

His popularity in Spain has been as great as it is possibly conceivable that a dramatist's could be. For thirty years he was the favorite author of the public including every social class in the nation. This fact alone would give Echegaray an historical importance, even if he had no other, as representing the spirit of a whole epoch of a people. In recent years, to be sure, from 1900 on, though he became the recipient of the highest national honors and of international recognition

in the Nobel prize, he had to witness the disappearance of his work from the stage; as he had to sustain the attacks of the more modern literary generation now dominant in Spain. But this change is to be interpreted not as proof of a lack of value in his work, but as evidence of a profound modification in the ideals of contemporary Spanish life, and as another of the instances, so frequent in history, of the reaction of following generations to the positive work of those immediately preceding.

The diffusion and acceptance of Echegaray's work outside of Spain is attested, in addition to the Nobel award, by the fact that his works have been produced in the various countries of Europe and America. We may refer only to the translations of his dramas into English: ‹The Great Galeoto,› translated by Hannah Lynch in 1895; by Jacob S. Fasset in 1914; adapted by Virdlinger in 1908 under title of ‹The World and His Wife›; ‹Mariana,› translated by James Graham in 1895 and by F. Sarda and C. D. S. Wuppermann in 1909; ‹Madman or Saint› translated by Ruth Lansing, 1912; ‹Always Ridiculous,› by F. W. Gilkynson, 1916; ‹The Madman Divine,› by S. E. Howard West, 1908; ‹The Son of Don Juan,› by James Graham, 1895. There are also translations into French, Portuguese, Italian, German, Dutch, Russian, and Greek. The principal studies on Echegaray are those by Anton de Olcet, Blanco García, Alas, Palacio Valdés, Manuel Bueno, Herrán, Valentí Camp, Revilla, Yxart, Grotthuss, Henri Curzon.

This essay by Professor Onis has been translated by Professor Arthur Livingston.

FROM 'MADMAN OR SAINT?'

[Don Lorenzo, a man of wealth and position living in Madrid, has discovered that he is the son, not as he and all the world had supposed, of the lady whose wealth and name he has inherited, but of his nurse Juana, who dies after she has revealed to him the secret of his birth. In consequence he resolves publicly to renounce his name and his possessions, although by doing so he will prevent the marriage of his daughter Inez to Edward, the son of the Duchess of Almonte. The mother will consent to Don Lorenzo's renunciation of his possessions but not of his name, as this would throw a stigma on Inez's origin. He refuses to listen either to the reasoning or to the entreaties of his wife, the duchess, Edward, and Dr. Tomás. Finally they are persuaded that he is mad, and Dr. Tomás calls in a specialist to examine him. The specialist, with two keepers, arrives at the house at the same time with the notary, whom Don Lorenzo has sent for to make before him a formal act of renunciation of his name and possessions.]

Don Lorenzo *enters and stands listening to* Inez

DON LORENZO [*aside*]—"Die," she said!

Edward—You to die! No, Inez, not that; do not say that.

Inez—And why not? If I do not die of grief—if happiness could ever visit me again—I should die of remorse.

Lorenzo [*aside*]—"Of remorse!" She! "If happiness could ever visit her again!" What new fatality floats in the air and hangs threateningly above my head? Remorse! I have surprised another word in passing! I traverse rooms and halls, and I go from one place to another, urged by intolerable anguish, and I hear words that I do not understand, and I meet glances that I do not understand, and tears greet me here and smiles there, and no one opposes me, and every one avoids me or watches me. [*Aloud.*] What is this? What is this?

Inez [*hurrying to him and throwing herself into his arms*]—Father!

Lorenzo—Inez! How pale you are! Why are your lips drawn as if with pain? Why do you feign smiles that end in sighs!—How lovely in her sorrow! And I am to blame for all!

Inez—No, father.

Lorenzo—How cruel I am! Ah! you think it, although you do not say it.

Edward—Inez is an angel. Rebellious thoughts can find no place in her heart; but who that sees her can fail to think it and to say it?

Lorenzo—No one; you are right.

Edward [*with energy*]—If I am right, then you are wrong.

Lorenzo—I am right also. There is something more pallid than the pallid brow of a lovesick maiden; there is something sadder than the sad tears that fall from her beautiful eyes; something more bitter than the smile that contracts her lips; something more tragic than the death of her beloved.

Edward [*with scornful vehemence*]—And what is that pallor, what are those tears, and what the tragedies you speak of?

Lorenzo—Insensate! [*Seizing him by the arm.*] The pallor of crime, the tears of remorse, the consciousness of our own vileness.

Edward—And it would be vile, and criminal, and a source of remorse, to make Inez happy?

Lorenzo [*despairingly*]—It ought not to be so—but it would! [*Pause.*] And this it is that tortures me. This is the thought that is driving me mad!

Inez—No, father, do not say that! Follow the path you have marked out for yourself, without thought of me. What does it matter whether I live or die?

Lorenzo—Inez!

Inez—But do not vacillate—and above all, let no one see that you vacillate; let your speech be clear and convincing as it is now; let not anger blind you. Be calm, be calm, father; I implore it of you in the name of God.

Lorenzo—What do you mean by those words? I do not understand you.

Inez—Do I rightly know myself what I mean? There—I am going. I do not wish to pain you.

Edward [*to Lorenzo*]—Ah, if you would but listen to your heart; if you would but silence the cavilings of your conscience.

Inez [*to Edward*]—Leave him in peace—come with me; do not anger him, or you will make him hate you.

Lorenzo—Poor girl! She too struggles, but she too will conquer! [*With an outburst of pride.*] She will show that she is indeed my daughter!

[*Inez and Edward go up the stage; passing the study door, Inez sees the keepers and gives a start of horror.*]

Inez—What sinister vision affrights my gaze!—No, father, do not enter there.

Edward—Come, come, my Inez!

Inez [*to her father*]—No, no, I entreat you'

Lorenzo [*approaching her*]—Inez!

Inez—Those men there—look!

[*Inez stretches out her hand toward the study; Don Lorenzo stands and follows her gaze. At this moment the keepers, hearing her cry, show themselves between the curtains.*]

Edward [*leading Inez away*]—At last!

. . . . . .

Lorenzo—Now I am more tranquil! The wound is mortal! I feel it here in my heart! I thank thee, merciful God!

Dr. Tomás *and* Dr. Bermúdez *enter and stop to observe* Don Lorenzo.

Dr. Tomás—There he is—sitting in the arm-chair.

Dr. Bermúdez—Unfortunate man!

Lorenzo [*rising, aside*]—Ah, miserable being! Still cherishing impossible hopes. Impossible? And what if they honestly believe that I— [*Despairingly*] Ah! If they loved me they would not believe it. [*Pause.*] Did I not hear Inez—the child of my heart—speak of remorse? Why should she speak of remorse? [*Aloud, with increasing agitation.*] They are all wretches! They would almost be glad that I should die. But no: I will not die until I have fulfilled my duty as an honorable man; until I have put the climax to my madness.

Dr. Tomás [*laying his hand on Don Lorenzo's shoulder*]—Lorenzo—

Lorenzo [*turning, recognizes him and draws back angrily*]—He!

Dr. Tomás—Let me present to you Dr. Bermúdez, one of my best friends. [*Pause. Don Lorenzo regards both strangely.*]

Dr. Bermúdez [*to Dr. Tomás, in a low voice*]—See the effort he makes to control himself; he is vaguely conscious of his condition—there is not a doubt left on my mind.

Lorenzo—One of your best friends—one of your best friends—

Dr. Bermúdez [*aside to Dr. Tomás*]—The idea is escaping him, and he is striving to retain it.

Lorenzo [*ironically*]—If he is one of your best friends, then your loyalty is a guarantee for his.

Dr. Bermúdez [*aside, to Dr. Tomás*] — At last he has found the word. But notice how unnatural is the tone of his voice. [*Aloud.*] I have come to be a witness, according to what Dr. Tomás tells me, of a very noble action.

Lorenzo — And of an act of base treachery also.

Dr. Tomás — Lorenzo!

Dr. Bermúdez [*aside, to Dr. Tomás*] — Let him go on talking.

Lorenzo — And of an exemplary punishment.

Dr. Bermúdez [*aside to Dr. Tomás*] — A serious case, my friend, a serious case.

Lorenzo [*to Dr. Tomás*] — Call everybody: those of the household and strangers alike. Let them assemble here, and here await my orders, while I go to fulfill my duty yonder. What are you waiting for?

Dr. Bermúdez [*aside, to Dr. Tomás*] — Let him have his way; call them.

[*Dr. Tomás rings a bell; a servant enters, to whom he speaks in a low voice and who then goes out.*]

Lorenzo — It is the final trial; I could almost feel pity for the traitors. Ah! I am sustained by the certainty of my triumph. Be still, my heart. There they are — there they are. I do not wish to see them. To treat me thus who loved them so dearly! — I do not wish, and yet my eyes turn toward them — seeking them — seeking them!

. . . . . .

Lorenzo — Inez! It cannot be! She! no, no. It cannot be! My child!

[*Hurries towards her with outstretched arms. Inez runs to him.*]

Inez — Father!

[*Dr. Bermúdez hastens to interpose, and separates them forcibly.*]

Dr. Bermúdez — Come, come, Don Lorenzo; you might hurt your daughter seriously.

Lorenzo [*seizing him by the arm and shaking him violently*] — Wretch! Who are you to part me from my child?

Dr. Tomás — Lorenzo!

Edward — Don Lorenzo!

Angela — My God!

[*The women group themselves instinctively together, Inez in her mother's arms, the duchess beside them. Dr. Tomás and Edward hasten to free Bermúdez from Don Lorenzo's grasp.*]

Lorenzo [*aside, controlling himself*]—So! The imbeciles think it is another access of madness! Ha, ha, ha! [*Laughing with suppressed laughter. All watch him.*]

Dr. Bermúdez [*aside to Dr. Tomás*]—It is quite clear.

Angela [*aside*]—Oh, my poor Lorenzo!

Inez [*aside*]—My poor father!

Lorenzo [*aside*]—Now you shall see how my madness will end. Before I leave this house, with what pleasure will I turn that doctor out of it. Courage! The coming struggle inspires me with new strength. What! Is a man to be declared mad because he is resolved to do his duty? Ah, it cannot be! Humanity is neither so blind nor so base as that. Enough! I must be calm. Treachery has begun its work; then let the punishment begin too. [*Aloud.*] The hour has come for me to perform a sacred duty, though a most painful one. It would be useless to ask you to witness formalities which the law requires, but which you would only find irksome. The representative of the law awaits me in yonder room; and in obedience to another and a higher law, I am going now to renounce a fortune which is not mine, and a name which neither I nor my family can conscientiously bear longer. After this is done I will return here, and with my wife, and—and my daughter—and let no one seek to dissuade me from my purpose, for it would be in vain—I will leave this house which has been for me in the past the abode of love and happiness, but which is to-day the abode of treachery and baseness. Gentlemen [*to Dr. Tomás and Dr. Bermúdez*], lead the way; I beg you to do so.

[*All slowly enter the study. On the threshold Lorenzo casts a last look at Inez.*]

Translation made for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Mary J. Serrano

FROM 'THE GREAT GALEOTO'

[In the scenes which are here cited the poison of slander begins to work. Don Severo, uttering the anonymous gossip of the world, has implanted in the mind of his middle-aged brother Don Julian the first suspicion of the honor of his young wife Teodora and the loyalty of his adopted son Ernest. Teodora, who has been warned by Mercedes, Don Severo's wife, overhears the accusing words of her brother-in-law, who is talking with her husband in an inner apartment; and horror-struck, is about to fly from the room.]

Julian [*inside*] — Let me go!

Mercedes [*inside*] — No, for Heaven's sake!

Julian — It is they. I will go!

Teodora [*to Ernest*] — Go! go!

Severo [*to Ernest*] — You shall give me satisfaction for this!

Ernest — I will not refuse it.

Enter Julian, *pale and disordered; wounded and seemingly in a dying condition, supported by* Mercedes. Don Severo *stations himself at the right,* Teodora *and* Ernest *remain in the background.*

Julian — Together! Where are they going? — Stop them! They shun my presence! Traitors!

[*He makes a movement as if to rush toward them, but his strength fails him and he totters.*]

Severo [*hurrying to his assistance*] — No, no.

Julian — They deceived me — they lied to me! Wretches! [*While he is speaking, Mercedes and Severo lead him to the arm-chair on the right.*] There — look at them — she and Ernest! Why are they together?

Teodora and Ernest [*separating*] — No!

Julian — Why do they not come to me? Teodora!

Teodora [*stretching out her arms, but without advancing*] — My Julian!

Julian — Here, on my heart! [*Teodora runs to Julian and throws herself into his arms. He presses her convulsively to his breast. Pause.*] You see! — You see! [*To his brother.*] I know that she deceives me! I press her in my arms — I might kill her if I would — and she would deserve it — but I look at her — *I look at her* — and I cannot!

Teodora — Julian!

Julian — And he? [*Pointing to Ernest.*]

Ernest — Sir! —

Julian — And I loved him! Be silent and come hither. [*Ernest advances.*] You see she is still mine. [*Presses her closer.*]

Teodora — Yours — yours!

Julian — Do not act a part! Do not lie to me!

Mercedes — For God's sake! [*Trying to calm him.*]

Severo — Julian!

Julian [*to both*] — Peace. Be silent. [*To Teodora.*] I divined your secret. I know that you love him. [*Teodora and Ernest try to protest, but he will not let them.*] Madrid knows it too — all Madrid!

Ernest — No, father.

Teodora — No.

Julian — They would still deny it! When it is patent to all! When I feel it in every fibre of my being, for the fever that consumes me has illuminated my mind with its flame!

Ernest — All these fancied wrongs are the offspring of a fevered imagination, of delirium! Hear me, sir —

Julian — You will lie to me again!

Ernest — She is innocent! [*Pointing to Teodora.*]

Julian — I do not believe you.

Ernest — By my father's memory I swear it!

Julian — You profane his name and his memory by the oath.

Ernest — By my mother's last kiss —

Julian — It is no longer on your brow.

Ernest — By all you hold most sacred, father, I swear it, I swear it!

Julian — Let there be no oaths, no deceitful words, no protests.

Ernest — Well, then, what do you wish?

Teodora — What do you wish?

Julian — Deeds!

Ernest — What does he desire, Teodora? What would he have us do?

Teodora — I do not know. What can we do, what can we do, Ernest?

Julian [*watching them with instinctive distrust*] — Ah, would you deceive me to my very face? You are laying your plans together, wretches! Do I not see it?

Ernest — These are the imaginings of fever.

Julian — Fever, yes! The fire of fever has consumed the bandage with which you both blindfolded me, and at last I see

clearly! And now why do you gaze on each other? why, traitors? Why do your eyes shine, Ernest? Speak. Their brightness is not the brightness of tears. Come nearer — nearer still.

[*Draws Ernest to him, bends his head, and so forces him to his knees. Don Julian thus remains between Teodora, who stands at his side, and Ernest, who kneels at his feet. Don Julian passes his hand over Ernest's eyes.*]

Julian — I was right — It is not with tears! They are dry!

Ernest — Pardon! — Pardon!

Julian — You ask my pardon? Then you confess your guilt.

Ernest — No!

Julian — Yes!

Ernest — It is not that!

Julian — Then look into each other's eyes before me.

Severo — Julian!

Mercedes — Sir!

Julian [*to Teodora and Ernest*] — You are afraid, then? You do not love each other like brother and sister, then? If you do, prove it! Let your souls rise to your eyes and in my presence mingle their reflection there, that so I may see, watching them closely, if that brightness is the brightness of light or of fire. You too, Teodora — I will have it so. Come — both; nearer still!

[*Forces Teodora to kneel before him, draws their faces together, and compels them to look at each other.*]

Teodora [*freeing herself by a violent effort*] — Oh no!

Ernest [*also tries to release himself, but Julian holds him in his grasp*] — I cannot!

Julian — You love each other! You love each other! I see it clearly! [*To Ernest.*] Your life!

Ernest — Yes.

Julian — Your blood!

Ernest — All!

Julian [*keeping him on his knees*] — Remain there.

Teodora — Julian! [*Restraining him.*]

Julian — Ah, you defend him, you defend him.

Teodora — Not for his sake.

Severo — In Heaven's name —

Julian [*to Severo*] — Silence! Bad friend! bad son! [*Holding him at his feet.*]

Ernest — Father!

Julian — Disloyal! Treacherous!

Ernest — No, father.

Julian — Thus do I brand you as a traitor on the cheek — now with my hand, soon with my sword! [*With a supreme effort he raises himself and strikes Ernest on the face.*]

Ernest [*rises to his feet with a terrible cry and retreats, covering his face with his hands*] — Ah!

Severo — Justice! [*Stretching out his hand toward Ernest.*]

Teodora — My God! [*Hides her face with her hands and falls into a chair.*]

Mercedes [*to Ernest, exculpating Julian*] — It was delirium!

[*These four exclamations in rapid succession. A moment of stupor; Julian still standing and regarding Ernest, Mercedes and Severo trying to calm him.*]

Julian — It was not delirium, it was chastisement, by Heaven! What! Did you think your treachery would go unpunished, ingrate!

Mercedes — Let us go, let us go!

Severo — Come, Julian.

Julian — Yes, I am going.

[*Walks with difficulty toward his room, supported by Severo and Mercedes, stopping from time to time to look back at Ernest and Teodora.*]

Mercedes — Quick, Severo!

Julian — Look at them, the traitors! It was justice! Was it not justice? So I believe.

Severo — For God's sake, Julian! For my sake!

Julian — You, you alone, of all the world, have loved me truly. [*Embraces him.*]

Severo — Yes, I alone!

Julian [*stops near the door and looks at them again*] — She weeps for him — and does not follow me. She does not even look at me; she does not see that I am dying — yes, dying!

Severo — Julian!

Julian — Wait, wait! [*Pauses on the threshold.*] Dishonor for dishonor! — Farewell, Ernest! [*Exeunt Julian, Severo, and Mercedes.*]

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EPILOGUE OF MARIANA

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PERSONAGES:

MARIANA.
DANIEL.
DON PABLO.
DON JOAQUIN.
DON CASTULO.
LUCIANO.
FELIPE, *a male servant from Galicia.*
CLAUDIA, *a female servant from Andalusia.*

The scene is in a country seat belonging to Mariana, *in La Granja, or near it.*

The stage represents a drawing-room on the ground floor of a country seat of Mariana *in La Granja. In the back-centre a large door looking on to a terrace: on either side of the door are great windows with transparent panes of glass. Beyond these are visible the terrace, its flowers, and the trees in the garden. At the first wing, to right and left are two little doors which lead to two private rooms. In the second wing there are two other and larger doors — that on the left of the spectator being supposed to lead to the suite of apartments of* Mariana, *the corresponding one to the right leading to the apartments of* Don Pablo. *The drawing-room is adorned with great luxuriance and elegance. It is night: candelabra are upon the tables: the sky is blue and clear: the moon shines at opportune moments, inundating with its clear radiance all the background; at other times the light becomes obscure, as though concealed by some cloud.*

[*Enter* Claudia *and* Felipe. *They go about the room, arranging it, fixing flowers, etc.*]

FELIPE — Is everything in order?

Claudia — Everything.

Felipe — The bride and bridegroom will soon be here, and the bridegroom must have everything in perfect readiness. It is a fact.

Claudia — Well, let them come. But they won't be bride and bridegroom now: they'll be husband and wife.

Felipe — I say that they'll be bride and bridegroom.

Claudia — They would have been married in Madrid at eight o'clock: they will have afterwards taken the special train which Doña Mariana ordered to be at her disposal, and from there they must have come on at full speed; it is half-past eleven or twelve, so that they bear the weight of three hours of marriage.

Felipe — Three hours longer of the part of bride and bridegroom; it is a fact.

Claudia — How pig-headed you are!

Felipe — I am a reflecting man, that's what I am: it's a fact.

Claudia — You are a dull man — that's what you are: it's a fact. [*Mocking him.*]

Felipe — Have you put flowers in the señora's room?

Claudia — I have put them there, and made a garden of it. And also in the señor's room, and it is turned into another garden.

Felipe — Flowers in the señor's room! Now, do you see how thoughtless you are?

Claudia — In what way?

Felipe — What, my dear girl? Bits of flowers for a soldier like Don Pablo, who, as they say, is more warlike than Sant Iago! With more scars and more glittering decorations, and who must have killed more people! . . .

Claudia — Kill! kill! Many people kill — with the result that no one dies. He may kill . . . ; but before the marriage he fought a duel — do you hear? And he was pinked! He was pinked by Don Daniel, who is a fine fellow . . . he is the one to pink, and slay with those great Malaga eyes of his. I know him — do you understand? Well, he pinked Don Pablo.

Felipe — Indeed?

Claudia — As I tell you: I heard it in Madrid.

Felipe — My dear girl, such are the events of life. He who places himself before the point of a sword must be pinked — if God brings no remedy. It's a fact. And what was it about?

Claudia — I don't know: Don Pablo and Don Daniel were having hot words together, and as they are both fierce fellows . . . You now understand. But Don Daniel is the fiercer of the two.

Felipe — It must have been about our young lady.

Claudia — It may be, for she is so pretty — so wonderfully pretty! What are men good for except to kill one another for sake of the pretty girls?

Felipe — And how rich she is! — so rich! What are men good for except to have an eye on the morrow? It's a fact.

Claudia — That you may say for the husband. As for Daniel, neither in attitude of body, nor in possession of property, nor in loving, with all his soul, nor in worth of heart, need he be envious of any man. — What are you laughing at, stupid?

Felipe — Because I know more about all this than you: I know how they quarreled, and why, and what was the result.

Claudia — And why did you act the know-nothing, slyboots?

Felipe — To see if you knew anything fresh. But I know more than you.

Claudia — Well, out with it.

Felipe — There was a duel; but Don Daniel did not pink him — that's *not* a fact.

Claudia — Yes, yes. It's true.

Felipe — No! Don Daniel, as he is younger, and as he was in a rage, with one stroke after another, disarmed Don Pablo three times — it's a fact.

Claudia — Have you seen him? Do you know Don Daniel?

Felipe — By name — nothing more. With my eyes I have never seen him.

Claudia — And what else? Go on.

Felipe — Don Pablo, too, was in a rage. When such an accident befalls a man he's bound to be in a rage. And he said, «Younger than I am, and with stronger arms!» It seems that Don Daniel has great muscle.

Claudia — Very great. And what then?

Felipe — That the young one said, «Well, let us try shooting.» And they tried shooting. And Don Pablo had a better aim than Don Daniel, and planted a ball in his breast. The young one is more muscular: it's a fact. But the old fellow aimed better: it's a fact.

Claudia — And Don Daniel is dead? Ah, poor fellow!

Felipe — When you say dying — he did not die. But he was very bad — very bad, and he is still in bed, suffering greatly.

Claudia — But he has escaped with life?

Felipe — He has escaped, woman; he has escaped.

Claudia — And Don Pablo? — Don Pablo . . . got away with nothing?

Felipe — No: he, too, had his little crumb of a bullet. Only it struck against a rib and bounded off: old men's bones are very hard: it's a fact.

Claudia — So, then, he is an old piece of goods?

Felipe — No, he is not a cripple: — well preserved, erect, robust, and brave. But come, he is not in his first youth.

Claudia — What will he be?

Felipe — I don't know what he will be: — it's a fact.

Claudia — I speak of his years.

Felipe — Oh! somewhere about fifty.

Claudia — Ave Maria Purissima! And the señorita deserts Don Daniel and gets married to that stalking statue! A fine taste the ladies of the present day have! Bah! — I must deprive Don Pablo of his flowers: flowers for him! I shall have to send to the druggist's for barley-water and put it in his room, with a basin of broth, a glass of sherry, and a foot-warmer.

Felipe — He will have brought a foot-warmer with him: because, as you know, when traveling . . . it's a fact.

Claudia — I am dying to see him: does he throw his money about?

Felipe — I don't know if he scatters money about, for although I asked that from the servants who arrived this morning from Madrid — and it was from them I got the news I have given you — they did not tell me. But as for knowing him, you'll soon know him, because the carriages went some time ago to the station to fetch them all, and they cannot be long.

Claudia — Do you mean that a great many people are coming?

Felipe — Some people are coming, but not many are coming.

Claudia — And are they all to sleep here? Ah, my God, when nothing has been said to me!

Felipe — Don't be frightened, for as to sleeping, none but the bride and bridegroom will sleep. As the others are not brides and bridegrooms, Don Joaquin will take them all away to his country seat.

Claudia — I know, I know already: he built it hereabouts to have Doña Mariana within view.

Felipe — The very same. And talking about viewing. . . . Look, I think they are here already. Don't you hear a noise of carriages?

Claudia — Yes. [*Goes to the door of the private room to the left.*]

Felipe — Where are you going?

Claudia — To look through the window of the study and see if the carriages are coming.

Felipe — You can't go in.

Claudia — I can't go into the señora's little private room?

Felipe — No, señora.

Claudia — Why, you drone?

Felipe — Because the key has been lost.

Claudia — It has been lost?

Felipe — Someone has taken it away.

Claudia — Who?

Felipe — The devil — the same who takes away all keys.

Claudia — What are you talking about?

Felipe — This evening there came a gentleman — a young man; he was young and of good appearance. He said he belonged to the press — to those people who see everything so as to relate everything in the newspapers: it's a fact. As our señora's wedding was so much talked about, and the palace is so lovely . . .

Claudia — He wished to see it?

Felipe — And he saw it — I should think so: and everything that he saw will be put down in the newspapers: there's an honor for the señora and for all of us. But . . .

Claudia — What?

Felipe — On leaving that private room — through absence of mind — I say it must have been through absence of mind — he took away the key.

Claudia — But — gracious! . . . And if the señora wishes to enter?

Felipe — I can get through the window, which is on a level with the ground, and open the door.

Claudia — You will really have to do something.

Felipe — Silence! . . . They are knocking for attendance, and now you have them here.

[*Enter* Don Castulo *and* Luciano *by the back-centre.*]

Servant [*preceding them*] — Walk in.

Felipe — Walk in, señores; walk in.

Luciano — This must be a handsome property.

Castulo — They say so: it has a reputation. Great luxury! Modern industry: modern art: everything modern; but it has a reputation in spite of being modern.

Felipe — Pardon me, señores: . . . are not the other señores coming?

Luciano — They will be here within five minutes.

Felipe — Well, if you, señores, do not require anything, we shall go and wait for the other señores — with your permission.

Luciano — You may go. [*Exeunt* Claudia *and* Felipe.]

Castulo [*looking at everything in leisurely fashion*] — Nothing: just what I told you. Great splendor, much ostentation. A veritable palace: almost a royal palace. But not an object that's worth the trouble of men like ourselves fixing our attention upon. [*Contemptuously.*] Modernism: pure modernism. There is nothing here stamped by the seal of individuality: there is nothing here which can be, say, sixty years old, say fifty.

Luciano — Well, you are already fifty: and you are here.

Castulo — Don't speak to me of persons: neither do they go beyond a hundred years. In the class of persons, the only ones acceptable are mummies. [1]«Pick up the most despicable object, throw it back to a distance of two thousand years, and it becomes changed into an object of incomparable value by the work and favor of that marvelous artificer who is called *time*. I laugh at *Apollo* when he is compared with *Saturn*. Put in a bottle a fool of our own days, preserve him for six thousand years, and see if, when he is unbottled at the proper time in the coming ages, the wisest man of the seventy-ninth century can compare with him.

Luciano — Don Castulo, you have a profundity which fills one with terror.

Castulo [*modestly*] — I am a man with a partiality for universal life.»

Luciano [*looking toward the background*] — But are they not coming?

Castulo — I think not: but they'll soon come.

Luciano — One of the horses of the other carriage cast his shoe, and it appears that the loss of it must have been rather painful to him still. That must have been the cause of the delay.

Castulo [*giving him a slap on the back and laughing*] — Now . . . now I understand you.

Luciano — Me?

Castulo — You are getting over me in a roundabout way

Luciano — I . . . you, Don Castulo! . . . . Do you believe . . .

Castulo — That's your way of putting it. Since I intimated to you that I had in reserve for you a certain surprise, you have not known how to live. All your ways have been indirect, circumlocutory, artful; I understand you.

Luciano — I assure you . . .

[1] Author's Note. — In order to lighten this scene in the representation, whatever is within inverted commas may be omitted.

Castulo — Don't assure me of anything. «You know, assuredly, all the precious relics of my house: all its secrets and corners. . . .

Luciano [*modestly*] — Not all.

Castulo — Not all — there I believe you. There is something which you have not yet seen, and which I have reserved as a reward of your constancy and your love of archæology. What do you think of that?

Luciano — I don't understand you.

Castulo — You understand me. If not, why do I find you at all hours in my house? Eh? Don't blush, don't be uneasy: your partialities delight me — for they are the same as my own.

Luciano — So I think.

Castulo — Very well, then: learn it and give a place in your breast to hope. As soon as we have ended this expedition and have returned to Madrid I shall withdraw from before your astonished gaze the last veil over my august habitation: shall we call it august?

Luciano — Call it what you please, but draw it aside.

Castulo — Oh! how natural is such impatience.» What a collection, friend Luciano! The most humble, the most prosaic, and, in the profoundest sense, the most sublime! I would not say this except to one who, like yourself, could understand me: from the Egyptian until our own days . . . a complete collection of *horseshoes!* What do you think of that?

Luciano — The devil! Horseshoes!

Castulo — Horseshoes. The iron hoof-protectors of that generous brute which is called the horse. *Equus* in Latin: Ἵππος in Greek! . . . Yes, you had guessed it: you are worthy indeed of having guessed it.

Luciano — Many thanks.

Castulo — You do well, Luciano: you do well to interest yourself in the archæology of so modest a type. «No one will tax me with vanity when I say that I have horseshoes from as far back as those of *Pegasus* down to those of *Rosinante;* from the Pharaonic, Persian, and Tartarean horseshoes down to those of the Cossack cavalry; from the horseshoes of Attila, that annihilated all grass, down to the horseshoes of Napoleon, which, as the seal of revolutionary conquest, move along stamping with blood all the continents. When I say the horseshoes of Attila and Napoleon, I mean those of their respective hippogriffs.

Luciano — That's understood.»

Castulo — All civilizations and all horseshoes have constantly

clashed together along the path of history. You have an example of this now. Thus, my cabinet of horseshoes — what else is it but a collection of irons and of tortuous annals? What horseshoes, friend Luciano. I shall put them to you. . . .

Luciano — Good God, Don Castulo!

Castulo — Let me finish. I shall put them before you, and you shall read fluently, as you might read in the pages of Tacitus, Titus Livius, or Cesare Cantu.[1] It is, indeed, appalling, Luciano. It is, indeed, appalling. Catch an Arab horse, throw his four hoofs in the air, and you have all the Arabic architecture: the arch of the horseshoe. Without ironing all is erring. Without that marvelous and humble iron all is error, and dullness, and confusion.

Luciano — «And talking of errors [*wishing to change the conversation*], don't you think the recently married couple have committed a capital one in uniting themselves with an indissoluble tie for the whole of their lives?

Castulo — I don't know. I don't concern myself much with those things.

Luciano — Haven't you observed Mariana? What cadaverous paleness! What a forced smile! What nervous excitement!

Castulo — I have observed nothing. My imagination was hurrying onward in the footsteps of other imaginations.

Luciano — On the termination of the ceremony there came over her something like a fainting fit, and along the whole way . . . sepulchral silence!

Castulo — Emotions appropriate to the wedding-day. Look you, I too was rather moved when I was married to Clarita.

Luciano — I believe it.

Castulo — Yes señor. So moved was I that day that I stupidly broke an Etruscan amphora. An irreparable loss, friend Luciano.»

Luciano — Well, I think they are now here.

Castulo — No doubt they will be. To arrive at a place, there's nothing like proceeding towards it. Sooner or later you get there.

[*Enter* Mariana, Don Pablo, *and* Don Joaquin *by the back-centre.* Mariana *pale and gloomy. She walks with some difficulty, leaning on the arm of* Don Joaquin, *and sinks upon a sofa or cushioned chair after having taken off her hat.*]

Joaquin — Sit down and rest. You are not well.

Pablo — How do you feel?

[1] The author of the ‹Storia Universale,› etc.

Mariana — Well, very well. There's nothing the matter with me. Good God, what a child I am!

Joaquin — You are very pale.

Pablo — Very pale.

Mariana — So many people speak . . . and the salutations, the good wishes, the social impertinences! . . . To have to answer everybody. The smiles, the courteous phrases, the commonplaces, become exhausted, . . . and the nerves can hold out no longer. The commonplace, which is self-imposed, is that which is most wearisome and most exciting . . . and nothing else ails me. [*Endeavoring to smile.*]

Pablo — So that you are better?

Mariana — I should hope so. [*With ill controlled impatience.*] I really say that it is nothing.

Joaquin — Nevertheless, in coming from Madrid to La Granja you were not well. Two or three times I thought you were becoming insensible.

Luciano — I, too, remarked that.

Castulo — I did not.

Mariana — The train rushed on with such dizzying velocity that I felt . . . I don't know what, . . . and I closed my eyes and allowed myself to be whirled along. Do we not enter the train voluntarily? Well, we must close our eyes and let ourselves be borne helplessly away. [*With a forced laugh.*] Such is life. [*To* Pablo.] Don't be alarmed: I am very well. And I am pleased to find myself in my home . . . in our home . . . free from prying people and from friends. Oh! I don't mean that for you [*To* Don Castulo *and* Luciano] . . . nor for you [*To* Don Joaquin], my own father.

Castulo — We, too, shall withdraw, that discretion may not clash with friendship.

Luciano — Nor with archæology.

Castulo — Archæology is discretion itself: it says everything in the form of silence.

Mariana — That's why I am fond of it. Silence! What eloquence there is in silence! [*To* Don Pablo.] Is it not true?

Pablo — It is my only eloquence.

Castulo — And so we shall withdraw.

Luciano — We are expected at Don Joaquin's villa.

Mariana — Not yet; for God's sake! [*Attempting to smile.*] You have to see the house. The common people, in their emphatic style, call it «the palace.» It is not quite that. But from the drawing-

room above, the view on a clear moonlit night such as we have now is delicious. Go upstairs: for persons of imagination, like yourselves, it will be an admirable spectacle.

Luciano — However, if we are giving trouble . .

Mariana — By no means: we'll say ten minutes. I shall detain you ten minutes — no more. Pablo, do me the favor to accompany them; it is fitting that you should do the honors . . . as lord of the manor . . . meanwhile I shall rest. [*She says all this and goes through all the scene with ease, with propriety, with something of irony, and, above all, with profound melancholy. She is always the great lady who knows how to control herself and to pay the debt due to social requirements.*]

Pablo — Shall we go there?

Castulo — We are at your orders.

Mariana [*To* Don Joaquin]— You know the house: you remain.

Joaquin — As you please.

Pablo — I shall go on in front to show you the way.

Luciano — It's all really enchanting.

Castulo — It is not bad, it is not bad: but in five hundred years' time it will look better.

[*Exeunt, by the second wing to the right,* Pablo, Castulo, *and* Luciano.]

Joaquin — What's the matter with you, Mariana?

Mariana — The matter is that the whole universe is formed of lead, and is weighing down upon me. I can no more, Don Joaquin. I can no more, my own father.

Joaquin — Oh! temper of iron! You now repent [*approaching her, and speaking in a low voice*], when the time is gone forever.

Mariana — Repent! No. What I did was well done. Unless I wished to be the most miserable woman on earth, I could not have done otherwise. It was not madness: it was not giddiness; it was honorable foresight and just chastisement.

Joaquin — Ah! blind and headstrong woman!

Mariana — No, Don Joaquin: it was not blindness, it was not stubbornness. I wished to raise a barrier between Daniel and myself; I wished to set at my side a man who shall subdue my madness with a hand of iron, an implacable man, who, when I find myself going towards Daniel . . . for I know myself: if he does not come to me, I shall go to him. . . . Well, then; when that event takes place, that Don Pablo shall kill me and kill him: — and perhaps, to save my Daniel, I shall have the strength to withstand the impulses of my delirium.

Joaquin — You are not convincing me . . . but, in short, it is now done. . . .

Mariana — I don't convince you! But can you not guess all that I thought, all that I suffered on that day? Insomuch, that I was saying to myself — the only man for whom I have ever felt love was the son of Alvarado! I in love with the son of that wretch who dishonored, who martyred, who murdered my mother! . . . Then . . . what sort of a conscience is mine? What kind of a woman can I be? Of what infamous and degraded substance must I be formed?

Joaquin — These are exaggerations: when you were in love with Daniel you were ignorant of all that.

Mariana — But I learned it since, and I continued to love him: now I know it, and my heart goes out of me towards my own Daniel.

Joaquin — Silence! . . . silence! . . . Don't say such things. . . . No more, no more!

Mariana — Is it not true that all this is monstrous? That accursed race has brought about the damnation of mine. His father disgraced my mother: and Daniel disgraces me. . . . What infamy! . . . what infamy! . . . Jesus! . . . Jesus!

Joaquin — My daughter, it is the commandment of God: the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

Mariana — But if he is innocent — why must he pay for the infamies of his father?

Joaquin — Don't make me mad. You should have thought of all this before, and been married to Daniel.

Mariana — That — never. You are too pure and too noble to mean what you say. I his wife! I united forever to the son of Alvarado! and the two of us on the day of the wedding to go and receive the blessing and the kiss of that man! Those lips which defiled the mother, deposing themselves with a burlesque sanctification upon the brow of the daughter! and then, when Daniel would speak to me of his love — to be always thinking, always having it in my mind, — that that was what his father said to turn the brain of that poor martyr! — with the same serious voice, the same tenderness, the same transports of passion! Thus, thus that man dishonored my mother, the mother of my heart! The blood of Daniel, his smile, the light of his eyes, the burning warmth of his hands, his sweet words! . . . All comes from that source! The daughter wallowing in the dregs of those impurities! No, no, no — anything rather than that eternal and revolting infliction. The woman who while thinking all this yet loves — for she does love — the son of Alvarado

— ought to be the wife of Don Pablo: for her impurity, the ice-cold curb; for her madness, the strait-waistcoat; for the wild beast without a heart, the merciless tamer!

Joaquin — Then you have found what you were looking for. When Don Pablo had suspicions of his first wife . . .

Mariana — What?

Joaquin — Coldly, impassibly, implacably, without a cry, without a recrimination . . . without a menace . . .

Mariana — What, then?

Joaquin — There are those who say, or at least suspect, that he found means to kill her with a single blow.

Mariana — And can he have forgotten it?

Joaquin — I think not.

Mariana — Would to God . . . !

Joaquin — Silence: they are coming back. [*Going to the door.*]

Mariana — Let us pretend to be speaking of indifferent matters.

[*Re-enter* Pablo, Castulo, *and* Luciano.]

Luciano — Admirable, Mariana: an enchanted palace.

Mariana — Really?

Castulo — There is something: yes, there is something. I speak of what I am familiar with. Those carpets are good. And those enamels . . . they are of value . . . they are of value . . . and that beaten silver . . . we could steal it with a good will — could we not, Luciano?

Luciano — I would not steal anything, Don Castulo.

Castulo — Would you never rob me of anything? Come, . . . come. . . .

Luciano [*slowly*] — Perhaps so.

Castulo — I knew it already. [*Thrusting at him playfully.*]

Pablo [*to* Mariana] — How are you?

Mariana — The sickness of the journey has not left me; I suspect that I am going to have a very violent megrim.

Joaquin — Then, child, you must have rest.

Luciano — With your permission we shall retire. The coach is waiting for us [*To* Mariana] and Don Joaquin's country house is waiting for us.

Castulo [*taking leave*] — Mariana . . . I am your sincere friend, and the happiness of my friends, male and female . . . though it is not an object which can be included in my museum — does nevertheless afford me a most singular pleasure.

Mariana — A thousand thanks, Don Castulo. I preserve remembrances of your museum which will not easily be erased from my mind — believe me.

Castulo — A thousand thanks, Mariana. Adieu, Don Pablo: I am your sincere friend, and the happiness of my friends male and female . . . though it is not an object . . . [Luciano *places himself between the two and laughingly separates them.* Don Pablo *and* Don Castulo *walk toward the terrace, murmuring exchanges of compliment.*]

Luciano — Good! . . . Good! Adieu, Mariana; I am always yours.

Mariana — Adieu, Luciano. [*They shake hands.*]

Joaquin — Adieu . . . adieu, my daughter . . . [Luciano *joins* Castulo *and* Pablo *on the terrace.*]

Mariana — Farewell, my own father. [*She and* Joaquin *embrace.*]

Joaquin — Courage! . . .

Mariana — I have too much courage. . . . It is happiness that I am in want of.

Joaquin — Farewell!

Mariana — Farewell! . . . [*The four men bid each other good-bye upon the terrace, where they are seen for some moments*] — I shall go into my bedroom. [*Stopping.*] No: he would come in. Into my sitting-room. [*Goes to the door of the study, then changes her intention.*] — But why? [*Looking whether they are going.*] I shall go to my bedroom and lock myself in. No: I shall remain. [*Sinks upon a sofa.*] They are going now. Now they have gone. He is coming back. What matter?

Pablo [*returning*] — Are you better?

Mariana — No, I have a ring of iron around the forehead, of iron made red-hot: it oppresses and burns. Is that pleasant?

Pablo [*softly*] — Poor Mariana!

Mariana — Have the others gone?

Pablo [*approaching close to* Mariana] — Yes.

Mariana [*as if in the effort to say something*] — Come! — so they have gone.

Pablo [*sitting close to her*] — And have left us alone.

Mariana — Excuse me . . . will you shut that door? — [*Pointing to the door in the back-centre.*]

Pablo — Most certainly. [*Shuts the door.*] The night air was troubling you?

Mariana — When I am as now . . . everything troubles me.

Pablo — I, too?

Mariana — What a question!

Pablo — Don't you wish that we should speak?

Mariana — Yes: you may speak; but pardon me if my answers are brief. Each word pronounced by me resounds in my brain like the blow of a hammer upon an empty case.

Pablo — You have said: «your answers.» Do you suppose that my words will take the form of questions?

Mariana — I said it for the sake of speaking, and now you may suppose that if I am not in a condition to speak, I am still less able to enter into discussion.

Pablo — Then I too will refrain from speaking.

Mariana — As you please: silence is the only thing which eases my pain.

Pablo — Silence and *solitude* — is it not so? *Solitude* and silence.

Mariana — They are good companions; but I did not mean quite so much.

Pablo [*taking her hand*] — Poor Mariana: your hand is like ice.

Mariana — Didn't I tell you so? I am not well. Let it go . . . let go. . . . Excuse me. . . . [*Pulling away her hand.*] I must try to get it warm again. [*Muffling up her hands and sinking further back upon the sofa as if to fly from* Pablo.]

Pablo [*on seeing that she closes her eyes and lets fall her head*] — Are you sleepy?

Mariana — A little. Do you know, I think that with sleep this trouble would pass away from me.

Pablo — Then sleep for a short time and see if it will refresh you. I'll watch over you from this couch.

Mariana — No: sleeping for a short time will not be enough. I require a long sleep — very long. For great sorrow we must have sleep that lasts a great while.

Pablo — Poor Mariana! You women are very weak.

Mariana — It's true; and I am weaker than others.

Pablo — That's why you, who may be so, require a husband who shall love you from his soul, but who shall guide you with a firm hand. For your sufferings are often pure fantasy. «I am ill: I am ill,» you women say in a soft and plaintive voice, as you said just now; and if a voice, affectionate but energetic, says to you: «You are not ill: you are not ill: I don't wish you to be ill . . . » — Miracle of affection! You are well at once. Isn't that so? [*He says all this as if jestingly, but it is visible that he controls himself with effort, and that in his manner there is an undertone of domineering hardness.*]

Mariana [*coldly*] — No: it is not so. This night I feel really ill. And even if you should say to me with all the fondness and all the energy imaginable: «Don't be ill: I will not have it so,» I should continue to be ill — in spite of the command! [*With an ironical smile.*]

Pablo — I do not command, Mariana: I entreat.

Mariana — So I suppose, and I am glad of it. It is too soon to command. But, ah, my God! you see, I have spoken a little. The pain has increased, and is now grown intolerable. [*Pressing her forehead.*]

Pablo [*on the point of bursting into a rage*] — For all that . . .

Mariana [*with dignity and haughtiness*] — What?

Pablo — I don't insist: — we shall see whether with silence, rest, and sleep your suffering will pass off.

Mariana — Thank you.

Pablo — Do you wish me to accompany you to your bedroom?

Mariana — No: excuse me. I shall be well enough here: the first sleep . . . here.

Pablo [*after a pause, in which he silently contemplates her*] — Adieu, Mariana: sleep, take rest . . . I am not a tyrant: you wish to be alone and I leave you.

Mariana — I am obliged to you, Pablo. Adieu.

Pablo — Won't you give me your hand?

Mariana — Why not? . . .

Pablo — It is burning now.

Mariana — Indeed? . . . Let me see. . . . [*Withdrawing her hand.*] I think you are right.

Pablo — Good-bye till to-morrow. [*Turning toward his bedroom.*]

Mariana [*without looking at him*] — Till to-morrow.

Pablo [*at the door of his room, but without entering. Aside*] — She has a will of iron. All the better.

Mariana — I believe he has gone at last. He leaves me alone. To-morrow we shall see. He thinks to subdue me; that's not so easy. [Pablo *still stops at the door of his room. From that position he contemplates* Mariana. Mariana *turns to see if he has gone. On noting her movement* Pablo *comes back.*]

Pablo [*in a hard and resolute tone*] — Pardon me: one more word.

Mariana [*with an irritation which she does not attempt to conceal*] — Again!

Pablo — Oh, it will be very brief. . . . I know that you have married me without loving me, but I don't know why you have married me. I knew that you were honorable, and that was enough

for me. You don't love me to-day? It does not matter; love may impress itself upon others: mine will impress itself. I wished that you should be mine: so you at present are: there is now time to make the rest come true. This is the way with me: if I propose to myself to succeed in a thing, I succeed in it. Life! What is life? A means — nothing but a means to bring about the triumph of one's will. My will has triumphed. The first time I saw you I thought: «That woman shall either be my wife, or she shall be no man's.» You found me always cold: if you had been able to plunge your hand into my heart, how soon you would have snatched it away from the intensity of the heat. But to-day no more of that. You will have it so, and I wrap myself round in ice once again. To-day no more: sleep, rest: to-morrow you shall answer me.

Mariana — Answer! To what question?

Pablo — To this: «Why have you married me?» I shall wait till to-morrow.

Mariana — I can answer you to-night.

Pablo — Then answer.

Mariana — I have said it already: we women are not strong. I wished to have by my side a strong being who should compel me to walk in the only path possible.

Pablo — The path of honor?

Mariana — Of course.

Pablo — Then you will walk in it, and I suppose without my assistance.

Mariana — And if I should need that assistance.

Pablo — I shall not fail you.

Mariana — Under all its forms?

Pablo — Under all.

Mariana — Even under the form of chastisement and vengeance?

Pablo [*advancing towards her*] — Mariana!

Mariana — Reply. It is now my turn to question.

Pablo [*violently*] — Then, under that form, too.

Mariana — Indeed? [*Ironically.*] And if you should not have the courage?

Pablo — Don't put me to the test.

Mariana — If the case should happen I'll put you to it.

Pablo [*approaches her and takes her hand*] — You are feverish; lie down and rest.

Mariana — To-morrow it may be I who shall request a complete explanation.

Pablo — I shall always be at your orders.

Mariana — Adieu.

Pablo — Adieu. [*Stopping. Aside.*] Ah! Mariana, you don't know me.

Mariana — To-morrow I shall know what this man is.

[*Exit* Pablo.]

Mariana [*listening*] — Yes: he has gone into his room. Ah! I can breathe. It seems as if, when he is at my side, . . . he robs me of the air. To suffer . . . good: but one requires extension, space, the ambient atmosphere in which the suffering may expand itself. A confined sorrow is unendurable: it becomes condensed here [*Presses her forehead*] . . . and brings on madness. It becomes condensed here [*Pressing her bosom*] — and the heart breaks. Now I am more calm. [*Goes to a window.*] How beautiful and how clear is the night! How the moon shines! [*Touches the bell, and* Claudia *appears to the left with a lighted candle.*] Tell them to come and take away those lights. That which you are now bringing will be enough for me. [*Takes it from her and puts it on a table. She afterwards takes off her traveling cloak and throws it upon the sofa.*]

Claudia — Yes, señora. [*She goes out for an instant and returns with two male servants.*]

Mariana [*walking about nervously*] — These people irritate me, and the light and the noise and all things are a trouble to me. [*To* Claudia.] You may retire to rest. I shall go to bed alone.

Claudia — If such is your order, señora. . . .

Mariana — Yes: that is my order: and let my maid also go to bed.

Claudia — A very good night, señora.

Mariana — Good-night. [Claudia *goes to shut the two windows in the back-centre.*] Don't shut those windows: so: as they are.

Claudia — Yes, señora.

[*Exit. The male servants meanwhile take away the candelabra through the door to the left.*]

Mariana — So: everyone far from me. Alone — and thinking upon him. [*Approaches the table and puts out the light: the apartment remains illuminated by the moon alone; in the first wing it is dark.*] Upon him . . . my eternal companion. [*Stops.*] Will he be thinking of me? Assuredly. With Daniel there can be no more than one

idea — his Mariana, and the horrible treachery of his Mariana. Poor Daniel! Let him suffer, let him suffer, provided that he suffers for my sake: let him never console himself. Oh! that would be treachery indeed! [*Stopping.*] What noise is that? Is Pablo coming back? [*Goes to* Pablo's *door and listens. Meanwhile the door of the private room of* Mariana *opens, and* Daniel *appears beyond the curtain: he comes with head uncovered and with dress rather disarranged, since it is understood that he has scrambled through the window. Meanwhile* Mariana *listens close to the door of* Pablo: Daniel *observes her.*] Nothing is heard. He must be thinking of what he has to say to me to-morrow, and how he will make me tame. [*Bursts into suppressed laughter.*]

Daniel [*aside*] — Wretch! wretch! . . . And she laughs and is merry! . . . Now I too shall be merry.

Mariana [*listening once more*] — Everything is quiet. He will have locked himself in his room. I shall go to mine. [*Walking slowly.*] And my Daniel will be with me: always with Mariana: always. . . . [*Raises the curtain.*]

[*Enter* Daniel.]

Ah! . . . A man! What? Who is it? [*Retreating in terror.*]

Daniel [*following her*] — Do you not recognize me now?

Mariana — Daniel! . . . No! . . . A lie! . . . Daniel! . . . [*The stage is illuminated only by the light of the moon, which flows in through the two great windows in the background, the same which, as has been said, were left open.*]

Daniel — Don't run away . . . Here! . . . Be calm! . . . Silence! . . . [*Overtakes her and controls her.*]

Mariana — Daniel! . . . Impossible! . . . It is a dream! . . . Leave me! . . . Let me go . . . Daniel! . . . My God!

Daniel — Be quiet! . . . Be quiet! . . . What, — did you think that on the night of your wedding day I could be far off?

Mariana — But is it you? . . . Is it you?

Daniel — You did not expect me — eh?

Mariana [*embracing him*] — It is my Daniel! . . . My Daniel! . . . It seems to me impossible!

Daniel — And does my presence make you glad?

Mariana — Don't you know it well? [*Passionately.*] Yes — it was right for you to be here!

Daniel — But what kind of woman are you?

Mariana — Mariana! [*Caressingly.*] It is you, now, who don't know me.

Daniel — I don't know! . . . I shall go mad . . . and she looks upon me with fondness! . . . and almost strangles me in her arms! . . . But the world is a crowd of mad-folk! . . . And this woman — what is she? . . . Let me see . . . let me see . . . Come here . . . to the light . . . that I may look at you! [*Takes her to where the moonlight falls upon her.*]

Mariana — Yes, look at me . . . look at me . . . and let me also look at you. . . . Now we have seen each other. . . . Now my heart has gathered up its treasure of joy for a long time to come. . . . And now go away. . . . There, go away!

Daniel — Already! . . . All those outbursts of passion were that I should go away! . . . I am the little lad to whom a toy is given . . . and they say to him: «Away with you: don't be troublesome.» «Take a smile, Daniel: a caress: a fond phrase — and — be off, you disturb me.» Well, I shall not go: that might have been long since. Now [*fiercely*] I shall not go.

Mariana — I wish it: I command it: it is imperative: Go.

Daniel — No: no: I tell you, no. It is I now who shall give orders. [*Shaking her brutally.*]

Mariana — Let go! Villain! If you don't go . . . I'll call out.

Daniel — To your husband?

Mariana — To Pablo.

Daniel — Where is he?

Mariana [*pointing to the room*] — There.

Daniel — Her husband is tired of her already, and flies from her?

Mariana — You fool! . . . Don't you see that I have suffered much to-day — that I thought I should have gone mad! . . . I arrived here almost insensible. . . . I arrived ill . . . I begged him to leave me, . . . and he went to his room. All men are not cruel like you.

Daniel — You have suffered much to-day! [*With a mixture of terror and joy.*]

Mariana — Yes: more than you. You thought that there could not be a sorrow more unbearable than yours: well, yes there is: it is mine.

Daniel — Then you don't love him!

Mariana — Love him! . . . That man! . . . Poor Daniel!

Daniel — Then it is myself whom you love?

Mariana — And if I answer that question will you go?

Daniel — Yes.

Mariana — Swear it.

Daniel — I swear it.

Mariana — Then listen well: I only love one man: yourself: Daniel: the Daniel that has possession of my soul. For you . . . I'd forfeit everything . . . life itself!

Daniel — Mariana! . . . But all this is mockery: you are turning me into ridicule.

Mariana — Making mockery of you! No: I have loved you: I do love you: I shall love you forever: I swear it to you by the memory of my mother. So let that man come and deal out death to us both if I don't speak the truth. You will not believe me, but God knows it: God believes me! Go, Daniel: go: have pity on me and do not forget me!

Daniel — The explanation of all this! . . . Quick . . . quick! . . .

Mariana — Never. It is my secret.

Daniel — No: I know you: you are deceiving me once more. It would not be the first time: it would not be the second . . . but the last time has now gone by . . . Speak! . . . Speak! . . .

Mariana — Go away.

Daniel — No!

Mariana — You swore you would. . . .

Daniel — What do oaths matter to me — any more than they do to you?

Mariana — Don't drive me mad. Go away . . . or I shall call.

Daniel — Well, then, I shall go. [*Runs to the back and opens the door.*]

Mariana — What are you doing?

Daniel — Seeing that the way is clear.

Mariana — What for?

Daniel — That I may go out of this house. I shall fulfill my word: I shall go out; but not alone; I mean to go with you.

Mariana — No! . . . That shall not be.

Daniel — We two together: forever! I have forced the little door of the outer wall: a carriage is waiting for me: and in it we two . . .

Mariana [*retreating*] — To where?

Daniel — How do I know! Anywhere: where you please: where in all tranquillity you may love me, hate me, deceive me . . . but both together!

Mariana [*flying from him*] — No: I say no.

Daniel — Yes; I say yes. [*Seizing her.*]

Mariana — Let go, wretch! . . . You have in you the blood of that wretched creature.

Daniel [*raising her forcibly*] — Well if you are obstinate, so shall I be. . . .

Mariana — Let go . . . keep off. . . . I despise you . . . I hate you! . . . monster . . . villain . . . No . . . no . . . You shall not do with me what Alvarado did with my mother! [*Beside herself: maddened by the struggle: not knowing what she says.*]

Daniel — What? . . . What does this woman say? . . . [*Setting her down: she flies from him, stands apart, and gazes at him triumphantly.*]

Mariana — That! . . . That! . . . What I have told you! . . . You now see that you shall not bear me away!

Daniel — Alvarado! . . . Who is Alvarado? . . . Was it my father?

Mariana — Yes! . . . [*In another tone: a tone of supreme sorrow.*]

Daniel [*with horrible anguish*] — And your mother? . . . Is that what I am to understand?

Mariana — Yes! . . .

Daniel — And he? . . . And she? . . . Then it was for that?

Mariana — For that!

Daniel — For that you have hated me?

Mariana — I ought to have hated you. . . . Yes. . . . Hate you! . . . And I love you with all my soul: what more can you ask? . . . [*At a distance, in anguish, with weeping, in a low voice. A solemn but not too prolonged pause.*]

Daniel — My God! . . . My God! . . . Mariana! . . . Mariana! . . . one word — no more . . . may I ask you to forgive me? . . .

Mariana — Forgive you, poor Daniel? For what?

Daniel — And will you continue to love me? [*Approaching her.*]

Mariana — Forever! . . .

Daniel [*still closer*] — And you will forget all?

Mariana — All. — But forget you? — No: not that. You I shall never forget. [*Approaching him as if magnetized.*]

Daniel — And when all that's forgotten, you have no past, neither have I. [*Close to her; in a sweet and tempting voice.*] We are two beings who meet, who become united, who shall not now be separated. [*Clasping her round the waist.*] And we two shall go alone thus through the world! We shall see before us a most beautiful

garden. . . . Then . . . we have but to cross it . . . Mariana! . . . Mariana! . . . My only possession! . . . My life! . . . Am I not the being whom you most love in creation? Then what does the rest of creation matter to you? You are with me! Are not you all that exists in my eyes? Then what does anything else matter to me? I am with you. Poor woman, poor Mariana, poor little sufferer in imagination! Make a sacrifice of illusions, phantoms, remembrances; come to a living, present, palpitating happiness. Do you love me? Do I love you? Then let all the rest vanish and pass away like a ridiculous masquerade. Look around you and you will see nothing more than your Daniel, and your moving shadow commingled with mine, and a very bright moon which paints in white for our sake a pathway of that garden which conducts to liberty, to happiness, to love, to delirium, to heaven! Because for us alone, if you have courage, God has created heaven. — Come, Mariana.

Mariana — Daniel! . . . I can no more . . . my strength is failing me . . . my head whirls round . . . my heart leaps from me . . . there run through my body cold shudderings that shake me to pieces! . . . My God! . . . My God! . . . Have compassion on me! I love you, I love you, Daniel, most dearly! [*Now conquered.*]

Daniel — Poor Mariana, you are trembling with cold. It is the faint breeze of the coming morn. . . . When inside my carriage I shall wrap you up well. . . . Look . . . look . . . here you have left your traveling cloak. [*Picking up the one which was left on a chair.*] I shall help you . . . my Mariana. . . . [*Putting the cloak on her.*] Quick . . . make haste . . . let us go. . . . Am I not helping you? . . . My Mariana. . . . My own Mariana. . . . You now see whether I love you. . . . I am helping you as if you were a little child. . . . The little child of my soul! . . . My own little child!

Mariana — It was in this way my mother dressed me that night! . . . No . . . let go . . . Pablo! . . . [*Dashing herself against the door of her husband's room.*] Pablo! . . . Pablo! . . . Come — for I am an infamous woman! . . .

Daniel — Mad woman, what are you doing?

Mariana — Now you shall see! . . . Pablo, help! . . . Your honor calls you! . . .

Daniel — Do you then hate me? Do you not love your Daniel?

Mariana — You shall now see whether I love you. . . . Pablo! . . . Come to me! . . . to your vile wife! . . . To me! . . .

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